PICTORIAL REVIEW

15¢

NOVEMBER 1923

Do You Know How Important Your Glands Really Are?
Read
'Dark Horses in the Race of Life'
by Dr. Woods Hutchinson

The Scandal of French-made Divorces for Americans
by Genevieve Parkhurst

"Turkish Women of To-day"
An enlightening account of an astonishing revolution by
Ira Nelson Morris
Former Minister to Sweden

Advance Glimpses of the New Winter Fashions

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That sweet clean-clothes smell Certain with FELS-NAPTHA!

The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

Fels-Naptha Cleanliness is *entire* cleanliness. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha Soap does its work, vanishes completely, and leaves that delightful clean-clothes smell!

YOU know the fresh sweet smell of clothes made thoroughly clean! You can tell it the instant you bury your face in clothes washed with Fels-Naptha Soap. That deep, sweet, wholesome cleanliness shows you how healthful they are.

And *white!* Their brightness is astonishing!

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha searches out the dirt, and safely makes it let go of every thread. Only a light rub on extremely soiled places is occasionally necessary. Then a good rinse—and clothes are so clean, so fresh, so sweet. You are amazed at the ease with which you get perfect cleanliness. Not ordinary cleanliness, but *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness!*

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that gives you the best of both these two great cleaners at the same time, and in one economical golden bar.

Get Fels-Naptha at your grocers'. Give your home the benefit of *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness!*

TEST the wonderful efficiency of Fels-Naptha. Send 2¢ in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

What temperature for wash water?

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. *Boil* clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

For a more healthful home!

Besides being a wonderful laundry soap Fels-Naptha takes spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Cleans enamel of bathtub, washstand, sink. *Safely* cleans anything soap-and-water will clean.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1917 Fels & Co. Philadelphia

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RENEW PROMPTLY
The demand for PICTORIAL REVIEW keeps on growing and growing. We have use for every copy we print these days. Therefore please send your renewal promptly and give your old address as well as the new one when writing us of a change.

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Uncle Sam Needs a Wife

An Editorial by Ida Clyde Clarke

TO AN average woman keeping an average house on an average husband's salary our Government management of finances is inexcusably stupid and short-sighted. Uncle Sam needs some feminine advice on his housekeeping budget. In fact Uncle Sam needs a wife.

State Government expenditures rose between 1913 and 1921 from $383,000,000 to $1,005,000,000. In 227 cities expenditures were boosted in the same period from $1,010,000,000 to $1,726,000,000. State debts were more than doubled. City debts were nearly doubled. It costs an average of $85 for every man, woman, and child in the United States to run the Government—a cost per family of $425. No other country in the world has placed such a burden upon its people.

How long would it take to wreck your home and mine if we operated on a basis in comparison to this? And what would your "lord and master" say if your record in housekeeping finances was as black as that?

There has been much talk about cutting down Government expenditures, but very little has actually been done in this direction. Women would be mighty quick to see how some money at least could be saved, if they'd only ask our advice—which they never do.

The High Cost of Talking

WOMAN is supposed to be the talking sex. Also "talk is cheap" is a common saying. Next time some male friend or relative mentions either of these things call his attention sweetly to the bill we average citizens pay for the talk—and much of it is the purest drivel—indulged in by our representatives in Congress.

Mr. Roger W. Riis has figured out from the *Congressional Record* that every year Congressmen talk 18,000,000 words C. O. D. This talk is not cheap. It costs us taxpayers about $9,000,000, or 50 cents a word, to print and circulate it in the *Congressional Record*. Every time a Senator or Congressman gets on his feet and opens his mouth 50 cents is gone. "If he repeats the process of opening his mouth twenty times in succession," says Mr. Riis, "he volatilizes $10, the amount of his income tax. You and I pay that $10, Brother." Yes, Brother, and we sisters help you to pay it.

Then Mr. Riis itemizes a little bit of dialog from the *Record* as follows:

MR. WALSH: Mr. Chairman, I make the point of order ($4.00).

MR. BLANTON: Mr. Chairman, I make the point of order ($4.00).

MR. WALSH: Mr. Chairman, I make the point of order on the paragraph ($5.50).

MR. BLANTON: Mr. Chairman, I reserve the point of order on parts of the paragraph ($6.50).

MR. WALSH: I do not know how the gentleman can reserve the point of order when one has been made ($9.00).

MR. BLANTON: Mr. Chairman, I desire to make the point of order against parts of the paragraph ($7.50).

MR. WOOD of Indiana: Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman reserve the points of order ($5.00)?

MR. BLANTON: Will the gentleman permit me to state the point of order that I wish to make ($8.00)?

THE CHAIRMAN: The gentleman from Massachusetts has made the point of order ($5.00).

MR. WALSH: Mr. Chairman, at the request of the gentleman from Indiana, the chairman of the subcommittee, I reserve the point of order ($10.50).

THE CHAIRMAN: The gentleman from Massachusetts reserves the point of order ($4.50).

MR. BLANTON: Mr. Chairman, I desire to make one ($3.50).

THE CHAIRMAN: The gentleman from Texas makes the point of order ($4.50).

By the time Mr. Blanton was able to make that point of order the way he wanted it the bill for that bit of architecture was $193.50.

It is pointed out that at each session of the Senate something like 4,000 or 5,000 words of poetry are used, the same costing us around $2,500. On some things Congress is rather economical. The chaplain's opening prayer every morning costs about $100. But it costs about $200 to call the roll in the House, and roll-calls are far more numerous than prayers.

As much as we women love to talk, many of us would be quite willing to keep still if the rate were 50 cents a word, and if we had to pay it.

Kipling said words are the most powerful drug used by mankind. Doubtless if he had seen our "talk bill" he would have added "and also the most expensive."

And—Why Balloons?

TAKE, for example, that business of buying balloons. We all remember how a number of Americans were lost when two Zeppelins exploded in England not long ago. These were balloons that we taxpayers had paid our money for, and the men killed were valuable American citizens. But more balloons were constructed and more men killed at Norfolk and on Lake Erie. There are always "investigations" and there are always "reasons." "The escape-valve fouled," or "the fabric was defective," or "the wrong brand of gas was used."

But mere woman rises to ask, "*Why balloons?*" If we are honestly trying to cut down Government expenses why not begin on balloons? They are very expensive, and what good are they? Why not airplanes? Joy-riding, or any other kind of riding, in balloons is a luxury yet to be developed. The Germans were not able to do very much with Zeppelins, and these spherical balloons obey no laws of man. They float at will, subject to the temperament of the elements. If we must train for war, why not build airships which can at least be used for other purposes?

And there are many uses for the money we would save on balloons. Experts are saying that one-third of the school-children in the United States are housed in buildings that are insanitary. In fact it is said on good authority that one million of our children are housed in buildings that are inadequate, many of them dangerous. Think of it, *one school-building burns a day.*

Yes, we could easily find a place for that balloon money if you would only save it.

America's Biggest Big Business

WOMEN should be able to give advice about national housekeeping, because keeping house is the biggest business in America. This statement is made by one of the national advertisers in order to drive home his point. And no one will dispute it, altho the economic relation of the 21,000,000 housewives has never figured in business or in politics in the United States. Only our votes are counted. So far as our Government statisticians are concerned the combination job of mother, wife, home-maker, and housekeeper is a "not-gainful pursuit." The 21,000,000 women holding down this job have been listed as having "no occupation."

If we American housewives would follow the example of Sweden and organize, what could we not do? In that little country more than 600,000 housewives have, through organization, been able to bring down the price of a number of household commodities, and this has been accomplished with that tact and skill, with that ease and grace, for which our sex is noted. No one is worse off and many are much better off because of their efforts. So successful has the Housewives' League of Sweden been that there is now proposed a Housewives' League of the North, embracing the women of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Iceland, and Finland.

It is undoubtedly true that women have a special function in nature to be taken into account in estimating value in regard to their occupation, whether it be in industry or in the household. It is also true that American business and American Government have ignored until recently that relation. Altho as wife and mother the housewife's occupation is a labor of love, it nevertheless rests irrevocably upon an economic foundation in which economic value as affecting women must be determined.

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"'IT IS NOT A QUESTION OF FRENCH LAW, BUT AMERICAN LAWBREAKING'"

The Goose with the Golden Egg

Concerning the Comedy of French-made American Divorces

By Genevieve Parkhurst

Illustrations by Erick Berry

DIVORCE An English lawyer specializing in divorce is prepared to undertake cases for English and American clients. Such a divorce, perfectly valid in England or America, can be obtained within two months even where it would not be possible to obtain divorce in England or America. Consultations are free and by appointment.

AVOCAT . . Rue Peletier . . PARIS

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS BEING PUBLISHED IN THE THEATER PROGRAMS IN PARIS AND MANY OF THE TOURIST CIRCULARS

THE oyster season in France was drawing to a close. Oysters, according to the page of the program which I had casually turned to at the theater on my first night in Paris, had been scarce—very scarce. And for this, I learned from the same authority, three causes were to blame: (1) the administration had neglected to pass laws protecting the industry; (2) the entry tax had increased until it was more than the actual value of the oyster itself; (3) speculation in oysters had forced up the price. And the obituary in mournful note lamented: "They are killing the goose that laid the golden egg."

Now, this may seem to have nothing to do with the subject of my story. For what, one may ask, has the oyster to do with divorce? Nothing, nothing at all. Except that at the bottom of the page memorializing the passing of the oyster was another story—not an obituary. Oh, no! But an apostrophe of eager welcome to crusaders from over sea and channel who were seeking sanctuary for their wounded spirits in the divorce courts—and the cafés—of Paris.

And—a contrast Fate in his humor had brought to the page before me—the pilgrims, full panoplied for their Spring tournament, were to be undeterred by the same economic principles which had declared the oyster moribund.

"Divorce," the legend read in large black letters, "Divorce," let me repeat, could be had by American and English clients whose hopes of freedom at home had been frustrated. And such divorces, it made plain, would be "perfectly valid in England or America."

What did it matter, was the inference subtly conveyed, about legislation, protective or otherwise? There were ways and means. After all, "means" was the main consideration. And "means" in superlative measure the pilgrime had—and they were ready to pay in the same generous measure for the commodity they most wanted and could not, at home, buy for love or money. Taxes for the same reason meant nothing to them. Neither did speculation.

And so the middleman, gleeful, not doleful, from the glutted market, sounded the siren call with a special lure as its final note: "Consultations are free and by appointment." What, I ask you, could be more assuring to the bewildered and disillusioned than this? And what more indicative that the New York divorce law and those of one or two others of our States are making both the law and the lawmakers ludicrous and abortive?

Had this been a stray advertisement which had found its way casually into the pages of a lone program it might not have been an index to a national absurdity. But the next morning in my mail, along with the hundred and one cards of milliners, modistes, and coiffeurs which flood down upon one almost the moment one registers at a hotel in Paris, was a booklet written in English and published for the sole purpose of beguiling the ever-ready spendthriftness of the American tourist. And in it, translated almost word for word in English, was the same advance notice that the oyster season was about to close and the divorce season about to begin.

Scarcely a newspaper came to my notice in Paris but that news item or advertisement bore witness that granting divorces to Americans who could not get that commodity at home was becoming one of France's pet industries. One morning an English paper in Paris announced that twenty-two American couples had been granted divorces in Paris that month.

Wherever one goes in Paris one encounters the expatriate pro tem.—pro tem. meaning just long enough to establish a legal—or illegal—residence to secure a divorce. As I was with those who knew the identity of nearly every American in Paris, an evening's scenario and dialog were something like this:

At Zelli's in Montmartre, where New York, Chicago, Pittsburg, and, yes, even Boston and Baltimore, meet on equal dancing terms with the dauntless little ladies of the Paris boulevards, their feet tapping time with a jazz band which in days of long-departed gaiety helped to make a slummers' paradise of San Francisco's Barbary Coast.

Myself (designating a dark-eyed, dark-haired, creamy-skinned girl in a French, very French, frock of black satin with an orange bodice cut very low): "Stunning girl."

Himself: "You know who she is, don't you?"

Myself: "No—an American, tho."

Himself: "Wouldn't you guess it? Mrs. Byrnes-Jones from home (home meaning New York). Over here for a divorce."

Myself: "And the men with her?"

Himself: "The scrawny one with the waxed mustache and the monocle? Baron de Minée—devoted—the other just her husband."

Myself: "Husband?"

Himself: "Sure. That's the way over here. He follows along in all friendliness. Makes for speed in service."

At the New York Bar—not so wicked as it sounds—a glorified edition of a Greenwich Village basement where one is regaled to the tinkle of the ukulele, the patter of the drum, and the blare of the saxophone. Seated at a table in a corner were two couples—both married.

Himself: "You know them?"

Myself: "Know him" (indicating an American lawyer whose deft hand had opened the gates of freedom to many who had languished in despair at the doors of our own home courts, and whose bank-account, therefore,

"'CAN YOU TELL ME, THIR'—SHE REALLY LISPED—'WHERE TO GO TO GET A DIVORTH?'"

threatened the laurels of the Eiffel Tower). "That's his wife?"

Himself (nods and then—): "The other two are Mr. —— and his new wife. He got both their divorces and gave a little extra service by acting as best man at the wedding. They can't go home until next Spring—the law in their State forbids marriage of the divorced until the decree is a year old."

At Ciro's—the last word in Franco-American swankiness—with a little Russian thrown in for spice.

Myself (watching a famous American dancer toddling in a restricted circle with her husband—not a dancer): "They seem happy enough."

Himself: "They are. They're both in love with some one else—and they're both here to be divorced. Another example of the great modern friendliness. And there's Kitty Blank" (a well-known actress) "—she's here to join the phalanx — and Anthony Corbin" (one of our gilded youths) "—he arrived yesterday to be on hand when papers are served. It's quicker and less complicated that way."

Why go on? The sequence was indefinite. Whether one walks along the

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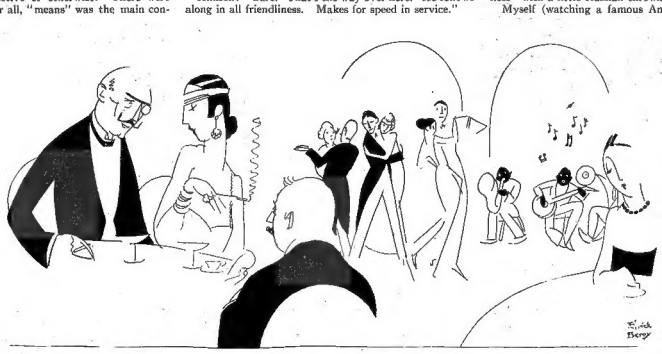

"'WOULDN'T YOU GUESS IT? MRS. BYRNES-JONES FROM HOME. OVER HERE FOR A DIVORCE.' 'AND THE MEN WITH HER?' 'BARON DE MINÉE—DEVOTED—THE OTHER JUST HER HUSBAND'"

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Mc CORMACK – Victor Artist

John McCormack's faith in the Victrola and Victor Records as the one medium to effectually reproduce his voice is such that he made a contract with the Victor which does not expire until 1938. Among his one hundred and fifty-eight records are:

	Single-faced		Double-faced	
Mother Machree (from "Barry of Baliymore")	64181	$1.00	768	$1.50
A Little Bit of Heaven	64543	1.00		
Old Refrain	64559	1.00	752	1.50
Cradle Song, 1915	64606	1.00		
Thank God for a Garden	64900	1.00	786	1.50
Venetian Song	64549	1.00		

GLUCK – Victor Artist

That Alma Gluck has made as many as ninety-eight Victor Records speaks volumes. She herself has said she is proud to be a part of the great work the Victor is doing. Hear these records and you'll know why:

	Single-faced		Double-faced	
The Brook	64324	$1.00	664	$1.50
Hark! Hark! The Lark	64627	1.00		
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny (with Male Chorus)	74420	1.50	6141	2.00
Old Black Joe (with Male Chorus)	74442	1.50		
Elégie (with Zimbalist)	87513	1.25	3004	2.00
Swedish Cradle Song (with Zimbalist)	87566	1.25		

RACHMANINOFF – Victor Artist

Rachmaninoff knows music; knows how to compose it, how to play it—and how it should be reproduced. It is significant that in the light of previous experience he chose the Victor to reproduce his art. His eighteen Victor Records include:

	Single-faced		Double-faced	
Serenade	66129	$1.00	816	$1.50
Minuet (from "L'Arlesienne," No. 1)	66085	1.00		
Spinning Song	64921	1.00	814	1.50
Prelude in C Sharp Minor	66016	1.00		
Liebesleid	74723	1.50	6259	2.00
Valse in E Flat Major	74679	1.50		

Victrola No. 215
$150
Mahogany or walnut
Other Styles $25 to $1500

Because the Victor Company was the first to offer the public high class music by great artists many people suppose it long ago secured control by contract of the best talent.

This is not the fact.

With but few exceptions, Victor contracts with artists are for short periods and in most cases they have been renewed several times. Less than half a dozen life contracts have been made and all at the earnest request of the artists.

Victor Quality is no idle slogan.

To be sure of Victor Products see the following trade-marks —under the lid of every instrument and on the label of every record.

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.

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Kitchen towels soon get gray and stained—regular washing with P and G will keep them fresh and *white*. P and G removes grease instantly.

Baby's bibs and dresses are sweet and *white* after washing with P and G.

What does Mathilde see?

Clothes that reveal the whiteness of skilful laundering

or—?

THOSE night-gowns she draws from the week-end bag, those under-garments, and handkerchiefs—*white?* Or *not quite?*

What the maid sees, the hostess sees. What the hostess sees, the whole world sees.

"Not quite white" clothes are a compromise with one's standards of perfection, and a wholly **unnecessary compromise.**

You should select the soap

The laundress is to blame? Wait—what *soap* is she provided with? Even the best of laundresses will produce "not quite white" results with many seemingly good soaps.

The selection of the soap should be reserved as your own special right and duty. It is too important a matter to delegate to anyone else.

P and G The White Naphtha Soap—a white soap—is not a "magic" soap, but it possesses certain unique properties which endow it with power to wash *clean white.* With P and G there is no need for compromise in the matter of white results.

Safe for colors and fabrics

P and G completely extracts soil without affecting either fabrics or colors. When clothes are systematically washed with P and G, *all* the soap and *all* the soil come out—no soapy odor, no grayness, remain.

Your laundress may boil the clothes with P and G, of course, but we suggest that she boil less often than usual. Less rubbing, also, will be required. The result will be a considerable saving of the laundress's time and a *noticeable saving of your clothes.*

Watch the results as soon as your laundress begins to use P and G—see the marked improvement week by week until, after three or four washings, that fresh, clean, new-whiteness reveals itself.

Then you will know why P and G is by far the largest selling laundry and household soap in America.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Not merely a naphtha soap,
Not merely a white laundry soap,
But the best features of both, combined.

Speed + Safety

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"'HEY, YOU, SCEVOLA,' HE CRIED, NOT VERY LOUD, BUT VERY THREATENING. 'WHAT ARE THESE TRICKS? KEEP OFF, OR I WILL HEAVE THIS PIECE OF ROCK AT YOUR HEAD, AND I AM GOOD AT THAT'"

The ROVER

Wherein Lieutenant Réal Gives Way to a Mastering Passion and the Drinker of Blood Runs Rampant

By Joseph Conrad

Illustrations by Mead Schaeffer

Complete in Four Numbers—Part Three

What Has Already Happened

After forty-five years at sea Master Gunner Peyrol of the squadron of the republic aspires to spend the rest of his days ashore. He finds his way to the comfortable Escampobar Farm, where, in a room that resembles a lighthouse, he decides to make his home. The romance centers around this lonesome farmhouse, where Arlette, whose parents have been killed in the Revolution, lives with her old aunt Catherine. Citizen Scevola Bron, a drinker of blood and a patriot who is feared throughout the countryside, lives with them. He is a morose, suspicious fanatic, and in love with Arlette. In the course of time Lieutenant Réal comes to the farm, entrusted by the Admiralty with the task of deceiving the fleet of Lord Nelson, blockading the port of Toulon, and opening the way for a French victory on the seas. He enlists the interest of Peyrol, the rover, who has acquired possession of a small sailing-vessel. The lieutenant also falls in love with the beautiful Arlette, who, through his coming to the farm, only just begins to recover from the stunning shock of the violence and bloodshed that overshadowed her.

After leaving the church by the sacristy door Arlette did not look back once. The abbé saw her flit past the presbytery, and the building hid her from his sight. He did not accuse her of duplicity. He had deceived himself. A heathen. White as her skin was, the blackness of her hair and of her eyes, the dusky red of her lips, suggested a strain of Saracen blood. He gave her up without a sigh.

Arlette walked rapidly toward Escampobar as if she could not get there too quickly; but as she neared the first enclosed field her steps became slower and she sat down after hesitating a while between two olive-trees, near a wall bordered by a growth of thin grass at the foot. "And if I have been possessed," she argued to herself, "as the abbé said, what is it to me as I am now? That evil spirit cast my true self out of my body and then cast away the body too. For years I have been living empty. There has been no meaning in anything."

But now her true self had returned matured in its mysterious exile, hopeful and eager for love. She was certain that it had never been far away from that outcast body which Catherine had told her lately was fit for no man's arms. That was all that old woman knew about it, thought Arlette, not in scorn, but rather in pity. She knew better; she had gone to heaven for truth in that long prostration before an unlighted altar, with its ardent prayers and its moment of ecstasy.

She knew its meaning well, and also the meaning of another—a terrestrial revelation which had come to her that day at noon while waiting on the lieutenant. Everybody else was in the kitchen, and these two were as much alone together as had ever happened to them in their lives. That day she could not renounce the delight to be near him, to watch him covertly, to hear him perhaps utter a few words, to experience that strange satisfying consciousness of her own existence which nothing but Réal's presence could give her; a sort of unimpassioned but all-absorbing bliss, warmth, courage, confidence.

She backed away from Réal's table, took a chair facing him, and cast down her eyes. There was a great stillness in the salle except for the murmur of the voices in the kitchen. She had at first stolen a glance or two, and then peeping again from under her eyelids,

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as it were, she saw his eyes move in her direction, fix her with a peculiar meaning. This had never happened before. She jumped up, thinking that he wanted something. And as she stood in front of him with her hand resting on the table he bent low suddenly, pressed it to the table with his lips and began kissing it passionately without a sound, endlessly. She let him, more startled than surprised at first, then infinitely happy, beginning to breathe quickly, when he left off and threw himself back in the chair.

She walked away from the table and sat down again to gaze at him openly, steadily, without a smile. But he was not looking at her. His passionate lips were set hard now and his face had an expression of stern despair. No word passed between them. Brusk ly he got up with averted eyes and went outside, leaving the food before him untouched.

In the usual course of things on any other day she would have got up and followed him, for she had always yielded to the fascination that had first roused her faculties. She would have gone out just to pass in front of him once or twice. But this time she did not obey what was much more than fascination or rather something different which at the same time prompted and restrained her. She only uncovered her hand and looked at it. It was true, perfectly true. He had kissed it. Formerly she didn't care how he looked as long as he would remain somewhere where she could look at him, which she would do at every opportunity with a sort of unbridled innocence. But now she knew better.

She had got up, had passed through the kitchen, meeting without embarrassment Catherine's inquisitive glance, and had gone up-stairs. When she had come down he was nowhere to be seen. He had disappeared, and everybody else too seemed to have gone into hiding. Even if she had met Scevola she would not have spoken to him. It was now a very long time since she had volunteered a conversation with Scevola. She guessed, however, that Scevola had simply gone to lie down in his lair, a narrow, shabby room lighted by one glazed little window high up in the end wall. Catherine had put him in there on the very day he had brought her niece home and he had retained it for his own ever since. She could even picture him to herself in there stretched on his pallet. She was capable of that. Formerly, for years after her return, people that were out of her sight were out of her mind also. Had they left her she would not have thought of them at all. She would have wandered in and out of the empty house and round the empty enclosures without giving anybody a thought.

PEYROL was the first human being she had seen for years, and Peyrol, ever since he had come, had existed for her. And as a matter of fact the rover was always very much in evidence about the farm. That afternoon, however, even Peyrol was not to be seen. Her uneasiness began to grow, but she felt a strange reluctance to go into the kitchen, where she knew her aunt would be sitting in the armchair like a presiding genius of the house taking its rest and unreachable for her immediately. And yet she felt she must talk about Réal to somebody. And that was how the idea of going down to the church had come to her. She could talk of him to the priest and to God. The force of old associations asserted itself. She had been taught to believe that one could tell everything to a priest and that the omnipotent God, Who knew everything, could be prayed to, asked for grace, for strength, for mercy, for protection, for pity. She had done it and felt she had been heard.

Her heart had quieted down while she sat under the wall. Pulling out a long stalk of grass, she twined it round her fingers absently. The veil of cloud had thickened over her head, early dusk had descended upon the earth, and she had not found out what had become of Réal. She jumped to her feet wildly. But directly she had done that she felt the need of self-control. It was with her usual light step that she approached the front of the house, and for the first time in her life perceived its barren and somber it looked when Réal was not about. She slipped in quietly through the door of the main building and ran up-stairs. It was dark on the landing. She passed by the door leading into the room occupied by her aunt and herself. It had been her father's and mother's bedroom. The other big room was the lieutenant's during his visits to Escampobar.

Without even a rustle of her dress, like a shadow, she glided along the passage, turned the handle without noise, and went in. After shutting the door behind her she listened. There was no sound in the house. Scevola was either already down in the yard or still open-eyed on his tumbled pallet in raging sulks about something. She had once accidentally caught him at it, half on his face, one eye and cheek of which were buried in the pillow, the other eye glaring savagely, and had been scared away by a thick mutter, "Keep off. Don't approach me." And all this had meant nothing to her then.

Having ascertained that the inside of the house was as still as the grave, Arlette walked across to the window, which when the lieutenant was occupying the room stood always open and with the shutter pushed right back against the wall. It was of course uncurtained, and as she came near to it Arlette caught sight of Peyrol coming down the hill on his return from the lookout. His white head gleamed like silver against the slope of the ground and by and by passed out of her sight, while her ear caught the sound of his footsteps below the window. They passed into the house, but she did not hear Peyrol come up-stairs. He had gone into the kitchen. To Catherine. They would talk about her and Eugène. But what would they say? She was so new to life that everything appeared dangerous: talk, attitudes, glances. She felt frightened at the mere idea of silence between those two. It was possible. Suppose they didn't say anything to each other. That would be awful.

YET she remained calm like a sensible person, who knows that rushing about in excitement is not the way to meet unknown danger. She swept her eyes over the room and saw the lieutenant's valise in a corner. That was really what she had wanted to see. He wasn't gone then. But it didn't tell her, tho she opened it, where he had gone. As to his return she had no doubt whatever about that. He had always returned. She noticed particularly a large packet sewn up in sail-cloth and with three large red seals on the seam. It didn't, however, arrest her thoughts. Those were still hovering about Catherine and Peyrol downstairs. How changed they were! Had they ever thought that she was mad? She was indignant. "How could I have prevented that?" she asked herself with despair.

She sat down on the edge of the bed in her usual attitude, her feet crossed, her hands lying in her lap. She felt on one of them the impress of Réal's lips, soothing, reassuring like every certitude, but she was not soothed. Confusion in her mind, an indefinite weariness like the strain of an imperfect vision trying to discern shifting outlines, floating shapes, incomprehensible signs. She could not resist the temptation of resting her tired body just for a little while.

She lay down on the very edge of the bed, the kissed hand tucked under her cheek. The faculty of thinking abandoned her altogether, but she remained open-eyed, wide-awake. In that position, without hearing the slightest sound, she saw the door-handle move down as far as it would go, perfectly noiseless, as tho the lock had been oiled not long before. Her impulse was to leap right out into the middle of the room, but she restrained herself and only sat up with a swing. The door was open wide. She put her feet gently to the ground, and by the time when, holding her breath, she put her ear against the door the handle had come back into position. She had detected no sound outside. Not the faintest rustle. She kept on listening.

It never occurred to her to doubt her own eyes, but the whole thing had been so noiseless that it could not have disturbed the lightest sleeper. She was sure that had she been lying on her other side, that is with her back to the door, she would have known nothing. It was some time before she walked away from the door and sat on a chair which stood near a heavy and massive oak table, an heirloom more appropriate to a château than to a farmhouse. The dust of many months covered its smooth oval surface of dark, finely grained wood.

"It must have been Scevola," thought Arlette. It could be no one else. What could he have wanted? She gave herself up to thought, but really she did not care. The present man occupied all her mind. With an unconscious slowness her finger traced in the dust on the table the initials E A and achieved a circle round them. Then she jumped up, unlocked the door, and went down-stairs. In the kitchen, as she fully expected, she found Scevola with the others. Directly she appeared he got up and went up-stairs hurriedly. He returned almost immediately, looking as if he had seen a ghost, and when Peyrol asked him some insignificant question his lips and even his chin trembled before he could command his voice.

He avoided looking anybody in the face. All the others too seemed shy of meeting each other's eyes, and the evening meal of the Escampobar seemed haunted by the absent lieutenant. Peyrol, besides, had his prisoner to think of. That one presented the most interesting problem, and the proceedings of the English ship was another, closely connected with it and wrapped in ingratitude. Catherine's black and ungleaming eyes seemed to have sunk deeper in their sockets, but her face wore its habitual severe aloofness of expression. Suddenly Scevola spoke as if in answer to some thought of his own.

"What has lost us we modern men."

Peyrol swallowed the piece of bread and butter which he had been masticating slowly, and asked:

"What are you alluding to, Citoyen?"

"I am alluding to the republic," answered Scevola in a more assured tone than usual. "Moderation, I say. We patriots held our hand too soon. All the children of the ci-devants and all the children of traitors should have been killed together with their fathers and mothers. Contempt for civic virtues and love of tyranny were inborn in them all. They grow up and trample on all the sacred principles. The work of the Terror is undone!"

"What are you alluding to, dear about it?" growled Peyrol. "No use declaiming here or anywhere for that matter. You wouldn't find anybody to listen to you—you cannibal," he added in a good-humored tone. Arlette, leaning her head on her left hand, was tracing with the forefinger of her right invisible initials on that table too. Catherine, stooping to light a four-beaked oil-lamp mounted on a brass pedestal, turned her finely carved face over her shoulder. The sanculotte jumped up, flinging his arms about. His hair was tossed by his sleepless tumbling on his pallet. The unbuttoned sleeves of his shirt flapped against his thin, hairy forearms. He no longer looked as tho he had seen a ghost. He opened a wide, black mouth, but Peyrol raised his finger at him calmly.

"No, no. The time when your own people up La Boyère way—don't they live up there?—trembled at the idea of you coming to visit them with a lot of patriot cutlasses at your back is past. You have nobody at your back; and if you started spouting like this at large, people would rise up and hunt you down like a mad dog."

Scevola, who had shut his mouth, glanced over his shoulder, and as if impressed by his unsupported state went out of the kitchen, reeling, like a man who had been drinking. He had drunk nothing but water. Peyrol looked thoughtfully at the door which the indignant sanculot e had slammed after him. During the colloquy between the two men Arlette had disappeared into the salle. Catherine, straightening her long back, put the oil-lamp with its four smoky flames on the table. It lighted her face from below. Peyrol moved it slightly aside before he spoke.

"It was lucky for you," he said, gazing upward, "that Scevola hadn't even one other like himself when he came here."

"Yes," she admitted. "I had to face him from the first. But can you see me between him and Arlette? At first he raved terribly, but he was dazed and tired out. Afterward I myself recovered and I could face him better. I used to say to myself: 'Look, she is so young and she has no knowledge of herself.' Why, for months the only thing she would say that one could understand was: 'Look how it spurts, look how it splashes!' He talked to me of his republican virtue. He was not a profligate. He could wait. She was, he said, sacred to him, and things like that.

"He would walk up and down for hours talking of her, and I would sit there listening to him with the door of the room the child was locked in in my pocket. I temporized, and, as you say yourself, it was perhaps because he had no one at his back that he did not try to kill me, which he might have done any day. I temporized. And, after all, why should he want to kill me? He told me more than once he was sure to have Arlette for his own. Many a time he made me shiver explaining why it must be so. She owed her life to him. Oh! that dreadful, crazy life. You know he is one of those men that can be patient as far as women are concerned."

PEYROL nodded understandingly. "Yes, some are like that. That kind is impatient sometimes to spill blood. Still I think that your life was one long narrow escape, at least till I turned up here."

"Things had settled down, somehow," murmured Catherine. "But, all the same, I was glad when you appeared here, a gray-headed man, serious."

"Gray hairs will come to any sort of man," observed Peyrol acidly, "and you did not know me. You don't know anything of me even now."

"There have been Peyrols living less than half a day's journey from here," observed Catherine reminiscently.

"That's all right," said the rover in such a peculiar tone that she asked him sharply: "What's the matter? Aren't you one of them? Isn't Peyrol your name?"

"I have had many names and this was one of them. So this name and my gray hair pleased you, Catherine? They gave you confidence in me, only?"

"I wasn't sorry to see you come. Scevola, too, I believe. He heard that patriots were being hunted about, here and there, and he was growing quieter every day. You roused the child wonderfully."

"And did that please Scevola too?"

"Before you came she never spoke to anybody unless first spoken to. She didn't seem to care where she was. At the same time," added Catherine after a pause, "she didn't care what happened to her either. Oh, I have had some heavy hours thinking it all over, in the daytime doing my work, and at night while I lay awake, listening to her breathing. And I growing older all the time, and, who knows, with my last hour ready to strike. I often thought that when I felt it coming I would speak to you as I am speaking to you now."

"Oh, you did think," said Peyrol in an undertone. "Because of my gray hairs, I suppose."

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"Yes. And because you came from beyond the seas," Catherine said with unbending mien and in an unflinching voice.

"Don't you know that the first time Arlette saw you she spoke to you and that it was the first time I heard her speak of her own accord since she had been brought back by that man, and I had to wash her from head to foot before I put her into her mother's bed?"

"The first time," repeated Peyrol.

"It was like a miracle happening," said Catherine, "and it was you that had done it."

"Then it must be that some Indian witch has given me the power," muttered Peyrol, so low that Catherine could not hear the words. But she did not seem to care, and presently went on again:

"And the child took to you wonderfully. Some sentiment was aroused in her at last."

"Yes," assented Peyrol grimly. "She did take to me. She learned to talk to—the old man."

"It's something in you that seems to have opened her mind and unloosed her tongue," said Catherine, speaking with a sort of regal composure down at Peyrol, like a chieftainess of a tribe. "I often used to look from afar at you two talking and wonder what she—"

"She talked like a child," struck in Peyrol abruptly. "And so you were going to speak to me before your last hour came. Why, you are not making ready to die yet?"

"Listen, Peyrol. If anybody's hour is near it isn't mine. You just look about a little. It was time I spoke to you."

"Well, I am not going to kill anybody," muttered Peyrol. "You are getting strange ideas into your head."

"It is as I said," insisted Catherine without animation. "Death seems to cling to her skirts. She has been running with it madly. Let us keep her feet out of more human blood."

Peyrol, who had let his head fall on his breast, jerked it up suddenly. "What on earth are you talking about?" he cried. "I don't understand you at all."

"You have not seen the state she was in when I got her back into my hands," remarked Catherine. "I suppose you know where the lieutenant is. What made him go off like that? Where did he go to?"

"I know," said Peyrol. "And he may be back to-night."

"You know where he is! And of course you know why he has gone away and why he is coming back," pronounced Catherine in an ominous voice. "Well, you had better tell him that unless he has a pair of eyes at the back of his head he had better not return here—not return at all, for if he does, nothing can save him from some treacherous blow."

"No man is ever safe from treachery," opined Peyrol after a moment's silence. "I won't pretend not to understand what you mean."

"You heard as well as I what Scevola said just before he went out. The lieutenant is the child of some ci-devant and Arlette of a man they called a traitor to his country. You can see yourself what is in his mind."

"And he is a chicken-hearted spouter," said Peyrol contemptuously, but it did not affect Catherine's attitude as of an old sibyl risen from the tripod to prophesy calmly atrocious disasters. "It's all his republicanism," commented Peyrol with increased scorn. "He has got a fit of it on."

"No, that's jealousy," said Catherine. "Maybe he has ceased to care for her in all these years. It is a long time since he has left off worrying me. With a creature like that I thought that if I let him be master here— But no! I know that after the lieutenant started coming here his awful fancies have come back. He is not sleeping at night. His republicanism is always there. But don't you know, Peyrol, that there may be jealousy without love?"

"You think so," said the rover profoundly. He pondered full of his own experience. "And he has tasted blood too," he muttered after a pause. "You may be right."

"I may be right," repeated Catherine in a slightly indignant tone. "Every time I see Arlette near him I tremble lest it should come to words and to a bad blow. And when they are both out of my sight it is still worse. At this moment I am wondering where they are. They may be together, and I daren't raise my voice to call her away for fear of rousing his fury."

"But it's the lieutenant he is after," observed Peyrol in a lowered voice. "Well, I can't stop the lieutenant coming back."

"Where is she? Where is he?" whispered Catherine in a tone betraying her secret anguish.

Peyrol rose quietly and went into the salle, leaving the door open. Catherine heard the latch of the outer door being lifted cautiously. In a few moments Peyrol returned as quietly as he had gone out.

"I stepped out to look at the weather. The moon is about to rise and the clouds have thinned down. One can see a star here and there." He lowered his voice considerably. "Arlette is sitting on the bench humming a little song to herself. I really wonder whether she knew I was standing within a few feet of her."

"She doesn't want to hear or see anybody except one man," affirmed Catherine, now in complete control of her voice. "And she was humming a song, did you say? She who would sit for hours without making a sound. And God knows what song it could have been!"

"Yes, it's a great change in her," admitted Peyrol with a heavy sigh. "This lieutenant," he continued after a pause, "has always behaved with disdain to her. I observed him many times turn his face away when he saw her coming toward us. You know these epaulet-wearers, Catherine. And then this one has some worm of his own that is gnawing at him. I doubt whether he has ever forgotten that he was a ci-devant boy. Yet I do believe that she does not want to see and hear anybody but him. Is it because she has been deranged in her head for so long?"

"No, Peyrol," said the old woman. "It isn't that. You would ask how I can tell? For years nothing would make her either laugh or cry. You know yourself. You have seen her every day. Would you believe that within the last month she has been both crying and laughing on my breast without knowing why?"

"This I don't understand," said Peyrol.

"But I do. That lieutenant has got only to whistle for her to run after him. Yes, Peyrol. That is so. She has no fear, no shame, no pride. I myself have been nearly like that." Her fine brown face seemed to grow more impassive before she went on much lower and as if arguing with herself: "Only I at least was never blood-mad. I was fit for any man's arms. But then that man is not a priest."

The last words made Peyrol start. He had almost forgotten that story. He said to himself: "She knows; she has had the experience."

"Look here, Catherine," he said decisively, "the lieutenant is coming back. He will be here probably about midnight. But one thing I can tell you: he is not coming back to whistle her away. Oh, no! It is not for her sake that he will come here."

"Well, then, if it isn't for her that he is coming it must be because his death has beckoned to him," she announced in a tone of solemn, unemotional conviction. "A man who has received a sign from death—nothing can stop him!"

Peyrol, who had seen death face to face many times, looked at Catherine's fine brown profile curiously.

"It is a fact," he murmured, "that men who rush out to seek death do not often find it. So you must have a sign? What sort of sign would it be?"

"How is anybody to know?" asked Catherine, staring across the kitchen at the wall. "Even those to whom it is made do not recognize it for what it is. But they obey, all the same. I tell you, Peyrol, nothing can stop them. It may be a glance, or a smile, or a shadow on the water, or a thought that passes through the head. For my poor brother and sister-in-law it was the face of their child."

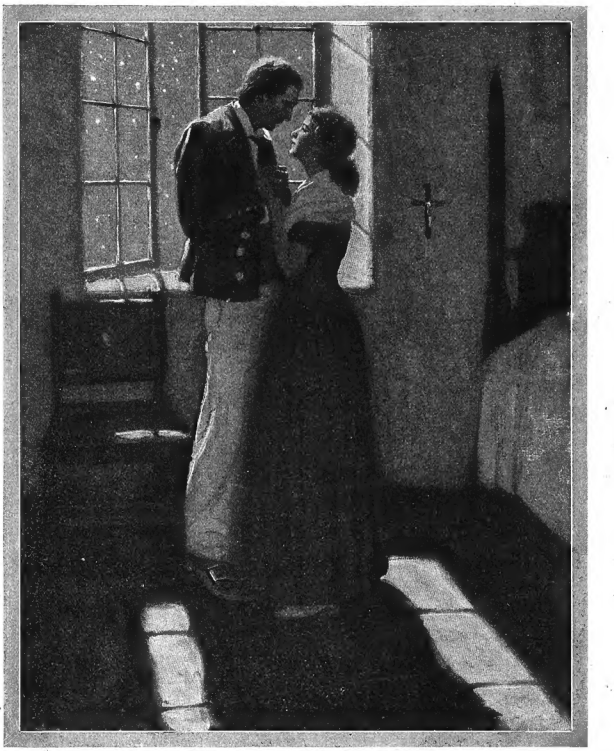
Peyrol folded his arms on his breast and dropped his head. Melancholy was a sentiment to which he was a stranger; for what has melancholy to do with the life of a sea-rover, a Brother of the Coast, that is simple, venturesome, precarious, full of risks, and leaving no time for introspection or for that momentary self-forgetfulness which is called gaiety? Somber fury, fierce merriment, he had known in passing gusts, coming from outside; but never this intimate, inward sense of the vanity of all things, that doubt of the power within himself.

"I wonder what the sign for me will be," he thought, and concluded with self-contempt that for him there would be no sign, that he would have to die in his bed like an old yard dog in his kennel. Having reached that depth of despondency, there was nothing more before him but a black gulf into which his consciousness sank like a stone.

The silence which had lasted perhaps a minute after Catherine had finished speaking was traversed suddenly by a clear, high voice saying:

"What are you two plotting here?"

Arlette stood in the doorway of the salle. The gleam of light in the whites of her eyes set off her black and



"'SCEVOLA IS THIRSTING FOR YOUR BLOOD. HE'S THERE, YOU KNOW. DON'T TRUST PEYROL EITHER. I WAS LOOKING AT YOU TWO OUT THERE. I CAN TRUST HIM NO LONGER'"

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penetrating glance. The surprise was complete. The profile of Catherine, who was standing by the table, became if possible harder, a sharp carving of an old prophetess of some desert tribe. Arlette made three steps forward. In Peyrol even extreme astonishment was deliberate. He had been famous for never looking as tho he had been caught unprepared.

Age had accentuated that trait of a born leader. He only slipped off the edge of the table and said in his deep voice:

"Why, Patronne! We haven't said a word to each other for ever so long."

Arlette moved nearer still. "I know," she cried. "It was horrible. I have been watching you two. Scævola came and dumped himself on the bench close to me. He began to talk to me, and so I went away. That man bores me. And here I find you people saying nothing. It's unsupportable. What has come to you both? Say, you, Papa Peyrol—don't you like me any more?" Her voice filled the kitchen Peyrol went to the salle door and shut it. While coming back he was staggered by the brilliance of life within her that seemed to pale the flames of the lamp. He said half in jest:

"I don't know whether I didn't like you better when you were quieter."

"And you would like best to see me still quieter in my grave."

She dazzled him. Vitality streamed out of her eyes, her lips, her whole person, enveloped her like a halo and, yes, truly, the faintest possible flush had appeared on her cheeks, played on them faintly rosy like the light of a distant flame on the snow. She flung her arms high in the air and let her hands fall on Peyrol's shoulders, captured his desperately dodging eyes with her black and compelling glance, put out all her instinctive seduction, while he felt something fierce in the grip of her fingers.

"No! I can't hold it in! Monsieur Peyrol, Papa Peyrol, old gunner, you horrid sea-wolf, be an angel and tell me where he is."

The rover, whom only that morning the powerful grip of Lieutenant Réal found as unshakable as a rock, felt all his weakness under the hands of that woman. He said thickly:

"He has gone to Toulon. He had to go."

"What for? Speak the truth to me!"

"It's not for everybody to know," mumbled Peyrol with a sinking sensation as tho the ground were going soft under his feet. "On service," he added in a growl.

Her hands slipped suddenly from his big shoulders. "On service?" she repeated. "What service?" Her voice sank, and the words "Oh, yes! His service" were hardly heard by Peyrol, who as soon as her hands had left his shoulders felt his strength returning to him and the yielding earth grow firm again under his feet. Right in front of him Arlette, silent, with her arms hanging down before her with entwined fingers, seemed stunned because Lieutenant Réal was not free from all earthly connections, like a visiting angel from heaven depending only on God, to Whom she had prayed. She had to share him with some service that could order him about. She felt in herself a strength, a power, greater than any service.

"Peyrol," she cried low, "don't break my heart, my new heart, that has just begun to beat. Feel how it beats. Who could bear it?" She seized the rover's thick, hairy paw and pressed it hard against her breast. "Tell me how soon he will be back?"

"Listen, Patronne, you had better go up-stairs," began Peyrol with a great effort and snatching his hand away. He staggered backward a little while Arlette shouted at him:

"You can't order me about as you used to do." In all the changes from entreaty to anger she never struck a false note, so that the whole thing seemed like a heart-moving performance of inspired art. She turned round with a tempestuous swish to Catherine, who had neither moved nor emitted a sound: "Nothing you two can do can make any difference now." The next moment she was facing Peyrol again. "You frighten me with your white hairs. Come! Am I to go on my knees to you? There!"

The rover caught her under the elbows, swung her clear off the ground, set her down on her feet as one would a child, and let her go hastily. Instantly she stamped her foot at him.

"Are you stupid?" she cried. "Don't you understand that something has happened to-day?"

Through all this scene Peyrol had kept his head as creditably as could have been expected from a seaman caught by a white squall in the tropics. But at those words a dozen thoughts tried to rush together through his mind, in chase of that startling declaration. What had happened? Where? How? Whom to? What for?

It couldn't be anything between her and the lieutenant. He had, so to speak, never lost sight of the lieutenant from the first hour in the morning when they met till he had sent him off to Toulon by an actual push on the shoulder, except while he was having his dinner in the next room with the door open, and for a few minutes spent in talking with Michel in the yard. But that was only for a very few minutes, and directly afterward the first sight of the lieutenant, sitting gloomily on the bench like a lonely crow, did not suggest either elation or excitement or any emotion connected with a woman. In the face of these difficulties Peyrol's mind became suddenly a blank.

"*Voyons, Patronne,*" he began, unable to think of anything else to say. "What's all this fuss about? I expect him to be back here about midnight."

He was extremely relieved to notice that she believed him at once. For indeed he did not know what he could have invented on the spur of the moment that would get her out of the way and induce her to go to bed. She treated him to a sinister frown and a terribly menacing "If you have lied— Oh!"

He produced an indulgent smile. "Compose yourself. He will be here soon after midnight. You may go to sleep with an easy mind."

She turned her back on him contemptuously, and said curtly, "Come along, Aunt," and went to the door leading to the passage. There she turned for a moment with her hand on the door-handle.

"You are changed. I can't trust either of you. You are not the same people."

She went out. Only then did Catherine detach her gaze from the wall and met Peyrol's eyes. "Did you hear what she said? We! Changed! It is she herself."

Peyrol nodded twice, and there was a long pause, during which even the flames of the lamp did not stir.

"Go after her, Mademoiselle Catherine," said Peyrol at last with a shade of sympathy in his tone. She did not move. "*Allons—du courage,*" he urged her deferentially, as it were. "Try to put her to sleep."

Upright and unmoved, Catherine left the kitchen, and in the passage outside found Arlette waiting for her with a lighted candle in her hand. She was filled with desolation by the beauty of that face enhaloed in the patch of light, with the profound darkness of the frame for a background. At once her niece led the way up-stairs, muttering savagely through her pretty teeth: "He thinks I am going to sleep. Old imbecile!"

Peyrol did not take his eyes off Catherine's straight back till the door had closed after her. Only then he relieved himself by letting the air escape through his pursed lips and rolling his eyes freely about. He picked up the lamp by the ring on the top of the central rod and took it with him into the salle, closing behind him the door of the dark kitchen. He stood the lamp on the very table on which Lieutenant Réal had had his midday meal. A small white cloth was still spread on it and there was his chair askew as he had pushed it back when he got up. Another of the many chairs in the salle was turned round conspicuously to face the table.

These things made Peyrol remark to himself bitterly: "She sat and stared at him as if he had been gilt all over, with three heads and seven arms on his body."—a comparison reminiscent of certain idols he had seen in an Indian temple. Tho not an iconoclast Peyrol felt positively sick at this recollection, and hastened to step outside. The great cloud had broken up and the mighty fragments were moving to the westward in stately flight before the rising moon. Scevola, who had been lying extended full length on the bench, sat up suddenly, very upright.

"Had a little nap in the open?" asked Peyrol, letting his eyes roam through the luminous space under the departing rear-guard of the clouds jostling each other up there.

"I did not sleep," said the sans-culotte. "I haven't closed my eyes once."

"That must be because you didn't feel sleepy," suggested the deliberate Peyrol, whose thoughts were far away with the English ship. His mental eye contemplated her all black against the white beach of the Salins in a sparkling curve under the moon, and meantime he went on slowly: "For it could not have been the noise." On the level of Escampobar the shadows lay long on the ground, while the side of the lookout hill remained yet black but edged with an increasing brightness; and the serenity of the stillness was such that it softened for a moment Peyrol's hard inward attitude toward all mankind, including even the captain of the English ship. The old rover savored a moment of serenity in the midst of his cares.

"This is an accursed spot," declared Scevola suddenly.

Peyrol without turning his head looked at him sideways. Tho he had sprung up from his reclining posture smartly enough, the terrorist had gone slack all over and was sitting all in a heap. His shoulders were hunched up, his hands reposed on his knees. With his staring eyes he resembled a sick child in the moonlight.

"It's the very spot for hatching treacheries. One feels steeped in them up to the neck."

He shuddered and yawned a long irresistible nervous yawn with a gleam of unexpected long canines in a retracted, gaping mouth, giving away the cowardly panther lurking in the man.

"Oh, yes, there's treachery about, right enough. You couldn't conceive that, Citoyen?"

"Of course I couldn't," asserted Peyrol with serene contempt. "What is this treachery that you are concocting?" he added carelessly, in a social way, while enjoying the charm of a moonlit evening. Scevola, who did not expect that turn, managed, however, to produce a rattling sort of laugh almost at once.

"That's a good one, ha! ha! ha! Me!—concocting! Why me?"

"Well," said Peyrol carelessly, "there are not many of us to carry out treacheries about here. The women are gone up-stairs; Michel is down at the tartan. There's me, and I can answer for myself and all that lot. Well, there remains only you."

Scevola roused himself. "This is not much of a jest," he said. "I have been a treason-hunter. I——"

He checked that strain. He was full of purely emotional suspicions. Peyrol had been talking only to annoy him

"To-morrow's Bread"

HERE is a great—perhaps *the* great—American novel by the author of "Lew Tyler's Wives." Vividly and dramatically told is the story of the rise of Admah Holtz, the candy boy of Dutch Hill, and the decadence of the Peakes, the aristocracy of the Southern city about which this story is woven.

Wallace Irwin, the Author,

has portrayed in masterly fashion the character of big, virile, leonine Admah Holtz, who never could heed his cautious brother Jo's warning to "be careful." The frivolous, cruel, selfish, yet lovely Flora Lee Peake and her more substantial, thoughtful, and generous sister, Margaret Peake, are very real characters and a credit to the author's acknowledged superiority in this form of fiction. This thoroughly American novel begins in the

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and to get him out of the way. But in the particular state of his feelings Scevola was acutely aware of every syllable of these offensive remarks. "Aha," he thought to himself, "he doesn't mention the lieutenant." This omission seemed to the patriot to be of immense importance. If Peyrol had not spoken of the lieutenant it was because those two were plotting some treachery together all the afternoon on board that tartan. That's why nothing of them had been seen for the best part of the day. As a matter of fact, Scevola too had seen Peyrol coming up from the cove in the evening, only he had seen him from another window than Arlette. This was a few minutes before he had attempted to open the lieutenant's door, just to find out whether Réal was there. He had tiptoed away, uncertain, and, going into the kitchen, had found only Catherine and Peyrol there.

DIRECTLY Arlette appeared a sudden inspiration made him run up-stairs and try the door again. It was open now! A clear proof that it was Arlette who had been locked up in there. The discovery that she made herself at home like this in the lieutenant's room gave Scevola such a sickening shock that he thought he would die of it. It was beyond doubt now that the lieutenant had been conspiring with Peyrol down on board that tartan; for what else could have kept them there? But why had not Réal come up in the evening with Peyrol? Scevola asked himself, sitting on the bench. "It's their cunning," he thought suddenly. "Conspirators don't like to be seen together. Ha!"

It was as if somebody had let off a lot of fireworks in his head. He was illuminated, dazzled, confused, with a hissing in his ears and showers of sparks before his eyes. When he raised his head he saw he was alone. Peyrol had vanished. Scevola seemed to remember that he had heard somebody pronounce the words "Good night," and the door of the salle bang. And, sure enough, the door of the salle was closed now. A dim light shone in the window that was next to it.

Peyrol had extinguished three of the oil-lamp flames and was now reclining on one of the long tables with that faculty to accommodate himself to a plank an old sea-dog never loses. He had decided to remain below simply to be handy, and he didn't lie down on one of the benches along the wall because they were too narrow. He left one wick burning, so that the lieutenant should know where to look for him, and he was tired enough to think that he would snatch a couple of hours' sleep before Réal came to disturb him.

He settled himself with one arm under his head as if he were on the deck of a privateer, and it never occurred to him that Scevola was looking through the panes; but they were so small and dusty that the patriot could see nothing. His movement had been purely instinctive. He didn't even know that he had looked in. He went away from there, walked to the end of the building, spun around, and walked back again to the other end; and it was as if he had been afraid of going beyond the wall against which he reeled sometimes.

Conspiracy, conspiracy, he thought. He was now absolutely certain that the lieutenant was still hiding in that tartan, and was only waiting till all was quiet to sneak back to his room, in which Scevola had proof positive that Arlette was in the habit of making herself at home. To rob him of his right to Arlette was part of the conspiracy, no doubt.

"Have I been a slave to those two women, have I waited all those years, only to see that corrupt creature go off infamously with a ci-devant, with an aristocrat?"

He was giddy with virtuous fury. There was enough treachery there for any revolutionary tribunal to cut all their heads off. Tribunal! There was no tribunal! No revolutionary justice! No patriots! He hit his shoulder against the wall in his distress with such force that he rebounded. This world was no place for patriots.

"If I had betrayed myself in the kitchen they would have murdered me in there."

As it was, he thought that he had said too much. Too much. "Prudence! Caution!" he repeated to himself, gesticulating with both arms. Suddenly he stumbled, and there was an amazing metallic clatter of something heavy falling at his feet.

"They are trying to kill me now," he thought, paralyzed with terror. He gave himself up for dead. Profound silence reigned all round. Nothing happened. He stooped, fearfully and recognized his own stable-fork lying on the ground. He remembered he had left it at noon leaning against the wall. His own foot had made it fall. He threw himself upon it greedily. "Here's what I needed," he muttered feverishly. "I suppose that by now the lieutenant must think I am gone to bed."

He flattened himself upright against the wall, with the fork held along his body like a grounded musket. The moon clearing the hill-top flooded suddenly the front of the house with its cold light, but he didn't know it; he imagined himself still to be in the shadow and remained motionless, glaring toward the cove. His teeth chattered with savage impatience.

He was so very much in evidence in his death-like rigidity that Michel, coming up out of the ravine, stopped in alarm, believing this vision to be not of this earth. But Scevola noticed something moving which must have been a man—that man!—and charged forward without reflection, the prongs of the fork lowered like a bayonet. He didn't shout. He came straight on growling like a dog and lunged headlong with his weapon.

Michel, a primitive, untroubled by anything so uncertain as intelligence, executed an instantaneous leap aside with the precision of a wild animal; but he was enough of a man to become afterward paralyzed with astonishment.

The impetus of his rush carried Scevola several yards down the hill, where he turned and assumed an offensive attitude. Then the two adversaries recognized each other. The terrorist exclaimed:

"Michel?" and Michel hastened to pick up a large stone from the ground.

"Hey, you, Scevola," he cried, not very loud, but very threatening. "What are these tricks? Keep off, or I will heave this piece of rock at your head, and I am good at that." Scevola grounded the fork with a thud. "I didn't recognize you," he said.

"That's a story. Who did you think it was? Not the other! I haven't got a bandaged head, have I?"

Scevola began to scramble up. "What did you say?" he asked. "What head?"

"I say that if you come near I will knock you over with this stone," answered Michel. "You aren't to be trusted when the moon is full. And that's a damned excuse too for flying at people like this. You haven't got anything against me, have you?"

"No," said the ex-terrorist in a dubious tone and keeping a watchful eye on Michel, who was still holding the stone in his hand.

"People have been saying for years that you are a kind of lunatic," criticized the fearless Michel, because the other's discomfiture was evident enough to put heart into a timid hare. "If a fellow can not come up to have a snooze in the shed without being run at like this, well——"

"I was really going to put this fork away," Scevola explained volubly. "I left it leaning against the wall and as I was passing along I suddenly saw it, so I thought I would put it in the stable before I went to bed. That's all."

Michel's mouth fell open a bit. "Now, what do you think I would want with a stable-fork at this time of night, if it wasn't to put it away?" continued Scevola.

"What, indeed!" said Michel, who began to doubt the evidence of his senses.

"You come up mooning like that and imagine a lot of silly things, you great, stupid imbecile. I saw you and came up to you to ask whether everything was all right down there, and you, idiot, bound to one side like a goat and pick up a stone. The moon has affected your head, not mine. Now drop it."

MICHEL, accustomed to do what he was told, opened his fingers slowly, not quite convinced, but thinking there might be something in it. Scevola, perceiving his advantage, continued:

"You are dangerous. You ought to have your feet and hands tied every full moon. What is it you said about a bandaged head? What was it?"

"I said that I didn't have a bandaged head."

"Was that all?" said Scevola. He was asking himself what on earth could have happened down there during the afternoon. Clearly it must have been either a fight or an accident, but in any case he considered that it was for him a favorable circumstance, for obviously a man with a bandaged head must be at a disadvantage. He was inclined to think it must have been some silly accident, and he regretted profoundly that the lieutenant had not killed himself. He turned sourly to Michel.

"Now you may go into the shed. And don't try any of those tricks with me any more, because the next time you pick up a stone I will shoot you like a dog."

He began to move toward the yard gate, which stood always open, throwing over his shoulder an order to Michel: "Go into the salle. Somebody has left

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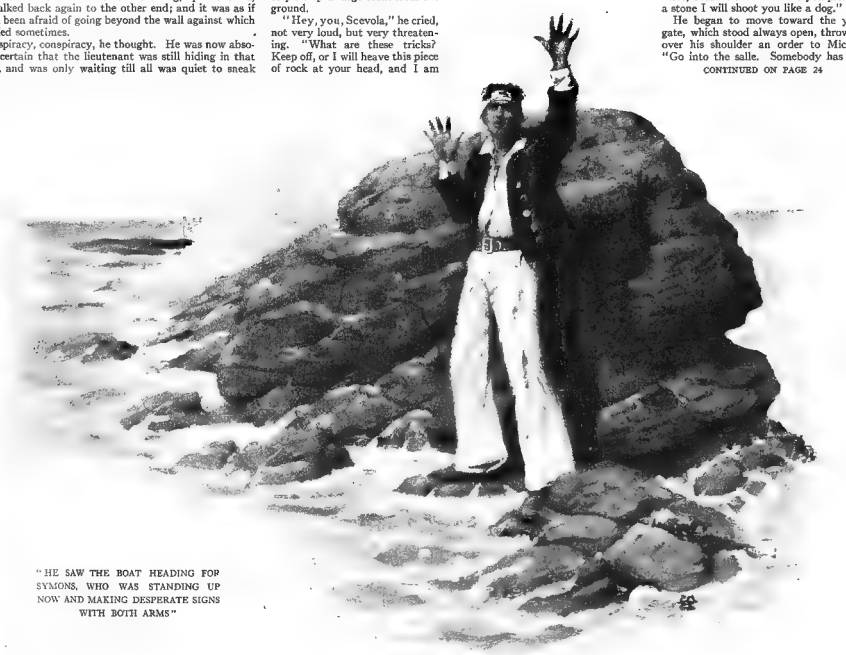

"HE SAW THE BOAT HEADING FOR SYMONS, WHO WAS STANDING UP NOW AND MAKING DESPERATE SIGNS WITH BOTH ARMS"

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Ginger Beer

Young Hepar Tries to Beat the Hot, Cruel, Living, Surging Jungle with Its Rum and Yellow Girls and Gutterson's Eyes

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

Illustrations by George Giguère

THIS is the story of two men. I knew them both.

One, Gutterson, was (and still is) an extraordinary fellow, and as such we don't like him at the Planters' Club, where, in his early days out here on the river, he somehow became a member. It's really more his story than Hepar's.

For Hepar you might pick a youth almost at random out of the graduating class of any State university west of Kansas, put him through a Summer in the Oil Company's branch at Cheyenne, follow that by two years in the firm's Mountain Division offices at Denver, admit him to the Elks, get him engaged to a nice girl and looking at a car and a house out Aurora way, and then strike him with the lightning of an order to report at New York in five days' time, all properly packed and vaccinated and spiritually fortified for three years of exile on a tropic strand beneath the furthest Caribbee.

Lightning indeed! But there you have pretty much Hepar. Give him very long legs, like magnified calipers, an engaging cowboyish face with sky-gray eyes and rather large cheek-pores (attended to from time to time between surreptitious thumb-nails), and the hugest of white-pith solarics, like a Brobdingnagian mushroom, to top off and shout aloud his already gangling height. Add a capacity for enthusiasm beyond belief, a perfect "gluttony for romance," and you may picture Hepar as the Quebec Line boat brought him to us up the river, or rather, it seemed, as he, spiring white on the fore-deck, pulled the rust-streaked steamer surging behind him out of the Caribbean and up the coffee-colored water of the estuary in the dynamic rush of his eagerness to arrive and see and conquer.

There wasn't a hint of a doubt of the last—his conquering. You could tell it by the way he played with his provisos: "If I don't go on the beach in the meantime, of course——"

It sounded as self-conscious as a high-school declamation.

"Darn good pull, three years in the tropics. But if I can just steer clear of the fever and dysentery now——"

Safe under the quilt with mother, your three-year-old is safe to set hobgoblins grinning on all the bed-posts there are. Hepar's provisos were frankly that, artful bugaboos culled from his memory of equatorial thrillers in the magazines. In his heart he knew how stanch he was. After all, had he not been bred and reared in a land where one has still but to keep a stiff upper lip and deal reasonably with his neighbor to be one day President of the United States?

It's my belief he was right. As far as he went. With that magnificent youthful flying start of his I don't believe any of the stock ruination—rum, fever, women, hot-country indolence—could have ever touched him—any more than the Mormon ends could touch him in the Utah game the Thanksgiving Saturday of his senior year. Not in the ordinary way. Not fairly.

I SAID in the beginning that this was Gutterson's story. If there were what the theater people call a "punch" in Hepar's entrance, there was a double punch in Gutterson's preparations for exit. The end is greater than the beginning. To see him standing on the dock that afternoon, watching the approach up-river of the ship that was bringing his relief at long last and was presently, when it had swapped cargoes, to carry him north out of exile again—to see him standing there with his fingers knotted behind his back and his hat down for privacy over his eyes, one would almost have forgiven and forgotten and wished to shake his hand, in the dramatic moment, as a human being and a brother.

Hepar had come out for what he called a "darn good pull, three years." That's the company's term for an outpost like this; having served it with anything like honor, the survivor may expect to go far. In the company's estimation that's enough in this hole, and the company is right.

A hole it is, literally, and a breathless one. Even when there is a breeze along the jetty, where the band plays, it doesn't count in the town interior, standing as it does beneath the level of the half-surrounding waters of river and sea. In the sunken streets the air rests brilliant and heavy, the trees droop their heads over the canals, the canals lie asleep in their green slime save for the stirring of hidden alligators or ten million mosquitoes getting born of a sudden among the lily-pads, and the houses along them, all flakes and sheaves of shutters, look like things crustacean, serrated and thin and brittle, that the ocean has thrown up dead. One could almost hear the sand scouring the shells—were there any sand to blow. But there isn't. The river is too profligate of mud.

The worst thing about the town, tho, is that the jungle won't stay out. It keeps coming back underground to invade the bone-yard with its tentacles and pry up amongst the houses and strangle them with bloom, wild bloom — bougainvillia and trumpet-vine, hybiscus, wisteria, red poinsettia, palmiste, coco, and silk-cotton-tree. It's the living stuff, two thousand miles deep behind. It's too cruel-blind-green-surging for you. You can't dam it back. That's the feeling that gets you in the end.

It's not so bad in the daytime. Dawn dissipates it for a while. For this is a city, mind you. River Street runs with hue and racket, the purpling black of Senegal, the brown skins of Hindu coolies and Venezuelan planters, the blood-whipped white of faces fresh from Devon or West Canada, a confusion of tongues, a din of motors and trams, deep blasts of steamers in the stream, pipings of ferries, rumble of empty sugar-puncheons, whir of bicycle bells, lowing of Zebu bullocks under the iron roof of the market. In the continuous white downpour of the heat nothing is still. The city is ascendent in the morning.

It's only at night, when the slat-streaked lights have been extinguished in the houses and only a rare gas-jet left to watch the vistas with dim, unblinking feline eyes—it's only then that the bush begins to march.

A miasma overhangs the canals. Under the gentle push of the land air rising among the million trillion cool leaf-caverns of the hinterland and flowing down to seek the lukewarm sea, the vapors sway, topple, lose hold of the stagnant mother-waters, and inundate the sleeping town, humid, opaque, lung-clogging, impregnated in mockery with the scents of distant sprout and sap and lush vigor and chill dew distilled of dusk.

Silence has established itself, wide, complete. Yet there is nowhere any silence. It is the night-hush of the tropic forest, thousand-tongued. The bush is in the city. Tree-frogs twitter. On the roof there is a gentle scraping sound as the body of a flowering liana lays by another hair's-breadth tighter its coiled constriction. Twigs snap where there are no twigs. Things creep: things scaled, things legged, things slimy. In the distance a moribund green coconut falls on pavement with a distinct, dull, fibrous report. Rustle, rustle! A wind of bat's wings across the shutter. Whine of mosquitoes everywhere. The jungle marches.

YOU can't sleep, and yet there's nothing else to do. The picture-palace is shut and so is the White Bear. There's absolutely nowhere to go, unless you want to have another try at the club and Gutterson's eye.

It was in my mind to call Gutterson the skeleton at the feast. But the thing about a skeleton is that it hasn't any eyes, and the thing about Gutterson is that he has. There are ways of shutting a man up, ways so effectual that he gave up trying to talk with us years ago. But no dodge has yet been discovered to escape the speaking of Gutterson's eye. No distance emasculates it, no cigar-fog blurs its appraisal. From the furthest corner it dwells on you—on the cheroot in your one hand, on the glass in your other hand, on your slowly recovering courage and content, impersonal, clinical, calculating, unctuous, prophetic, rapt.

"You're going the road they all go. Too bad! Too bad! "Look at your hand, my friend," it ruminates with a kind of bloodless gloating. "Even so little as a month ago it wasn't shaking quite like that. You know it yourself. And once you start out here— Well, well, there'll be another to take your place, I suppose, and carry it off pretty well for a while, I've no doubt—till the rum gets him too—the planter's punches and gin-swizzles—and the yellow girls and the conscience—and the horrors."

He's not always in the corner by any means. You look up from your cards at auction to find him sentinel at your shoulder, enwrapped in one long hand the scummed tumbler and in the other the graystone bottle of ginger beer.

"Swill, eh?" his dour eye challenges. "Belly-wash, eh? *Very* well, my friend. But listen! I was out here before you. For all you've stood I've stood double. Yet when it comes our turn to go home again, you and I, which do you think will carry back the better liver, the better brain, the better conscience, the better man? Have you thought of that?"

In the end of course he succeeds in driving you out, to wade home through the rotten dark and climb under the bed-nets and lie there hours, staring.

"'I THINK,' STAMMERED HEPAR, 'I—I WANT YOU TO KNOW, GUTTERSON, THAT I THINK—YOU'RE A—A HERO! THAT'S ALL'"

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But that's the kind of nights. And even when you consider only three years, only around eleven hundred of them in a row——

"Good beginning, bad ending! Well begun, half done!" Take your choice. Certainly Hepar made a capital beginning. He slept right through his first night ashore. The bush might march all it cared to—leaves rustle, vines creep, serpents coil. He had discounted all that; against precisely that sort of sensuous deviltry he had been forewarned and forearmed. Flanked by sentinel angels, the photograph of "the best little girl in the world" on the washstand, and the battle-pennant of his college on the match-board wall, he slept the sleep.

He actually overdid it, and had to turn out in a whooping hurry to keep his engagement with Gutterson at nine. He liked the hurry. He was about to begin to have a wonderful time. In place of honest breakfast a maid had brought in "tea" some hours before; stony cold as it was, he put the bizarre stuff down his gullet with the gusto of the distant farer, splashed in his shower, put on snowy linen, and strode out against the land with a strong step and a clear eye.

If he enjoyed being here he enjoyed still more the thought of the stay-at-homes imagining him here. If, in playing with his fantastic bugaboos about "going on the beach" and the like, he had almost succeeded at sometimes in feeling marooned and forgotten and alone, he couldn't do it now. He was too far from being alone. Across the thousands of miles he felt the bond of the fellows' wonder: "Well, well, to think of old Hack Hepar off down there in South America with the Spaniards and palm-trees and jaguars and things! Never imagined when Hack started for Denver he'd wind up on the other side of the globe, you might say. Still with the 'gas' people, eh? Well, I bet when Hack's been down there six months they'll have to begin laying extra roads through the jungle for all the autos."

He wanted to laugh. There wasn't a Spaniard or a jaguar in sight, and of the six people nearest him three were black Africans, one a yellow Chinaman, and two brown Hindus from India.

"They can't realize, up there at home——"

His amused eyes fell on an old negro market-woman with a foulard kerchief spread between her knees and her day's stock in trade mounded on it, a double handful of yellow wheat.

"I wish Larry Hammit could see that!" Larry was in one of the three biggest grain-elevators in the world. Ten thousand bushels at a deal.

He seemed chock-full of all-sorts of humorous perceptions.

"I wish Ed Schlect could see this! If only Larry again could see that!"

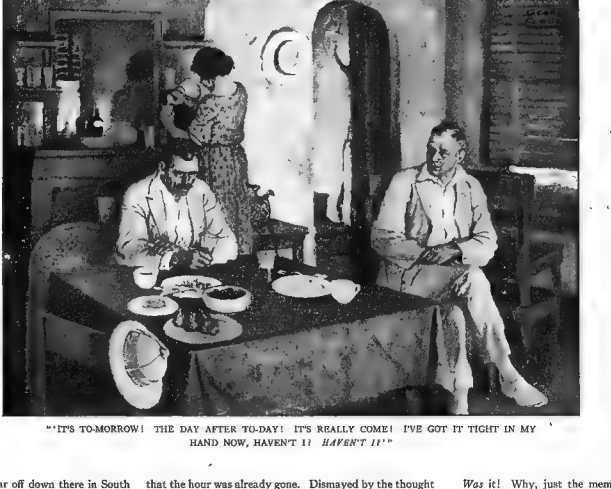
So he strode through this blazing travesty of a city of affairs, not alone, but in the robust company of his peers, and they laughed all together with a high indulgence—as pride does before the fall.

He wasn't alone till he had come to the office in River Street, and then, to be sure, it was only for a little while.

It wasn't the sort of place he would have thought of as an office; at home they would have called it a warehouse, and a dark and dusty-cornered one at that, its earthen floor cluttered with galvanized barrels, grease-cans, knee-high partitions, accounting-desks, packing-cases, bicycles, waste-baskets, stools, wired piping, hat-racks, and other creatures too mysterious to name trooping off into the vaulted shadows.

He arrived on the run. When he and Gutterson, the afternoon before, had struck on an hour for him to come in and "go into it right" they had named nine—"nine sharp." What with his tardy waking and his indulgent stalk across the city, he found when still two streets away that the hour was already gone. Dismayed by the thought of starting his new career by being late to its first engagement, he galloped the rest of the way.

Once inside, he began to blink and see moons. Finding a chair somehow in a match-boarded corral at a fore corner of the shed, he sank into it, tumbled off his suddenly crushing solario, and sprawled his feet away. Goose-flesh shivered up his legs. His heart was in his neck, under his left ear.



"'IT'S TO-MORROW! THE DAY AFTER TO-DAY! IT'S REALLY COME! I'VE GOT IT TIGHT IN MY HAND NOW, HAVEN'T I? *HAVEN'T I?*'"

SOMEBODY was offering him a glass of tepid water. It was a colored man, decently white-clad, clerical-looking cravat, tight side-whiskers, gold-rimmed spectacles. His broad-voweled speech was consequential and grave.

"If I may make so bold as to advise, suh—in the humidity of the morning sun—since I take it you ah unaccustomed——"

Hepar opened his eyes and stared. The only darkies he had known much of hitherto were the sleeping-car porters that came through Laramie on the "12."

"Who are you?" he blurted.

"I am, suh, at youah suvvice, Mr. A. Stewart McLeod. And if I may make bold to inquiah with whom I have the pleasuah—ah——"

"Why—why—I'm Hepar! I'm the new boss!"

Mr. McLeod pursed his lips and inclined his head.

"Chahmed, Mr. Hepah, I assuah you. I've no doubt Mr. Guttahson himself will be in very presently."

"Presently! Good—but, good *heck!* Say, I was to meet him here at nine sharp. And now it's well after——"

"Quite! Quite! In the meantime is there anything—would it be convenient to have my fellow colleagues up "

"Oh, say here—hang on a second."

Already they were advancing. Out of the gigantesque lumber of the rearward regions he perceived whitenesses evolving. They seemed myriad. They came and ranged around his little pen, hemming him in, their dark, negroid faces full of a dignity of self-assurance and self-esteem that made him feel more than ever "like thirty cents."

What was he expected to say?

The irony of it was that for weeks he had known what he was to say, to the very phrases—"team-work," "*esprit de corps*," "forward-looking," "pep"—after the manner of the trade journals. The speech of the commander taking command. But the trouble was he hadn't taken command. He hadn't the reins yet. Hadn't the keys. Hadn't "gone into it right" with Gutterson. Gutterson was really still their boss. The whole situation was abortive, diluted, half-cocked, and a pity. There was no gusto. He hadn't a word.

Still they waited, eying him concentrically, like dropsical gnomes out of limbo, and he saw that their arms were crammed to bursting with the documents of their stewardships — ledgers, bales of bills, invoices, receipts, veritable hundredweights of words, acres of figures, millions of them—and, like the hairs of the head, each numbered and individually precious and fatal to his opening career.

"And I'm only twenty-four years old. I'm in a strange country, thousands of miles from home, single-handed. Say! I'm up against it! I've bitten off more'n I can chew—maybe."

Something rebelled. Again he stood in the New York office, facing Treadway, the chief, winking back the mist in his eyes and crying: "But I can't see for the life of me, Mr. Treadway, how you should come to pick a fellow as young and new as me to send down there in charge!" Treadway had put a hand on his shoulder and looked him between the eyes.

"In running a business of this magnitude, my boy, the one thing absolutely essential to success is the ability to choose the right man. If I weren't able to do that I shouldn't be here. Is that enough, son?"

Was it! Why, just the memory was enough. Hepar rubbed a knuckle in his eyes and gazed around again at his darkling and portentous inquisitors. He felt like Alice in the court-room of Wonderland.

"Why, it's only a pack of coons, after all!"

He got to his feet. Erect, he towered satisfactorily above them all.

"Yes, well, glad to meet you, everybody. The books and all that later, understand? After I've talked with Mr. Gutterson. Now—*git!*"

The whole episode, looked at afterward, had been small. As small as a wrong pebble stepped on in the magnificent rush of a flying start.

Gutterson turned up some time after ten.

"Good Heavens! you here already?" He strode into the enclosure, his hand extended. His amazement was so real that Hepar couldn't be angry.

"Oh, yes, been here a little while; not long. How's everything? Good! And now—how about getting down to brass tacks? All set?"

"Right you are!" Gutterson seated himself and began pulling papers out of pigeonholes, making a drift on the desk. "Right, old man! Now these current orders—" He rested his cheek in a hand and studied Hepar.

HEPAR studied him in return. In the man's expression, graven in the substance of his eye-corners and temples, there was something it was well the romantic lad should see. There were the marks of the wear and tear of fevers, fevers of flesh and fevers of spirit, won through; the honorable scars of sieges held out and integrity sustained. It was a good thing for Hepar. In the ardent outrush of his youth and friendliness he felt like crying: "If I can stand three years from now the place where you stand to-day, Gutterson, why, I'll be the darnedest proudest fellow alive, that's all!" And if he trembled inwardly as he felt the eyes of the veteran weighing him it wasn't for fear of the verdict, but only with the suspense of the waiting to hear it spoken out.

He was somewhat taken aback when Gutterson did finally open his mouth.

"Didn't get that suit here, did you? Naturally not. But tell me, are they wearing that two-button sort of a thing in the States now? What?"

"Why—why, y-e-s, I—I think they are."

Gutterson continued to study him, his lids narrowed, his brows creased.

"Had a bad Winter, didn't you? I mean a lot of snow and blizzards Tell me about it. You've no idea, Hepar, how starved a man can be for just— But it was the worst ever, wasn't it? Especially March?"

"Why—I—I really don't —I suppose so. Yes."

"And prohibition. I wish you'd tell me a lot about that. And the dancing. And these 'flappers.' And, by the way, Mrs. Oliphant did get her divorce after all——"

"Mrs.—who?"

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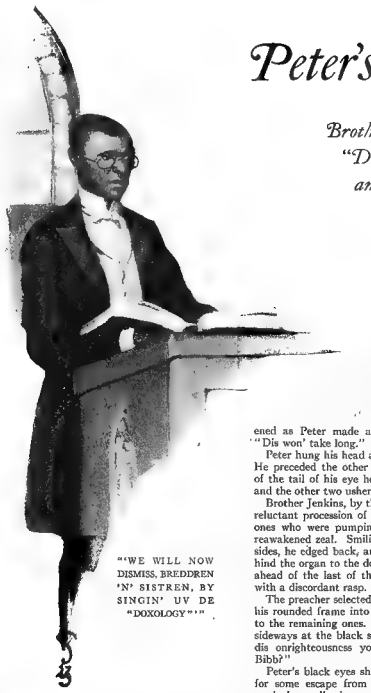
Peter's Ordeal at Jubilee Creek

Brother Bibb Is Washed Clean of the Sin of "Dat Little Disonderstandin' wid de Sheriff, an' de Cou't, an' de Jedge, an' de Jury"

By Clement Wood

Illustrations by J. C. Shepherd



"'WE WILL NOW DISMISS, BREDDREN 'N' SISTREN, BY SINGIN' UV DE "DOXOLOGY"'"

BROTHER NEHEMIAH JENKINS closed the big Bible with a bang. This, he had found, was the most efficacious way of rousing the nappers among his congregation to the sweet hour of scattering. He adjusted his glasses upon his broad nose and cleared his throat. "We will now dismiss, breddren 'n' sistren, by singin' uv de 'Doxology.'"

He gave a reassuring glance at the organist as the audience rustled uneasily to their feet. Throat distended, he led off into the inspiring first line:

Praise Gawd, f'um Whom all blessin's flow.

Peter Bibb, ensconced in the inside end of the rear pew, reached surreptitiously for his hat beneath the seat.

Pray Zim, mawi creatures hyah below.

He located it under his left foot and yanked it out. He smoothed the crushed crown and dusted it off thoughtfully.

Pray Zim, mabove, ye hebb'nly hos'.

Holding his hat firmly in his left hand, he half hoisted his body off of the painted pine bench and poised for flight.

Praise Fathuh, Son, nan' Holy Ghos'!

He swung himself clear into the aisle and made at a brisk gait for the rear right door.

Unexpectedly Lee Scales and 'Lisha Snow, two of the ushers, materialized out of the vestibule and stood where they must bar his exit. Brother Scales opened his mouth to speak to Peter; before he could get a word out, the would-be fugitive mumbled something about speaking to somebody and turned at an abrupt angle behind the last bench to cross to the other door.

His feet scuffed along the carpet at a double clip as he scuttled toward the left door. It was clear! He swung around the corner, and smack into the wiry, weazened form of Tom Myatt, the veterinary, who was planted on one side of the hallway, with the corpulent fortress of Lawyer Gunn, the fourth usher, at his flank.

"Howdy, howdy——"

Desperately Peter tried to negotiate his way through the body of the slight, tough animal-healer. There was a sympathetic flicker in the latter's eye; he seemed about to relent, and let the backslider through.

Lawyer Gunn's arm rested unctuously on his sleeve—a butterfly caress that might turn at any moment into a clench. "Brudder Jinkins, he say——"

"In a mo'ment——"

"He wan'ner see you in de vestry—now. 'Portant business, he say."

Peter wore the meek dismay of a trapped pet rabbit. "I gotter hotfoot it back to Mistuh Stringfeller's, Lis. I got sump'n' 'pawtant mahse'f, I is."

"De Lawd's business won' wait." The lawyer's arm tightened as Peter made a despairing lurch toward escape. "Dis won' take long."

Peter hung his head abjectly, suddenly bereft of words. He preceded the other up the uncrowded wall aisle; out of the tail of his eye he could see Tom Myatt following, and the other two ushers some distance behind.

Brother Jenkins, by the pulpit, had one wary eye on the reluctant procession of five, and the other on the devout ones who were pumping his hand with protestations of reawakened zeal. Smiling broadly and reassuringly on all sides, he edged back, and then made his hurried way behind the organ to the door of the vestry. He entered just ahead of the last of the ushers, who pulled the door to with a discordant rasp.

The preacher selected the most comfortable chair, eased his rounded frame into it, and waved the others grandly to the remaining ones. He sat silently, wagging his head sideways at the black sheep of the congregation. "W'ut dis onrighteousness you been committin' uv, Brudder Bibb?"

Peter's black eyes shifted away; desperately he sought for some escape from the condemning stare. His lips worked soundlessly.

"W'ut you been doin', Brudder?"

"I been alistenin' to yo' sarmon, I is. Dat wuz a powerful 'zortation."

"Yeah. An' befo' dat?"

"I—I— Befo' dat I h'isted de chune an' sung out 'Amen,' an'——"

"An' befo' dat?"

The whites of Peter's eyes rolled angrily. "Befo' dat, I ain' come to chu'ch yit."

"Yeah. But—yestiddy, Brudder—day befo' yestiddy—las' week— Stretch yo' brains, Brudder Bibb. W'ut you been doin' wid yo'se'f to bring de name uv Nebo Baptis' Chu'ch into disreputation an' calumnification? Dat's w'ut I axes you."

"You—you—means——"

"Yeah. I does."

"Dat little disonderstandin' wid Brudder Jones——"

"—An' wid de sheriff, an' de cou't, an' de jedge, an' de jury, Brudder. Don' leave dem out."

"Warn't no jury, anyway. Dat wuz jes' a naxident."

"Oxplain dis hyah accident."

Peter Bibb hung a dispirited head and then raised it to stare with innocent, persuasive eyes into the preacher's. He set to work to explain the whole laborious matter.

He had been accidentally walking, he said, by the place where Brother Ligon Jones, of the Zion Methodist Church, was building a new house, and accidentally; he continued, he saw some iron pickets stuck there in the ground. Peter assured the minister that he had no idea that Brother Jones wanted those pickets left there. All elegant folks didn't have even a hedge in front of their houses, he had observed. It seemed to him, he nodded gravely, that he would be doing his neighbor a good turn if he saved him the labor of carting those pickets away. Besides, they might come in handy if anybody came around his house at night; an iron picket would be a powerful argument against any disturber. So he began testing them to see how firmly they were stuck in the soil. Quite by accident three of them came out. He had at once carted these away to his own house. Then some one reported seeing them at Peter's house, and they arrested him—another accident, he assured Brother Jenkins solemnly. After a full and fair trial, the judge had turned him loose with a warning—and that wasn't any accident, Preacher could bet his gold front tooth!

"How you mean, Brudder Bibb, dat wuzn't an accident?"

"Ain't de Jedge said I nacherally had mo' evidence on my side dan any ten cases he'd ever knowed? Dey couldn't kotch dis boy, Brudder!" He proceeded to explain how the evidence had established that Peter had bought the pickets; that he was out of the county when it happened; that there never were any pickets there; that another man had put them in Peter's yard; and that Peter had permission to take them. "Cos' me six bits a witness, it did dat." Peter mourned at the end.

"Brudder Bibb, you stole dem pickets!"

"Not me."

"Brudder Bibb, you stole dem pickets!"

"—By accident."

"Brudder Bibb, you stole dem pickets!"

"I'll nebber believe dat. Nawsuh!"

The preacher raised a warning black finger. "'Thou shalt not steal!'"

"Yassuh— Nawsuh."

"Thou stoled!"

"Nawsuh — Yassuh."

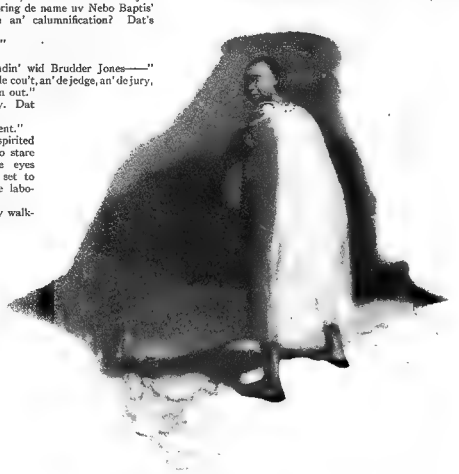
The reverend dark head wagged seriously. "You's backslid powerful far. You gotter git converted again——"

"I wuz aimin' to——"

"—An' be baptized again."

Peter reached for his hat and rose to his feet. "Not me," he said briefly and decisively.

The preacher invoked all his powerful persuasiveness;



"OUT OF EACH FRILLED HALF-SLEEVE A STRINGY BROWN ARM DANGLED; BELOW THE CRINKLING HEM HIS CHILLED CALVES PEERED IN PERPLEXITY"

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but Peter stood like a rock. He had been baptized once, he admitted; he had almost drowned then. Water didn't agree with him worth a bit, he went on. Mr. Stringfellow had said the same thing—that he didn't like water, inside or out; that it wasn't natural to put water into the stomach; and that was what baptizing was sure to mean. He'd get converted as often as Brother Jenkins wanted him to, but not baptized. No, sirree!

Then the preacher began. He quoted copiously from both Testaments. Altho he could not read he knew verse after verse by heart; and verse after verse Peter heard, his heart sinking lower and lower as the dreadful threats sank in. At last, beaten but not convinced, he gave in.

"Wen de baptizin' next?"

"Nex' Sad'day," the preacher admitted, concealing his inward gloating.

"Jubilee Crick?"

"De place precisely."

"I'll—I'll—" He gulped sicklily. His Adam's apple, eternal reminder of man's first sin, swelled and choked his doleful utterance. "I'll be dar."

"Praise Gawd!" the preacher shouted; then, lifted by his own rhythm, he swung into the opening of the "Doxology" again:

> . . . t'um Whom all blessin's flow!

Lawyer Gunn, proud of his oily barytone, took up the second line:

> Pray Zim, mawt creatures hyah below

Even Peter joined the other ushers in the inspiring thanksgiving for the hundredth sheep returned to the fold:

> Pray Zim mabove, ye hebb'nly hos'.
> Praise Fathuh, Son, nan' Holy Ghos'!

THE night was gray and mist-ridden; the moon was waning thin. The chert road, curved around the level mirror of water, stretched its bright pallor unendingly ahead. Up its crackling loneliness trudged a bent figure, as dejected as the last small elephant in the county-seat parade of a one-ring circus on an August noon. The figure might have been a meditative scarecrow dragging at witch-hour over an empty countryside. The figure was Peter Bibb, aimed for the upper end of the Black Warrior Aqueduct.

Under his arm a mysterious square package bulked; out of his lips a more mysterious promenade of dejected words stuttered. There was no one to hear him, unless some patriarchal bullfrog ceased his nocturnal miserere to heed a sadder, harsher strain; or unless some bright-eyed perch or sunfish lifted an inquisitive ear, breaking the smooth gray shimmer of water to harken to this doleful visitor from the dry sphere.

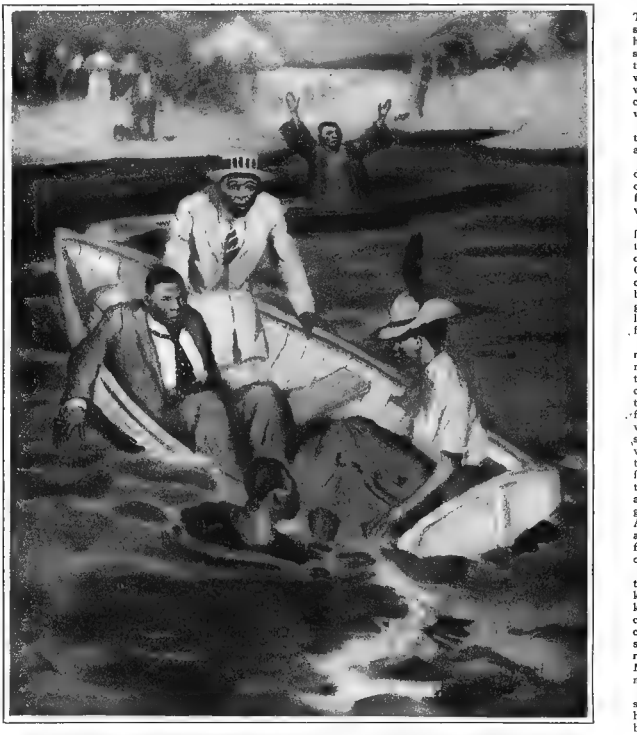
"Lawdie, Lawdie! Half a mile mo'—half a mile mo'—I be t'ar' di-gested ef I ever ag'in— Lawdie, Lawdie! Hucksome dat preacher he know so almighty much? I ain' seed him at no cou't-house. Somebody mout 'a' tol' him. None uv dey business, I be boun'. Baptized! Baptized!"

He shifted the bundle to his right arm and hunched on. "Ketch mah death uv col', dat's w'ut I will. I'll have a misery for six weeks, I 'speck. Sarve dem meddlin' ushers 'a' preacher right, buttin' into a man's confercential dealin's wid de cou't 'n' de jedge. Jedge, he oughter know; ain' he turn me loose, atter Mistuh Stringfeller confessed 'bouten me? Me, I's clean a'ready, I is. I don' need no sanctification by water, I don'. Ger-roun! Ger-roun!"

The last was in answer to a startling salutation from a bullfrog near at hand. Peter stopped and listened meditatively for the answer. Not for nothing had he listened all his life to bullfrogs! There wasn't a man in Northport who could talk bullfrog, or tree-deedle either, like he could! His lips broadened in satisfaction. That got him!

The persistent mumble commenced again. "Ger-roun! Let 'em watch out! Dat's w'ut I tells 'em, plain! I mout die on 'em, I mout. Den I'd lak to see 'em git dem fo' bits I promise fer de new chu'ch cyarpet an' de new basspipe fer de yorgan. I'd lak to see 'em git it! Ger-roun! Ger-roun! Baptized, he say. Baptized!"

Suddenly the word froze on half-opened lips. There—in front—down the road—a lantern swinging along! And here he was, with "No Tres-passin'" signs thicker than seeds in a watermelon! Must be Mister Ratchett, the



"'CAREFUL, BRUDDER—DON' TRY TO GIT IN—WATCH OUT! YOU'S UPSOTTIN' US! YOU'S——"

aqueduct-keeper, with his repeating shotgun. Out after fishermen and other trespassers. Lordie, Lordie! He'd have to hide, and quick! Those trees—he couldn't hardly make them. Here—this big clump of cattails. Better get his feet wet than his hide sprinkled with buckshot.

He crept into the protecting cover and squatted down like the venerable father of all bullfrogs. It wasn't so wet; he only hoped it wasn't quicksand. It did feel powerful scrunchy and heaving underfoot. There wasn't much choice: drowned in the creek, punctured with buckshot, buried to his neck in quicksand, with crows and jaybirds to pick out his eyes. Lordie, the way of the sinner was hard—and here he wasn't even a sinner. Hadn't the judge set him free?

THE sound of four feet thumped to his ear; then two voices, borne clearly down the level road.

"I sho' thought I saw somethin' movin', Harry."

"Too much white lightning, Tom."

"No, sirree, I saw it. Might 'a' been a cow."

"Or a bullfrog."

"Funny, ain't it? I can't make out nothin' now. I think it turned in right by that clump of rushes. Look—it's pretty dark there. Might take one shot."

"Whatyer wan'ner waste your shells fer?"

"City pays fer 'em. Watch me, now. I'll try one round."

Peter's face went as ashen as the moon-dyed water. It hadn't done any good they were going to shoot him, after all! Wasn't there anything he could do? Come out and explain things? Liable to get a load of shot before he could get a word in. If he could just crouch as low as a bullfrog. His chin was resting on his knees now.

Then, like the flash of a shooting star, it came—the idea that might mean salvation. He yawned his mouth open to make it supple, licked the lips quickly, drew them together, and croaked awesomely: "Ger-roun! Ger-roun!"

The first call was weak; the second, in his agitation, was louder than any bullfrog ever heard on that aqueduct.

A roar of laughter came from the man called Harry. "There's your—cow, Tom! Your bullfrog!" His voice dropped too low for Peter to hear.

At a chattery rate he kept it up. "Ger-roun! Ger-roun! Ger-roun!"

"All right, Harry—here goes."

Cr-r-r-rack! Sis-s-s! The sudden roar, the shots whistling beside his ears, drew a startled squeak from the squatting man. His face went several shades whiter; his throat felt choked—no sound would come out.

"Potted him that time, ol' souse. Come along."

The welcome click of departing heels on the cherty roadway grew fainter, farther. It was gone.

Peter tried to push flat his hair first. Cautiously he stretched his cramped knees. "Good Gawd Ermighty! I could 'a' bit one er dem bullets! Lawd, I gotter git outen dis place lickety-split! Come on, feets—lif' yo'selves!"

He tried to draw the right foot out of the mud. The viscid mixture clung to him like cooling molasses candy to the leg of a stuck fly. Quickmud! He was caught! One wild scrambling leap, that would have done credit to a professional bullfrog, and he sprawled trembling on firm land again. Wow! Shotgun. Quickmud. About as lucky as an angleworm between a fish-hook and a hungry catfish.

One backward look toward the way the keeper had gone: a kindly superiority creased his mahogany cheeks. He drew himself straight. "Ger-roun! Cain' catch ol' Mister Bullfrog, not dis night!"

Easing the bulky square package under his left arm, he set off briskly toward the upper end of the dam. There, he had observed, the water was shallow—so shallow that a cow could walk in it. That would fit him exactly. Baptized! He'd show them. Ah! Here was the place. In this little looped bight the sandy bottom sloped down, always in sight; no danger here. Rooted at the edge, he considered it thoughtfully. It would do.

He slumped to a convenient stone and undid the string on the package. Carefully he unwrapped the brown paper until the gaudy-covered box lay visible. He examined the picture, in the shimmering moonlight, with dignified interest. If it was right, he'd be as safe— He opened the box, spread wide the tissue-paper, and lifted out a peculiar contraption, made of some sort of stiff, close-woven white cloth, with a shiny valve at the center. Reverently he stretched it to its full length and stroked the new feel of its sides. At last he laid it extended on the cover, its ends drooping off, and rose to his feet.

Off came coat and vest; he piled them beside the rock. He untied the first shoe and yanked it clear; the second followed. Side by side in humble emptiness they took their places. The gilt-buckled red suspenders slipped off the massive shoulders, and the garment they supported was carefully shaken clear and added to the growing huddle of clothes. The blue shirt—there was no collar or tie—came next. At this stage the pile had to be clawed through to let Peter secure a scrunched-up bundle in his coat pocket. Swung free, this revealed itself as a faded pink-crêpe nightgown, a rosette of blue ribbon still ornamenting the right shoulder.

Melindy had just received it from Miss Amy—had never even had it on; but, with religion involved, the best was hardly good enough. It was as close as he could come to a baptizing-robe. Eeny, meeny, miny, mo—the other garments were stripped off, and the sheer pink robe-de-nuit nestled across his shoulders, the blue rosette quirking

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Johnny Has His Way

Proving that It Is a Hard Job to Spank a Spoiled Child Once He Has Grown Up

By Rolla Prideaux

Illustrations by Reginald Birch

JOHNNY GLOVER'S complete command of the situation that afternoon down in Pullinger's grocery indicated long practise and much skill.

His mother, a well-to-do widow with a negligible chin, was about to leave the store when her four-year-old son pointed a stubby finger toward the top shelf.

"Darky boy," he said; "want darky boy."

A cursory glance along the rows of cans revealed no possible presence of a darky boy.

Mrs. Glover moved toward the door, Johnny's hand in palm, saying, "There's no darky boy up there. Come along, dear."

Johnny drew back, gluing his patent-leather shoes to the floor, his stocky little figure bent into a thick bow. "Darky boy!" he demanded. "I want darky boy!" Again pointing aloft.

Mr. Pullinger put on his spectacles and squinted in the direction of the peremptory gesture. Surely enough, from the can which formed the apex of one pyramid, a round-faced Ethiopian grinned a broad red-and-white grin.

"Sure's I'm alive there's a darky boy," said the grocer. "See, on that can of sweet potatoes. You've got sharp eyes, my little man," patting Johnny's butter-colored curls, rolled into a tight Boston.

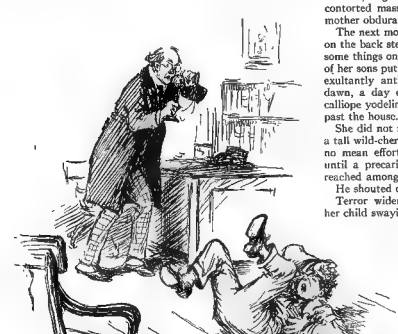
As his mother pulled doorward Johnny slid down onto the floor with a corpulent bump; a devastating procedure for blue-velvet trousers.

"Get up this minute!" she cried. "You'll spoil your nice new suit."

A ludicrous grimace distorted her son's pudgy features; tears trickled down his purpling cheeks. "I want darky boy!" he bawled.

"No," firmly, "you can have no such thing."

Prone on the floor Johnny writhed and rolled like an obese cobalt caterpillar, banging the boards with his heels and howling lustily. Great dun patches bedimmed his velvet shoulders and sullied his white stockings.



"ALMOST INARTICULATE WITH EXCITEMENT, IRA QUAVERED A CALL FOR DR. FORNEY"

Mr. Pullinger reached into the candy-case and held out a marshmallow frog dyed a vivid and poisonous green. "Here, my little man, you can have this—nicer than old, black niggers, yes, siree!"

Johnny turned a choleric eye on the proffered amphibian and then knocked it to swift and dusty ignominy under the wood-stove. Bawling, open-jawed rage rendered the reiterated "Darky boy!" almost unintelligible.

An onslaught of heavy-heeled kicks held Mrs. Glover at bay every time she attempted to lift up her seething offspring.

"Maybe I'd better get it for him," ventured the grocer. "They're real nice warmed up in butter."

After another futile effort for supremacy, Mrs. Glover capitulated. "Well, perhaps we will try a can," she said. Bystanders were becoming numerous and amused.

Johnny's howls ceased suddenly, as if a muscular thumb had closed his windpipe, when he saw Mr. Pullinger descending the ladder with the object of his desires. He trotted out of the store like a blissful tho grimy cherub, gazing into the beaming countenance of the darky boy.

FROM toddlerhood up Johnny Glover looked as if a heavy stone had been placed on his head and left there until his skull had begun to flatten, his neck telescope, even his torso and legs becoming short and thick. His nose jutted out, his eyebrows lay close to his eyes, his lips protruded, his chin was very prominent; a sulky face stamped with a perpetual frown and pout.

Five or six Summers later Johnny and his younger brother, Robert, a slender, reticent lad, went swimming in direct violation of the maternal edict. They were betrayed by a malicious destiny that led Mrs. Glover and a surreyful of friends to picnic on the identical lake-side slope where the miscreants had left their clothes. In the first impetuous flare of anger over such disobedience their mother forbade both of them to go near the big circus that was coming to town the day after to-morrow.

Sudden and crushing tyranny! Johnny staged the most spectacular tantrum of his life. There in the sward he writhed, regardless of five spectators, a bellowing, contorted mass of fury. To no avail; pride kept his mother obdurate.

The next morning the boys were slumped dejectedly on the back steps when Mrs. Glover came out to hang some things on the line. She was unhappier than both of her sons put together; for weeks the circus had been exultantly anticipated, and now the morrow would dawn, a day of suppression and misery, the steam-calliope yodeling maddingly, care-free crowds trooping past the house.

She did not notice that Johnny was slowly climbing a tall wild-cherry tree over in one corner of the yard—no mean effort for one of his build—toiling upward until a precarious altitude of fifty or sixty feet was reached among bending and slender branches.

He shouted one syllable, "Ma!"

Terror widened Mrs. Glover's eyes as she beheld her child swaying up there against the blue sky. She strove to speak calmly lest her panic be transmitted to him. "Johnny Glover, you come straight down this minute!"

"Ma," his voice sounded appallingly faint among the rustling leaves, "if you don't let me go to the circus I'll jump clear from here and squash myself dead."

Robert, who had been looking on with a lusterless eye, leaped to his feet, outraged at not being included in this astounding coup. "Meanie!" he yelled. "You don't dast jump; you're jest bluffin'."

Disquieting upshot! Such cynicism could shatter the whole plot. Better to have his brother for an ally than a dangerous dissenter in the enemy's camp.

"'MA, YOU EITHER LET US BOTH GO TO THE CIRCUS OR I'LL JUMP'"

"What'll you give me if I jump for you too?" asked Johnny at the top of his lungs.

"Stop that nonsense at once and come down here!" Mrs. Glover's accents were stern. "You can't fool me that way."

"Can I have your express-wagon?" called Johnny, completely ignoring his mother's command.

"Yes!" shouted Robert.

"And your three big Roman candles?"

"Yes-es!" Farewell, twelve-ball wonders, laid away for the Fourth!

The driver of this satisfactory bargain again addressed his mother. "Ma, you either let us both go to the circus or I'll jump."

"No, young man. Neither of you can go one step; and, what's more, I want you to climb right down out of that tree."

"All right, then, I'll jump and kill myself."

GRASPING a branch not more than an inch in diameter, he swung without footing, like a fat baboon. "One, two, three—here I go!"

"Oh, Ma!" cried Robert, almost as terrified as he was anxious for his brother's triumph. "He'll sure jump! You better say we can!"

What if that little twig would snap, or the small hands loose their grip!

"Yes!" she screamed. "You can go. Come down quick!"

Johnny's feet did not twine safely around a limb. He still hung in nerve-wrecking abandon.

"Do you promise honest to God we can go?"

"Yes! Yes!"

Slowly, carefully, down he crawled. What mattered it if they were sent supperless to bed when a glittering to-morrow was in store for them?

Johnny's squatness increased with the years; his face becoming heavier, more morose as the radiance of taffy-tinted curls darkened to a muddy castor. What a mixture of bully and baby he was! Crowing inordinately over the most trivial triumph, facing the slightest defeat like a

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disgruntled sobber. Like all pikers, he took pains to confine his activities to a sphere where his dominion was complete, to the household where his mother daily became more subservient, to the more immature Robert and his circle of younger playmates, whom he could bully.

John—the diminutive suffix long since shed—had reached a sweetheartless age of twenty-four when his brother became engaged to Jennie Carlisle, who lived just around in the next block. A mediocre young person, possessing no beauty of flesh nor spirit, this Jennie carried at all times an air of such utter excellence that her egotism jetted up around her like a garden spray, almost screening her actual inferiority. She continually chattered, perpetually flounced, batting her shabby eyes ceaselessly about, as if she feared their ugliness might be noted if they snatched a quiescent moment.

John Glover had gazed upon this girl with a disinterested eye for ten years; but, as she sat at his mother's table one night, her lack of charm softened by the pink glow of the candle-shades, rolling her eyes at her fiancé, who beamed prodigiously, a nasty twinge pricked him, and he hacked away at the roast with a vicious carving-knife.

For the first time that night, Mrs. Glover seemed more absorbed in her lesser second-born. Glowering, John watched her serve Robert first with the broadest wedge of shortcake, topped with the loftiest fluff of whipped cream—always his own concession. And Jennie there gazing at that big grinning simpleton as if he were the one bright figure of the universe! Twice when he had disagreed with him, and sought, as was his wont, squelchingly to put him in his place, both women volubly rushed to his brother's rescue.

At each picnic, party, and dance Jennie Carlisle became a shade more desirable. It was not long before she marked John's smoldering jealousy and exulted in the dramatic and flattering situation. She was one of those rare and irresistible women for whom men struggled and died! It was a delicious state of affairs when she coquetted with John to have Robert sit by, bewildered, mutely agonized, searching her face with pained, questioning eyes; and then, the next moment, when she showered her betrothed with tender glances or nestled against his shoulder, to behold John's fits of anger, his bursts of venom, the way he would stamp off and throw himself on the grass, muttering, "Nobody cares a rap whether I live or die!"

Before the Summer was over silly little Jennie, evidently impressed with John's violence, his smoldering gaze, which she mistook for ardor instead of thwarted selfishness, and his theatrical threats to "go away forever," announced her engagement; this time to the elder Glover.

It was the jilted Robert who went away instead, seeking forgetfulness in a near-by metropolis where everything seemed to turn to currency beneath his hand.

Had John Glover been the one to venture forth into unfamiliar pastures with those sullen, domineering ways and his unsporting spirit, he would have met with failure, or at least unprofitable obscurity. As it was, his mother's small fortune enabled him to live rather well in the low-voltage social life of the village of Midport, where five thousand a year spelled opulence.

His associates were well aware of all those exasperating shortcomings, but, with that easy tolerance toward the familiar, overlooked them.

"Just John's way," one would remark. "Ain't Glover the old bell-acher!" another might exclaim. "Oh, well, his heart's in the right place." Quite disregardful of the fact that not one word or action of John Glover's had ever testified as to the correct location of his cardiac organ.

The truth was they rather prided themselves on this very eccentricity, lending, as it did, a certain cachet to an otherwise drab and unmagnetized circle. They spoke almost boastfully of those brain-tempests in the same tone of awed pride that they mentioned the big wind-storm last August. What tho it removed the roof of Ira Lambert's chicken-coop and uprooted two of Dr. Forney's choicest peach-trees?—unpleasant, to be sure; but a monotony-dispelling humdinger of a blow, not entirely unwelcome.

John Glover was the recipient of a number of those stupid, single-track friendships which cling to an utterly worthless object with blind loyalty, merely because of long acquaintance, belonging to the same lodge, or living on the same street.

There were times when his very meanness worked as an asset in his selling of life insurance. Many a retired farmer or country merchant let himself be bullied into taking out an overlarge policy through dread of Glover's grilling outbursts of temper and surly salutations for weeks to come.

As the years passed Jennie deteriorated into a most unprepossessing matron, which may have accounted for her husband's daily presence at the City Club, where gathered the masculine élite of Midport to while away late afternoons and evenings in gossip, banter, and cards.

"IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE SHE MARKED JOHN'S SMOLDERING JEALOUSY, AND EXULTED IN THE DRAMATIC AND FLATTERING SITUATION"

IN a corner chair at a corner table one could always find John Glover, either engaged in a whist game or impatiently awaiting the arrival of enough club-fellows to make up a hand. Long practise and an inborn aptitude for cards had made him an excellent player. He took the score as a matter of life and death, wildly elated when he won, glaring incoherently irate when he lost. Wo unto the luckless partner who made a misplay!—John's venom inundated him as if placing the wrong paper rectangle on the table had deflected the earth from its orbit. In moments of defeat his remarks became so insultingly personal that he would have been shot from his chair almost any day in Wyoming or even Texas.

Behind his back other habitués expressed themselves in terms of revolt. "Ain't goin' to take no more of his lip!" declared Ira Lambert. They even repeated pat and crushing epigrams all polished for utterance the next time John bawled them out.

Nevertheless, when he sat there again, glowering and profane, spreading a trick out fanlike, pommeling the misplayed card with a blunt finger, the blunderer writhed in his chair, and the premeditated flare-back failed of articulation.

One night John and Ira Lambert, sixty and easygoing as a family phaeton, were engaged in a bridge bout against Dr. Forney and Tim Dudgin. One, the most popular physician in the county, a huge, sandy man resembling a buff cochin rooster of years and aplomb; the other, a new member, one of those rangy, long-armed young Irishmen with a Titian pompadour and a jovial eye. He had come to town recently to manage the Midport Garage, bringing with him a fresh angle of vision and a reckless disregard for village traditions.

Luck had been turning a chilly shoulder toward John Glover all evening, and he seethed volcanically under Tim's ready and not always barbless witticisms. There was the hand, for instance, when Ira Lambert tremulously ascended to the dizzy altitude of "four hearts," momentarily forgetful of the hampering necessity of having to play the dummy under John's blighting eye.

At the crucial trick Ira's left, mottled hand fluttered between a spade and a club, and, like a luckless moth, alighted on the wrong one, thereby losing the game and rubber. Timorous, apologetic, his gaze sought John's.

"You damned old ninny!" bellowed that worthy. "Didn't you know Dudgin sat back there with the ten? Can't tell me you ever got over that softening of the brain! (Ira had suffered a slight nervous collapse a few years before.) It's a wonder they let you out without a nurse, you —— —— old simp!"

"But, John," faltered Ira, "I didn't——"

"Of course you didn't, you driveling idiot—a padded cell's the place for you!"

"See here, Glover," cut in Tim Dudgin, his eyes ablaze, "how in —— could Mr. Lambert tell I had the ten—just as reasonable to play Doc for it. As a clean-cut, manly sport you certainly get the decoration! What they wouldn't have done to you in the service!"

John started to sputter like one of those cone-shaped pieces of fireworks just before it belches forth a fountain of golden ferns. Dr. Forney, who had been cannily dealing the next hand during the scrimmage, shouted jovially, "Tut! Tut, boys! Cut out the scrapping and pick up your cards—time for another rubber before supper if we hurry."

Still spewing forth incoherent expletives, John ordered the new assortment. "Four-no-trumps," he finally growled after two or three rounds of competitive bidding. Of course it had to be the young Irishman who debonairly slipped in with an entire royal family and retinue of diamonds and proceeded to set up the bidder unmercifully.

Blind with accumulated fury, John Glover accused Tim Dudgin of revoking. He delved down into the stacked tricks, laid out one, two, three, four hearts, and roared, "There's the card you played, you dirty crook! Then you come right in next time with the eight of diamonds—think you can get away with that kind of stuff around——"

Before Tim could speak Ira Lambert broke in, timidly, but anxious to see justice done. "No, no, John, I played that heart myself. Only had two, the——"

"Shut up, you damned fool!" bawled John. "Who asked——"

Dr. Forney next plunged into the mêlée, speaking with a calm, good nature that was his most valued sick-room asset. "Now, don't get excited, any of you—this is no life-and-death matter—I saw Ira lay down that five—happen to remember——"

He, in turn, was interrupted by Tim's voice, dangerously cool, a scornful smile hovering around his lips. "See here, you little tin-whistle rotter—it's you I'm talking to," he said to John—"just where did you pick up the notion that you're so much? Some of these people who've put up with you all their lives may be able to make allowances for you; but permit me to say that you are the

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"'FOR AN HONEST FACT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THERE STOOD IRA LAMBERT BAWLING BECAUSE HE COULDN'T TALK!'"

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Illustrations by Stuart Hay

Dark Horses in the Race of Life

Inside Information on the Endocrine Society, a Vest-Pocketful of Glands That Control the Whole Human Works in a Surprizing Variety of Ways

By Woods Hutchinson, M. D.

ALL our ugly ducklings are turning into swans nowadays. Ancient empires go crashing down in ruin, and thrones are toppling over to be replaced by fresh-hatched republics. The destinies of the world are swayed by men whose names and families were unknown a decade ago.

A like topsyturvy eruption is going on in our bodystate. The venerable and distinguished triumvirate, Brain, Heart, and Stomach, which have conducted our internal affairs with dignity and distinction for immemorial ages, now see their authority flouted, their control threatened, by a disreputable little junta of ragged glands which have neither names to be known by nor shapes to be described by.

"DETERMINING ITS SIZE, STATURE, FIGURE, COMPLEXION, POWER OF INTELLECT, AND RANGE OF IMAGINATION!"

There are only five of them and the whole batch could be slipped into your watch-pocket, but they are actually demanding the right to run the whole body. This modest request they base upon the astounding claim that they have literally built it, controlled and directed its growth from the day of its birth, determining its size, stature, figure, complexion, color of eyes and hair, temperament, power of intellect, and range of imagination! If *they* don't know how to run it, who does?

When these claims were first put forward by the endocrine enthusiasts, each for his own pet ductless gland, they were patronizingly smiled at. Gradually, however, they attracted attention; then a few enthusiastic followers who had been "cured"; next wide popularity, and finally a wave of endocrine enthusiasm swept wildly over the medical profession and reached the general public.

Nothing was beyond their powers. Every dog has his day and this was the day of the ductless glands. All that was needed to cure half the evils that flesh is heir to was endocrines, and again endocrines and always endocrines. Cancer was to be checked, insanity cured and prevented, our hair made immortal, old age deferred indefinitely. The one thing needful was to pick out the proper ductless-gland button, press it, and it would do the rest.

Germs were thrown into the discard and glands were trumps; for germs are only the seeds of disease, while glands control the soil, so that they can take no root, gain no foothold. Even the lurid appendix and the dire, focal infections in tooth or tonsil paled their ineffectual fires in the new dawn. Master the five endocrine-stops and we can play what time we will upon the human flute.

There was to be a medical new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth glandular righteousness. As a man secreteth in his endocrine glands so is he. The thyropituitary millennium was at hand and a little gland should lead them.

All this sounded incredible, preposterous, but there was fire beneath the smoke, and lots of it.

In evaluating the claims of a new medical discovery it is always well to bear in mind Osler's shrewd story of the three famous physicians of London in the sixties. One was a great doctor and no humbug, another was a great humbug and no doctor, but the third was a great humbug *and* a great doctor!

Even when the extravagant claims of the endocrinologists have been punctured and deflated right down to rock-bottom basis there is a surprizingly solid and substantial stratum of foundation for many of their enthusiasms.

All is not gold that glitters, but, as Eisenbaum shrewdly remarks, "If id does glidder you can bet yer bottom dollar id aind't mud," and there is a very respectable streak of "color" in the grooves at the bottom of some of the endocrine sluice-boxes; and it is not a "yellow streak" either. Especially those from the great thyroid lode and the adrenal vein, to say nothing of the pituitary and the pineal nuggets.

"Who are the endocrines?" demand the old Society Leaders of the body in chorus.

Just a bunch of insignificant-looking little scraps and nubbins of living tissue, the three larger scarce half the size of a fried egg and about as irregular in shape, the two smaller no bigger than a shoe-button. The whole five put together would barely reach one-half of one per cent of our body-weight. Yet they are "the works" of the body in a most surprizing variety of ways.

One of them, Pituitary, by working overtime can make us giants seven feet high, gangling and knock-kneed.

Another, Thyroid, by lying down on its job may grow an otherwise healthy, normal baby into an imbecile dwarf, taking thirty years to reach thirty inches.

Another, Adrenal, by going wrong may turn our white skin bronze and cover our bodies with hair, and send us half-way back to the gorilla in coat and hide.

Is it any wonder if we grew unduly excited with such magic "Big Medicine" almost within our grasp?

THEIR very name is significant, for it was invented only yesterday. Thirty years ago, tho aware of their existence, as far as practical utility went, we hardly knew, as Mr. Dooley said of the Philippines when they were thrown on our hands, whether they were islands or canned goods!

They had not even a family name in common, except ductless glands, or glands of internal secretion, because, tho they looked like glands, such as the familiar salivary glands and the pancreas, they had no ducts through which to pour their secretions and were supposed to pass them into the blood.

So they were christened "endocrines" a few years ago, which is all the same in Greek as "internal secretors."

For their individual names and addresses a very brief directory will suffice.

The leading light of endocrine society is the Thyroid, whose name means "shield-like" in the original Greek, and which is located just behind and below our Adam's apple. In more senses than one it is the most prominent endocrine of the glands; and if anything goes wrong with it we most literally "get it in the neck," for it is a maldevelopment of the thyroid which causes goiter, or "big neck," on the one hand, or cretinism and dwarfishness on the other. Sometimes, with a most malignant and mistaken liberality, it will produce both conditions simultaneously.

Slightly lower, in both the social scale and the human system, comes the Thymus. This modest gland bashfully hides itself behind the top of the breast-bone, and can scarcely be reached during life. Neither can it readily be photographed by the X-rays because of the rampart of bone behind which it lies. Chiefly because it is so mysterious it has become a sort of endocrine "Madame X," to whom all sorts of stray powers are attributed by default of better claim elsewhere, such as the manufacture of white corpuscles for the blood and the control of growth in early childhood.

DEEP within the system lies the Adrenal, whose name is simply its home address, for it is located upon the top of the kidney. It is a sort of glandular Handy Andy and the variety of its activities would make a professional juggler turn green with envy. They range all the way from reading the riot act to the haughty Thyroid to preparing our system for the fray of battle.

The last of the big four, the Pituitary, is the smallest; but its outward effects are perhaps the most striking of all the endocrines. Any one desiring to rise high in the world in a physical sense, at least, will have need of a powerful pituitary; for this little coffee-bean gland, located almost in the center of the head, just below the brain, controls our growth and stature and even to a considerable extent our mental capacity. If overdeveloped the result will be gigantism; if undersized the body will generally follow suit and dwarfism result.

But, rises the practical question, how could these marvelous gland-factories distribute their magic "dope," or these alleged powers behind the throne exert their weird

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"IS IT ANY WONDER IF WE GREW UNDULY EXCITED WITH SUCH MAGIC 'BIG MEDICINE' ALMOST WITHIN OUR GRASP?"

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The Excitement-Eaters

In Which Gaiety and Tragedy Sweep This Brilliant Serial to a Convincing Conclusion

BY

DOROTHY SPEARE

Illustrations by Hibberd V. B. Kline

"'WELL, I'M GLAD YOU FLASHED THE TALE ON ME AND GOT IT OFF YOUR CHEST,' SAID JERRY 'DON'T THINK ABOUT IT ANY MORE'"

Fourth and Concluding Instalment

THE biggest trouble with the daytime is it isn't short enough," grumbled Johnnie Overton.

"You're right, old dear," Tracy Villiers joined in; "I've always said, 'Days are flat and nights are round.' Still if any one's clever enough they can round out a day. The question is what'll we do to round out this particular one?"

The bunch was gathered on Jerry's door-steps—Johnnie Overton, Willie Pryde, Cora White and Tanky Delabarre, Janet Clarke, Little Eva from Boston, and Elsie and Tracy Villiers.

It was more than a week now that Tracy had been jobless, but so far his buoyancy was unimpaired and Elsie appeared to share his unconcern. Now and then he rode resolutely into town in the hope of running down a position; but for the most part he merely played around with Tanky and Johnnie or other members of their idle bunch.

Every one knew the Villieres had saved nothing, and the only logical explanation of any revenue was that Mama and Papa Lark were filling out the deficiency in the young people's income. But this explanation was not reasonable. Nobody could believe that the Larks would deliberately separate themselves from the older group that has set the seal of its disapproval upon the behavior of the younger generation.

It was evident they had formed into a union which was functioning overtime. To the outsider it would appear that there had never been such a gay fortnight in the social activities of Eastport; a day could not pass without a dance, a garden-party, a bridge, or a musicale. But the steady campaign was wearing on the nerves of the older people who were responsible for the festivities and on the tempers of the younger people to whom no invitations were extended.

Tho the older women were responsible for the social ostracism of the younger set, the older men fell easily into line, even going so far as to conduct a campaign of their own.

For a long time the Eastport Country Club had been the scene of heated controversy between the young golfers, who were impatient at the deliberation of the business men learning the game at fat and fifty, and the "old codgers," who resented the attitude of these young "whippersnappers." They also complained that the young men used the club-house for the nineteenth hole and that the young women disported themselves in riding-breeches on the club-house piazza.

Narrow-minded were they? The older men were annoyed at this interpretation of their attitude, so, taking only their own comfort into consideration, they decided to construct a new country club according to the elaborate plans which had been drawn up for over a year. The golf-course was to be the finest in that part of the country. Situated near a small lake, there would be skating and carnivals during the Winter and unusual activities during the Summer. A bridle-path and tennis-courts had been planned, supposedly for the younger members.

The board of directors naturally was in the control of the older men who were able to finance the proposition. Applications for membership were now open. *But the younger set was being turned down.* And the hopes of those who expected to be pulled in by their parents were frustrated by the rule that membership be limited to the wives of the members.

"You wouldn't think," Tanky had groaned, "that they'd take such pains to eliminate us."

This last ostracism had hit them hard, tho the invitation omissions had merely antagonized them. Yet the handful of young people—Jerry's circle—against whom this ruling was particularly leveled could hardly believe that it was going to be sustained seriously.

"They'll loosen up after scaring us," they agreed optimistically.

In the meantime they gathered together in groups that tended to be more or less gloomy—all but Elsie and Tracy, who were determinedly gay, Elsie crap-shooting as usual and Tracy drinking more than ever.

The younger set prided itself on not interfering in each other's business, but it was hard for it to refrain from making suggestions to Elsie and Tracy.

Yes, things had been rather gloomy, but the Villieres weren't entirely responsible for it. There were Cora and Tanky and Fred White, who now worked until golf-time and only joined the others in the evenings. There was no doubt about it, Cora and Tanky cast a damper on things. Every one secretly felt that here was really something that the older set had some small reason to get incensed about. Cora and Fred had been having a quarrel that now extended over nearly two weeks. It had started as a mere scrap, but the two had dealt in recriminations until the breach had become serious. It was reported that they did not speak to each other at home!

CORA went everywhere with Tanky; in fact, she seemed to cling to him as if he somehow justified the condition of things, an attitude which he received with customary lethargy. The whole affair was beginning to get on the nerves of their circle. They knew that Cora did not care for Tanky, that there was no triangle situation lurking in their midst, and they thought a wife had to have some attention—particularly when a husband divides all his time between business and golf. All the same, they decided that Cora had begun to overdo the thing.

After all, Cora had a baby—which was a responsibility the other young married girls had not been willing to undertake, as Cora used to remind them in moments of superiority—and that baby somehow gave a more home-breaking slant to the whole business. Every one said Cora had paid no attention to the baby since the quarrel, in fact that she was never at home any more.

Small wonder then that Cora and Tanky had put rather a leaden wedge into the enthusiasm of the bunch. But that was not all. There were the minor discomforts.

Janet Clarke was getting a bit too high, wide, and careless. It started the night she had initiated the graveyard-party and she had kept right on trying to concoct equally daring things. She wore on their nerves after a while. Then there was the constant discord of Eva and Johnnie's quarreling, which had taken on a painful aspect ever since Eva had started giving most of her time to the Clarkes' young cousin.

Last of all there was Jerry. It had been a good joke on Elsie when she had taken up the rumor Elsie had started and shown her defiance by employing her talents professionally. Elsie was still recovering from the shock. But for Jerry to keep on with it, long after the joke had been sprung——

Ah, yes, nothing was as it had been a fortnight ago.

So Jerry was the only contented member of the group that sat on her steps complaining of the heat and dripping forth little sentences of boredom. Nowadays she was busy most of the time and her life was full of purpose. Housework was behind her forever, but she had made another of her amazing discoveries about her husband when she decided to give it up. As her business of making clothes was rapidly jumping to generous proportions she had hired a maid and told Phil that she was earning in other ways enough to pay for a professional to do the housework.

"Save your money," said Phil abruptly, "or give it away. I make enough to pay for a maid—for two if you want them; and you will need another, sooner or later, to answer telephone-calls and the door-bell."

Jerry had regarded him in wide-eyed astonishment.

"When we first came out here you said we'd have to choose between a car and a maid. You knew I'd choose the car; I don't want to give up the car——"

"I wasn't intending to give up the car," Phil was embarrassed. "My big problem is you, and how to keep you happy. I have watched my friends marry and make their wives happy for a time. Then they go back to business and expect their wives to fall into a routine which will content them as well. Business is a man's work, but it is not his exclusively. Marriage is a woman's work, but it is not hers exclusively."

Jerry's eyes had begun to dance.

"So you let me do the housework because you knew I had something to keep myself going!"

Phil nodded. "A woman of your nervous energy and driving brain has to have something to occupy both her mind and hands. Housework is at best only a makeshift."

"And so you waited for me to boil the whole thing down!" Jerry murmured, but she did not confess that she had misunderstood him, that into his silence she had read criticism and disapproval. And the Mrs. Carter menace was, after all, only a figment of her imagination. No longer could Jerry be jealous of her. But it was not possible to remove Mrs. Carter's image from her own inner consciousness. It would spring to the surface and silently rebuke her with its perfection whenever Jerry did something that seemed unworthy of Phil's wife. As a monk endures the chafing of his shirt of hair, so Jerry bore with her imagination.

Yes, Jerry was certainly the most serene of them all as they sat on her front steps, but the blight that hung over the others also oppressed her.

"Tell you what let's do," said Willie suddenly. "Let's all go swimming."

A CATERWAUL of delight hailed this suggestion, which was downed by Johnnie's peevish "Where?"

"Oh, over on the beach," Janet's ever-ready tongue supplemented. "What do we care if all the beachers come along, too? Besides, they won't. They're at the tennis tournaments. Trust them to be anywhere they can pay to get in."

"I decline to wait until all the girls go home and put on their suits," said Willie firmly.

"Don't have to," said Janet; "we can swipe the suits at the beach club-house and put 'em back before any one knows they're out."

The beach club-house was a place the beachers had bought up and fitted out with bath-houses, showers, and also a long veranda where one might "picnic" without getting into sand. As an additional convenience, the members kept their bathing-suits in lockers that they never locked. Hence the appeal to the marauding instinct of the younger set.

Jerry felt decidedly uneasy as the crowd jumped up and started toward the different automobiles that were choking the driveway. She had never gone swimming in her life. There had never been an opportunity. But how could she explain this to the others without giving too much of past history away?

"I don't think I've got time to go before dinner," she began; but hands pulled her along, voices objurgated.

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The prospect lured her. The day was humid and Jerry had always wanted to bathe in the ocean.

"Is the water deep?"

"Of course it isn't!" a half-dozen voices shrieked in concert. "You can remain on the sand and dabble your toes in the water if you want!"

Still protesting, she was dragged into the nearest car; but she ceased objecting when she discovered that Elsie was listening.

She and Elsie had not been thrown together since the affair of the golden gown. Elsie had seemed deliberately to avoid her, a state of things entirely satisfactory to Jerry, who had studied Elsie's face as she thanked her for her recommendations as an expert modiste.

Arriving at the club-house, they parked their cars on the members' drive and entered with such assured insolence that no question greeted them from the few gilt-buttoned menials assembled. The beach happily was deserted, and, as Janet had prophesied, all the members were at the tennis-courts.

The girls found a great deal of enjoyment picking bathing-suits from the assortment in the lockers. Many of them obviously were meant only for beach wear, many had never touched the waves, and nearly all of them were much too elaborate for practical purposes.

When they came out on the sand they were greeted with shouts from the men. Jerry wore a green-mohair suit that hung on her in folds. Janet was arrayed in wicked scarlet satin that had dried in different colors. Elsie and Cora had donned one-piece black-satin affairs, while Little Eva strutted forth in hideous purple taffeta with flounced skirting trimmed in bands of bright yellow. It was terrific. With one accord Johnnie and Willie cried "Drown it!" and pulled her, shrieking, into the water.

"I *won't* dive in! I tell you; I don't *like* to dive, and get all spitty and snorty and salt-watery and everything!"

Her objections were buried in the waves, and Jerry tried not to look the terror she felt. Supposing she should be seized in as ruthless a fashion! Cora and Elsie were leaping gracefully into the water, the men and Janet only a little behind. Jerry followed without enthusiasm and stopped as the first rush of cold water swirled about her ankles. Did any one really enjoy this? The shouts of those farther out answered her. She took a deep breath and pressed on. If only she could go in all at once—this gradual immersion was horrible. She was finally out far enough to duck, attempting to imitate Elsie, who was furrowing through the waves. This done, what courage she had suddenly deserted her, and she came out shivering.

Before long the others joined her and lay baking in the sand preparatory to another cold plunge. Little Eva was all feverish sputters because her head had been held under the waves.

"If there's anything I hate it's a man who gets kiddish in the water," she remarked.

Johnnie was still chuckling.

"You didn't tell us, Eva—you didn't tell us what the wild waves were saying."

"When a girl doesn't like to get her head under the water, she doesn't," Eva returned. "Men never have any sense."

Elsie and Janet viewed her with tolerant superiority and began to explain how much kick could be gotten out of a dive Cora and Tanky had withdrawn from the others and were occupying themselves piling each other with sand. The circle pointed at them, shrugged, and sighed; words were unnecessary.

Little Eva arose and smoothed out her purple flounces.

"I am going," she said sweetly, "to walk on the wet sand by myself."

With which she set out in solitary dignity that was not allowed to be sustained. Johnnie sank into a grouchy, comatose condition on her announcement; but Willie, heaving himself up with a total lack of expression on his placid face, went deliberately after her.

"Now the day's getting flat again," grumbled Tracy, "and I'm flatter. I'm going to draw pictures in the sand and you can guess what famous lines I'm depicting. For instance, if I do a *Juliet* with a bottle in her hand, the caption is 'Parting is such sweet sorrow.'"

Jerry got up as they all gathered around Tracy with sighs of boredom. Exhilaration from the salt-water plunge had nerved her up to trying it again.

She went in gingerly at first, thankful that the rest were paying no attention to her. But when she was waist-deep the salt water suddenly began to go to her head like wine. The smell was so fresh and clear, like no other smell in the world, and the rocking of the little waves was buoyant, fascinating. One could stand still and be lifted lightly and then replaced by each wave.

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS"

She knew it would be foolhardy to venture out more than waist-high, and so she kept the same ground, but she was not aware that every time a wave set her down a hand seemed to reach out and drag her a little farther from the shore. She did not know that there was an undertow; so when the water seemed a little deeper she only thought the waves were getting higher. Finally it became difficult for her to keep her face from being splashed, and she took an experimental step.

It was a step in the wrong direction. There was a sudden place where the beach shelved off; and Jerry went down into gasping greenness, overwhelmed by absolute helplessness. She couldn't breathe—it was hideous. That must be how people drowned, because they couldn't breathe. There was a moment of delicious air, of sunlight coursing with rivulets of water all over her face, before a wave surged over her and she shot down again.

No one on the beach had been watching her. She was going to drown, just because she was a fool. Well, men had been hanged for less. She shot up again and tried vainly to get a scream from her water-logged lungs before the waters held her in tight embrace once more. One came up three times, she remembered. "Three times and out—three times and——" A hand was pulling at her shoulder; a hand that dragged her to the top of the waves. Light was piercing through rivulets of water. A face near hers was shrieking: "Don't grab me! Hang yourself limp!"

She was limp. Whoever heard of grabbing when one was too tired to move? Swiftly, surely, she was guided along.

"Put your hand on my shoulder and float out," a voice panted in her ear.

The voice was the voice of Elsie Villiers. Jerry was sure that she had drowned—had drowned and gone to heaven.

Another moment and she was on the beach lying weakly among the stones near the water, while Elsie sat at her side weeping hysterical tears. Voices of the others were exploding in amazement around them.

"You breathing all right, Jerry?"

"How'd it happen, Elsie? We never saw a thing!"

"How'd you happen to be watching?"

"Can you breathe all right, Jerry?"

JERRY gasped assent. Elsie continued her wailing.

"I thought you were going to drown—I thought you were going to drown!" she sobbed, then turned fiercely to the others. "Go on away and leave us alone for a minute!"

"Think it's quite safe?" Johnnie demanded. "You perfectly all right now, Jerry?"

Jerry came through with a watery grin.

"Only went down for the second time, old thing," she said, and pulled the cap from her dripping hair.

"Go on away, all of you!" Elsie reiterated in a fresh flow of tears. With exaggerated consideration the others withdrew farther up the beach. Elsie wiped her face with the back of her hand and turned to Jerry, her mouth still shaken from the torrent that had swept her.

"I—I suppose you think I'm crazy," she said in a tense voice.

It did seem to Jerry like some vague, idiotic dream, sitting there on the wet sand, with water streaming from her and Elsie beside her weeping and wailing. But Jerry essayed sensibility.

"Crazy—to have saved my life?" she asked. "I'm probably the one person who doesn't think so."

"I thought you were going to drown," Elsie repeated dully. "I thought you were going to drown without my ever telling you how I hate myself for the way I've been to you. I was watching you when you went down, because I remembered what you'd said about not swimming very well, and, besides, Jerry, I always watch you. Do you know why? Do you know why I've always been so rotten to you?" Jerry was silent. "I was jealous, Jerry. Just plain, ordinary jealous."

"What the—" Jerry began, then stopped to choke over some salt water that had lodged in her lungs.

"Jealous! I'm always jealous of somebody," cried Elsie with quivering lip. "It seems to be the way I'm made. And from the minute I saw you and every one always liked you so much, and I thought you were so interesting, and your husband was so wonderful, and everything—well, anyway, I've been jealous of you."

"My God!" said Jerry quite reverently.

"You're everything I always knew I wasn't," said Elsie, her words loosening into a torrent. "You're sincere and you can interest people. Remember what Cora said at my dinner-party, how she wasn't even interesting to herself any longer, how after you were married you had to have something more than a good line of talk—to be something more than a good dancer? All that went home to me so I couldn't even talk about it. Cora was twice the success I was before she was married. I don't know that there's so much comparison now." An Elsie-like touch in spite of her misery.

FASCINATED, Jerry watched those shaking, salty lips. "I've just said everything about you I thought I could get away with. And after you were so big about the gold dress—that made me worse! I hated you after that. But when I thought that you were going to drown—you'll get a chance to tell you how mean I feel—I nearly went wild."

She came to a pause and looked at Jerry imploringly.

"Well, I'm glad you flashed the tale on me and got it off your chest," said Jerry. "Don't think about it any more. You've saved my life, and I guess that wipes out the old score and then a bit. Besides, it wasn't as bad as you spread it to be. I didn't think about it hardly at all."

Elsie shook her head mercilessly.

"You couldn't help but think I was—what I am," she said. "I don't know how I ever got around to this way of thinking about myself and admitting it to you. Except that this last week I've had to think."

Shouts of laughter came to them from farther up the beach, Tracy's voice ringing a gay refrain after the others had trailed away.

"There's Tracy," said Elsie simply in a little pause that fell between them. "He—you know, he's lost his position. And he seems to have no more idea what it means than—than a child. He seems to think Mr. Villiers will take him back after a little more rocking on his high horse. I suppose I would never have started thinking at all, except that Tracy didn't and so I had to. I know it seems hard to believe—but *somebody* had to try to think. I think that even if—I mean when—Tracy does get another position we'll have to move away from Eastport."

"Move!" Jerry echoed.

"Yes," Elsie spun a shell into the water at their feet, "because Eastport really is too rich a place for us—for any young couple like Tracy—to have helped us too much. The older people, or the young people still living with their families, or those with inherited incomes, like Johnnie and Tanky—but look at us! Tracy's father believes that young people should make their own way in the world. I think it's pretty stingy of him myself when he has so much; but his opinion makes him clamp down on the money. And my own family—we have helped us too much. They gave us our house as a wedding present, you know, and mother still gives me a clothes allowance, which I never keep to."

"It's no more expensive to live here than anywhere else if you're careful," Jerry began, remembering Johnnie's remark about Elsie's million-dollar appetite.

"It is if you want to do the things your crowd does," Elsie returned a bit peevishly.

"Well," Jerry contemplated her friend the sea and tried to put the question delicately, "wouldn't Tracy drink wherever he was?"

"I don't know," Elsie's voice came doleful, dragged, all of its reed-like quality gone. "I don't know what could ever stop him—if this step of his father's hasn't. Funny, he isn't what you'd call a drunkard. He never gets drunk and abuses me and all that sort of thing. He only gets—funny and every one likes him. Yet it's got a hold on him so, I don't know whatever can shake it—and—I'm sure I don't know what's going to become of us!"

Jerry turned at the intensity with which the last remark was delivered. Elsie was pale. A tragic look sat incongruously on her merciless little face.

"I don't know why I've told all this to you," she said, suddenly resentful. "You sit and listen and never say anything. But I had to tell some one, and somehow you—Cora's my best friend, but she's really in worse trouble than I am!"

"Have you ever tried to stop Tracy?" Jerry inquired. Elsie shook her head.

"He doesn't pay much attention to me—that's his way. We're both afraid we might get sicker of each other than we are now."

"Listen!" said Jerry tersely. "There's only one thing on this earth stronger than alcohol and that's love. If you can bring it to Tracy—I know—I've——"

"What if I can't bring it to Tracy?" Elsie demanded. "How can I bring him anything he doesn't bring me? I hope I've got more pride than that!"

Jerry got up and shook the sand from her suit.

"When you're married, if you always stand on pride you're bound for the rocks. If you're too proud to show Tracy how much you really care for him—and I know you do care; I've known it ever since the day you cast your eye on that squib about him in the *Gossip*—if you're too proud to show him, don't blame any one but yourself for things that happen."

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Jerry surveyed Elsie, who was looking bored and sulky. "You said I sat and listened and didn't say anything, and now you don't seem to like what I do say. I'm sorry. That was a wonderful thing you did just now, Elsie; I can never thank you enough for towing me in."

The two went up the beach toward the others, Elsie sullenly silent, Jerry thoughtful. Did Elsie hate her again, after pouring out those confidences in a moment of hysteria? Poor Elsie, saying she had to be jealous because that was how she was made. What would Elsie think if she could know of Jerry's origin and the stages of life through which she had passed? "How can I bring him anything he doesn't bring me?" Elsie had said. Jerry thought of her own short married life and how often she and Phil might easily have gone their separate ways if one or the other had not swallowed his pride. Elsie and Tracy were getting what they were giving to marriage—less than nothing.

Love was the fuel of the world and work the food. She looked at the group on the beach and shivered. In her overwrought condition it seemed to Jerry that they were slowly starving and didn't know it.

LITTLE EVA permitted Willie to join her in icy silence, but with a quick acceleration of gait that made her purple flounces flutter in the wind. It was fully five minutes before Willie inquired, in a conversational tone:

"Are you in love with Timothy Lane?"

"None of your business!" Eva snapped.

As a matter of fact, she had come on this walk to hug that very certainty to herself. Walking on the beach with the waves lisping ageless inspiration was a romantic occasion that should not be overlooked. Willie's company made romance impossible; but she did not bother to order him away, knowing that an understanding had to come sooner or later.

Timothy had been gone three days and she had not heard from him.

This fact alone was enough to annoy any self-respecting girl whose batting average was one letter a day and flowers from any "heavy" suitor. Eva had gone over their farewell many times. There had been something in it that had sounded rather final. She had stood with beating heart and lowered head while he had held her hand for a long interval. Then he said hurriedly:

"I want you to know," Eva swayed toward him, "I want you to know that—that I'll never forget you."

And he had gone! And had been gone three days without a word.

Watching the mail was a heartrending occupation. Most girls know the delirium of suspense, the agony of disappointment that is sustained by the mail-carrier, but Evadne was just learning.

The worst of the suspense was having to hide it, to appear indifferent when the mail came, to toy with the letters, not frantically paw them over. All this Little Eva was going through. Small wonder that Willie's question stung.

Willie received her response without emotion.

"I am minding my business," he said slowly, "because, you see, I am in love with you myself."

"Oh, stop it!" said Eva listlessly. "If I've got to listen to that line again——"

Willie turned for a brief backward look. The group on the beach was a little spot in the distance. They were practically alone.

"I am in love with you," he repeated, and seized her hand in sudden intensity, whirling her around to face him. "Now do you believe me?"

Evadne looked up at his face for a moment. Then she said in a voice that lacked its usual assured ring:

"If it's so, Willie, I'm sorry."

This was a sudden impulse. She never remembered being particularly sorry for her victims before.

"That's not all there is to it," said Willie, and his amber eyes dwelt on hers for an uncomfortable moment. "I'm not blind. I know everything about you. You are fascinated with Timothy Lane. And any one can see that he's in love with you."

"So?" Eva murmured, with an awakening of interest.

"I just wanted to say a few little things to you about the whole matter," Willie went on.

"What whole matter?" Eva inquired.

"Us. Tim Lane—you—me. Do you remember our little—talk—in the cemetery?"

Eva wriggled.

"Yes, I do, and if you're going to begin lecturing about the modern girl again——"

"He is a man," said Willie, looking away from her to the indeterminate horizon, "who has had no experience with girls, who has carried around with him a large bunch of ideals which he clapped onto you at first sight. You—you're keen, Eva; you know that. You like posing up to his ideals; and you pose rather neatly, except when I'm around."

"You needn't flatter yourself that you can bring out the worst in me," Evadne flung back. He laughed.

"Eva, I regard this musician fellow as a necessary evil in your education and I'm glad he has happened along. All the same, I want you to know that I'm camped on your trail with enough provisions to last for a good long time."

"I dislike the way you express yourself," she said, and swished her purple-taffeta skirts.

"It reminds you too much of yourself in your lighter moments, I suppose."

Eva bounced on the sand.

"Willie Pryde! If you think that I might slip into your expectant arms because you think you understand me and we're two of a kind, you're following the wrong horse." Willie laughed.

"Don't worry, Eva; my arms aren't too expectant." He sobered suddenly. "But all this isn't what I started to say. How you do circuit a person! I have a little message to bear to you, Eva; a message of the inspirational type. I want you to know that my love for you, base as undoubtedly I am compared to a man who can gaze trustfully into your eyes, has affected me strangely. I've changed in several little ways you'll never know."

"I am not interested in hearing about your past," she interrupted him. "Save that for your fiancée and don't forget I'm not that yet."

"No, but you are going to be," said Willie serenely. "I've got a few more things to clear up in my life and then you will not be able to help yourself."

Eva turned and started to walk rapidly back over their tracks in the sand. Willie followed her quick shift, still talking.

"I'm going to let you walk back by yourself, but first listen. You acknowledge that Tim Lane clapped some ideals onto you. Did it ever occur to you that you are doing the same thing to him? You know him no better than he knows you. What angle have you got on him except when you overturn the slush-bucket? Think it over, Eva; I'm going to stretch out here and let you walk back with your thoughts!"

Willie had come to a pause and looked down upon an inviting shelf of sand, his pale eyes shining lazily. Evadne hesitated, then seized his hand, and pulled him in her wake.

"You've got to come along and talk to me. I'm not going to walk back alone!" she said sulkily.

"THEY ALL HALTED, HORRIFIED, ON THE FLOOR LAY TRACY—THEIR JOYOUS, COLORFUL COMRADE—IN A WEAK, PURPOSELESS HEAP"

IT WAS a blistering Sunday afternoon.

Phil was playing golf and Evadne also was on the links, having been dragged there by Johnnie Overton. Jerry sat listlessly in the living-room, now and then taking a stitch in a midnight-blue creation that was to camouflage Mrs. Stewart Crumbles's bulk into something approaching the human form. She was the Crumbles of the Crumbles car. Report had it that at her dinners she gave away Crumbles cars for place-cards. All of which was grist to Jerry's mill.

Almost a week had passed since the bathing-party, and matters were still at an impassé between the older and the younger factions. Antagonism had steadily grown. The older generation were exhibiting an unforeseen inflexibility; and the small circle at which all this inattention was leveled was now uneasily defiant.

As she rustled her needle along a soft, delightful fold, Jerry idly wondered how the quarrel would end. She regarded the situation with the impersonal interest that she would give a play, but Phil considered it a calamity. He declared the Civil War was a commentary on the community and a menace to its future life. Somebody had to do something and soon. Phil was between two fires. His friends were Bob Carter and the older men, but he preferred to play golf with the younger set. He stood in a somewhat equivocal position. Jerry, on the other hand, had cast in her lot with the wasters, and she was not going to desert them until they had found a way out of their difficulties.

The door-bell rang and Jerry dropped her sewing to answer it. Cora had come to call—Cora as arrogantly pretty as ever, with even more rouge flaunting reckless defiance from her cheeks and lips, and attired in the same black-and-white regalia that had adorned her the afternoon of her quarrel with Fred.

"What are you doing, poking inside on such a lovely day?" she asked, sweeping Jerry with eyes that were darkly bright.

"It's cooler inside than it is out. Fred playing golf?" Jerry inquired as they went together into the living-room.

"I don't know," Cora said lightly. "He usually is, isn't he? I could write an article on golf entitled 'Why Girls Leave Home!'"

"Phil's playing too," said Jerry, and reached for her sewing.

Cora was not listening.

"Of course, not that I intend to leave home," she continued airily. "Home is absolutely necessary. A good place to start from. Everybody has to have one."

She crossed black-and-white-clocked legs and sank back in her chair with a relaxation that was too complete to be graceful.

"Listen here, Jerry," she said. "Fred and I haven't spoken to each other for two weeks. It's been simply wonderful. I never had such a rest."

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Turkish Women of To-day

An Enlightening Article on a Strange Revolution That Is Sweeping the Ottoman Empire and Rescuing the Womanhood of a Nation from Mysterious Seclusion

BY IRA NELSON MORRIS

Former United States Minister to Sweden

HIS TRADE IS FIGHTING TYPHUS IN REFUGEE CAMPS

A JANIZARY, IN THE OLDEN DAYS A PERSONAL GUARD OF THE SULTAN

Above—THE OLD ARCHES AND CELLARS UNDER THE DOMES OF THE STAMBOUL MOSQUES ARE THE DWELLINGS OF TENEMENT FAMILIES
Below KEMAL PASHA AND HIS BRIDE

ALL the varied and amazing changes in the life of old-world peoples which have come in recent years there is none, it seems to me, of greater interest to American women generally than the new liberty which has come to the women of Turkey. That this change should make a powerful appeal to the free and independent women of America seems to me not only natural but inevitable. Its lure to them is elemental, not political or economic, because it involves to a peculiar degree the conditions of home life, the relationship of wife and husband, of daughter and father, of sister and brother, and of members of both sexes before marriage as well as after marriage.

No political upheaval, no matter how revolutionary, can compete in its appeal to the interest of the women of this country against a revolution which, according to their belief, has rescued the womanhood of a whole nation from mysterious seclusion, from a condition of sex slavery, and has put them in the way to become the social equals of the men of their country. Here is romance on a national scale which goes straight to the heart of every normal American woman!

But at the outset it is well to be warned that this is a poor subject for dogmatic statement on the part of any person who has not known the life of the Turkish people intimately and from a long period of contact. I am quite sure that the general impression of untraveled Americans with respect to the exact nature and degree of the new liberty of Turkish women is at least somewhat distorted and inaccurate; and I am not sure that their ideas of the family conditions which prevailed under the old order of things have been entirely accurate in all respects.

Certainly any open-minded American who makes a conscientious effort to arrive at an intelligent understanding of the Turkish people and the change which has touched their family life will not go far in such an inquiry without arriving at the conclusion that it is extremely easy for an American or a European to accumulate false impressions of an Oriental people and quite difficult to arrive at a just estimate of their character as reflected in their peculiar institutions and traditions.

If, as I suspect, the general notion among American women is that the liberation of Turkish women is a completed achievement, they are beyond doubt taking too much for granted. Such a conclusion is too sweeping and leaves out of consideration the fact that racial traditions and customs which have persisted for centuries and which are intimately influenced by religious beliefs and teachings are not to be overturned and destroyed in a moment. Political mandates and legislative enactments may clear the way, but the real change must come gradually and by process of education and evolution.

I doubt that the most advanced leader of the liberal movement in Turkey feels that it has yet reached the stage of complete immunity from struggle and temporary setbacks. Rather, I am quite convinced that the leading women of the Turkish race, whose names are becoming internationally known because of their devotion to the cause of the social freedom of women in their own country, hold a profound conviction that their work is only well begun and far from finished. They have accomplished much, but there is still much to be done before they can regard their present achievements as complete or beyond the danger of assault.

Not only have I found this feeling in the social atmosphere of Constantinople, where I was privileged to meet many Turkish men and women conspicuously identified with the liberal movement as regards women, but I have encountered it in Europe and America and wherever I have met men and women of the Turkish race. And I have yet to come into contact with an American or a European who has studied the situation at first hand in the course of a considerable residence in Turkey who does not seem to me to share the conviction that the liberation of Turkish women from the old customs and traditions is far from a completed task.

This fact when understood by American women will intensify their interest in the transformation which is breaking down the seclusion and the mystery in which the women of this interesting Oriental country have lived for centuries.

One of the outstanding experiences of my life was my first glimpse of the liberated Turkish woman as a factor in the social life of Constantinople. There were many circumstances which were calculated to rob this experience of any thrill of surprize. I was in frequent social contact with Kemaley Bey, Turkish Minister to Sweden, and his wife and daughter. Frequently seeing these two Turkish ladies in Paris gowns and European street attire and talking with them about the liberal movement in their home country naturally gave me rather a thorough preparation, in point of theory, for what I was to meet in Constantinople. But for all that, I was destined to receive quite a thrill when I came to see high social life in the ancient capital of Turkey with my own eyes. The scenes at the functions which we attended at the Japanese and Italian embassies proved to me that the notions of Turkish social life which I had acquired in years past were not wholly broken down by the information which I had been given by Kemaley Bey and his family.

The balls to which I refer were rather brilliant affairs, and I confess that I took to them a keener interest, a sharper sense of curiosity, than I ever felt in attending any other ball. Would the Turkish ladies dance the European dances? Would they be permitted to do so? And would they know how to dance our dances if they were free to take part in them? These were the questions uppermost in my mind as Mrs. Morris and myself entered the ballroom to attend the first function.

If these questions were answered affirmatively, I told myself, then I would know that the new liberty of Turkish women—at least in the highest social circle—was an actuality, not a political theory.

This, I reasoned, would be the ultimate test of the new liberty accorded to Turkish women about which I had heard so much. It is one thing for a Turkish man, reared under Turkish traditions, to give mental assent to the political and social equality of his wife and quite another thing for him to allow her to dance the modern dances with another man.

I did not have long to wait for a visual answer to my test questions. After presentations and the usual formalities the orchestra struck into a two-step and couples began to drift out upon the dancing-floor. I had been presented only a few moments before to a piquant young Turkish Princess who wore her hair bobbed and was dressed in a Paris dancing-frock of the latest mode. If a Turkish Princess, unmarried and apparently not more than nineteen years old, danced the two-step in Constantinople, then the new liberty of Turkish women of the higher social class was certainly a substantial fact and beyond challenge!

My eyes instinctively sought her among the dancers—and found her, too. She was gliding over the floor with a young naval officer as gracefully as if she had danced in the European manner from infancy. Later in the evening she accepted me as a partner.

When to one young Turkish lady who had spent her entire life in Turkey I expressed my astonishment at her proficiency in dancing she laughed delightedly and, in French, exclaimed: "Oh! I think we learn rather quickly to do the things your ladies do—when we have the chance. Myself, I think it is wonderful! I love the dance."

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Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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Her animation as she changed from one partner to another gave unconscious proof of her keen enjoyment of this phase of the new liberty.

In the course of the evening, and of the ball at the Italian Embassy a few nights later, I noticed that nearly all of the younger Turkish ladies present danced. It was apparent, however, that not all of them were thoroughly habituated to ballroom life. Clearly it was a distinct adventure to some of them—especially to those of middle life who had not been educated in Paris or had not known at least a temporary residence outside of Turkey.

Another feature of these two functions which interested me greatly was the fact that, so far as I was able to observe, there was little if any dancing on the part of Turkish couples. I do not recall a single instance of a Turkish lady dancing with a Turkish gentleman. A highly educated Turk of the most intellectual type, whose official duties have brought him into contact with the best social life of every section of Europe, explained this interesting observation in a way which seemed both logical and illuminating. Here is his explanation as literally as I am able to give it:

GENERALLY speaking, there is no ballroom life in Turkey. Dancing in the European or American manner is not regarded as being in keeping with Turkish traditions, even as tempered with the modern spirit of social liberty. Any departure from this restraint—as, for instance, in the case of a diplomatic ball—is to be regarded as a distinct concession to the social usages of the men and women composing the diplomatic circle; it is in the nature of a high and generous courtesy to representatives of other nations to whom the modern "mixed" dance is an established social function.

Put it this way: In strictly Turkish social life, where representatives of other nations and races are not present, a ball or a dinner-dance is virtually unheard of; it would not be thought of as a feature of exclusive Turkish social life no matter how liberal or modern.

It seems to me quite natural and reasonable that a Turkish official would feel less compunction in permitting his wife to dance with a European gentleman to whom the modern dance is a commonplace, a familiar form of social entertainment, than to see her in the arms of a Turkish gentleman to whom the experience would be a novelty and somewhat in the nature of an adventure perhaps.

It is all in the view-point and the traditions of the dancers; what would be a daring intimacy to the man who has known little or nothing of ballroom contact would be a formal social matter to the man who has danced with the girls and women of his acquaintance and social circle from his boyhood. My observation is that the Turk of the higher class has a very keen appreciation of matters of this kind, and his social distinctions are delicate and discriminating. His sense of courtesy is also highly developed. As a host the Turkish gentleman stands second to none in the world. This opinion will not, I am sure, be challenged by an American or a European who has been privileged to enjoy the hospitality of a Turkish home. The social manners of the typical Turkish gentleman are faultless. He has a high talent for social contact, with a distinct gift for making those with whom he comes into contact feel that they are being graciously dealt with. This trait is so general among educated Turks that it is recognized by those most familiar with high-class Turkish life as a national trait. The man who can outshine an educated Turk in the refinements of social courtesy is rare.

One of the leaders of modern Turkish thought, Dr. Fuad Bey, a member of the National Congress of Turkey, a former member of the Cabinet, and a thinker who has given wide study to educational and health problems, puts the situation with respect to the new liberty very tactfully by saying that the women of his country have been called to a more intimate co-operation with the men of his country for the good of the Turkish people as a whole. In a recent conversation in the course of his American tour of investigation Dr. Fuad Bey remarked upon the important part now being played by Turkish women in various kinds of public work, particularly in educational, charitable, and welfare activities. The order of the Red Crescent, he declares, is a good example in point. This organization contains a great number of Turkish women of the highest social station who have worked with singular devotion for the same ends as served by the Red Cross of our own and European countries.

Dr. Fuad Bey also spoke with evident pride of the normal school just established at Angora for the teaching of teachers. As he has been much concerned with this institution he is in position to speak with authority regarding it. He characterizes it as "founded on strictly modern lines and principles" and calculated to graduate young women teachers who will be equipped to do sound and inspiring educational work. He indicates that his nation is in a profound awakening in many ways—but in none perhaps that promises more progress and greater results than in educational matters.

IN a general discussion of the new liberties enjoyed by Turkish women Dr. Fuad Bey observes that the leaders of his countrymen have come to recognize that real national progress must involve the advancement of all members of the nation—its women as well as its men. This, he declared, is the real basis upon which the larger liberty to Turkish women rests. It is a phase of the national aspiration for real progress.

This Turkish leader also pointed to the fact that in the recent session of the Grand National Assembly a bill was introduced giving the right of the ballot to women.

A RUSSIAN GENTLEWOMAN AT TIFLIS RECEIVING RATIONS IN THE BREAD-LINE AT A RELIEF STATION

"Because I have been away from my country," said Dr. Fuad Bey, "I am not informed as to whether this measure has actually become a law, but the mere fact that it has been introduced in the law-making body of Turkey is highly significant of the trend of thought in my country to-day. In this connection it is only fair to remember that the women of America and of England have not enjoyed full equal suffrage for a very long period.

"Again, there is nothing in our laws to prevent the election of a woman to our Grand National Assembly, the lawmaking body of our nation. In fact I have received information since my arrival in America that three distinguished Turkish women are candidates for seats in our national lawmaking body. Of course if they are elected under present legal provisions, necessarily it will be by the votes of men. Their success in the campaign, however, would be far less surprizing, I think, to any well-informed Turk than many of the changes which have already taken place in our country.

"I would not, I think, greatly astonish the more advanced leaders of Turkey to see such distinguished women as Madame Halidé Edib, Madame Mustafa Kemal Pasha, and Madame Mufidé Ferid given seats in the chief lawmaking assembly at Angora.

"They are able, intelligent, and highly educated women and already exert great influence. Madame Halidé Edib is a graduate of Robert College. Madame Mustafa Kemal was graduated from a law school in France. Madame Melahat Zia, another prominent Turkish woman, was educated at Robert College. Not a few of the younger Turkish women of high social position have been educated for professional careers. Mademoiselle Fatma, the daughter by marriage of Djavid Bey, member from Boli, is a physician and is regarded as a young woman who is likely to achieve distinction.

"The family life of the representative Turkish home is very sincere. It is based on mutual respect and firmly established rights for both husband and wife. One of the most notable laws passed by the Grand National Assembly of Turkey is known as The Rights of the Family Act. I think that any intelligent American making a study of this law would agree that it protects the rights of the wife quite as zealously and liberally as it does those of the husband. In fact, to my sense, it gives equal rights to husband and wife.

"I find that many Americans seem inclined to the idea that the Turkish man has so poor a valuation of womanhood that he feels little or no affection for a daughter. This notion seems very absurd to a Turkish man of any intelligence. In the first place it is elemental in human nature for a father to have affection for his child without regard to its sex. Again, it should be remembered that the Turkish people

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THE AUTHOR, IRA NELSON MORRIS, AND PARTY AT THE ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE SULTAN'S PALACES IN CONSTANTINOPLE

HALIDE HANUM, THE JOAN OF ARC OF TURKEY, WIFE OF ADNEM BEY

A Big Christmas Feature

The Romance of Early Christianity

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By Agnes C. Laut

This is a story of Paul and the first of five that picture the heroes of old who kept the faith, as living, struggling, dauntless men and women. Watch for this and other fine features in

Pictorial Review for December

KEMALEY BEY AND HIS WIFE IN EUROPEAN PARTY CLOTHES

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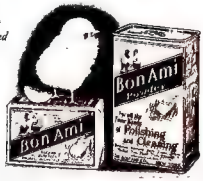
whichever you prefer

"Ham't Scratched Yet"



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Are you making the most of your hair? Here are six pictures of the same girl showing her hair dressed in six different ways. Notice how the various arrangements change her appearance. The way you dress your hair and the way you care for it, mean the difference between looking attractive or just ordinary

Why you must have beautiful well kept hair
—*to be attractive*

WEAR your hair becomingly, always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, and it will add more than any thing else to your attractiveness and charm.

Wherever you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greasless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

Beautiful, luxuriant hair

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry. It will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to see how beautiful you can make your hair look, set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children— Fine for Men

Mulsified
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

a light in there. They all seem to have gone crazy to-day. Take the lamp into the kitchen and put it out and see that the door into the yard is shut. I am going to bed." He passed through the gateway, but he did not penetrate into the yard very far. He stopped to watch Michel directing his steps to the left. Scevola advanced his head cautiously beyond the pillar of the gate.

Directly he had seen Michel open the door of the salle he bounded out again across the level space, down the ravine path. It was a matter of less than a minute. His fork was still on his shoulder. His only desire was not to be interfered with, and for the rest he did not care what they all did, what they would think, and how they would behave. The fixed idea had taken complete possession of him. He had no plan, but he had a principle on which to act, and that was to get at the lieutenant unawares and if he died without knowing what hand had struck him so much the better.

SCEVOLA was going to act in the cause of virtue and justice. It wasn't going to be a matter of personal contest at all. Meantime Michel, having gone into the salle, had discovered Peyrol fast asleep on a table. The fierce reserve for Peyrol was unbounded, his simplicity was such that he shook his master by the shoulder as he would have done any common mortal. The rover passed from a state of inertia into a sitting posture so quickly that Michel stepped back a pace and waited to be addressed. But as Peyrol only stared at him Michel took the initiative in a concise phrase: "*Ca y est.*"

Peyrol did not seem completely awake. "What is it you mean?" he asked. "What's done?"

"He is making motions to escape."

Peyrol was wide awake now. He even swung his feet off the table.

"Is he? Haven't you locked the cabin door?"

Michel, very frightened, explained that he had never been told to do that.

"No?" remarked Peyrol placidly. "I must have forgotten." But Michel remained agitated, and murmured, "He is escaping."

"That's all right," said Peyrol. "What are you fussing about? How far can he escape, do you think?"

A slow grin appeared on Michel's face. "If he tries to scramble over the top of the rocks he will break his neck in a very short time," he said. "And he certainly won't get very far; that's a fact."

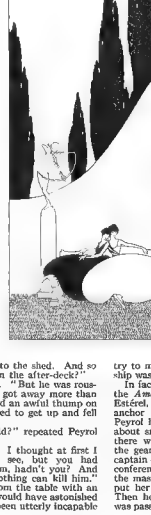
"Well—you see," said Peyrol.

"And he doesn't seem strong either. He crawled out of the cabin door and got as far as the little water-cask and he dipped and dipped into it.

It must be half empty by now. After that he got onto his legs. I cleared out ashore directly I heard him move." He went on in a tone of intense self-approval. "I hid myself behind a rock and watched him."

"Quite right," observed Peyrol. After that word of commendation Michel's face wore a constant grin.

"He sat on the after-deck," he went on as if relating an immense joke, "with his feet dangling down the hold, and may the devil take me if I don't think he had a nap with his back against the cask. He was nodding and catching himself up, with that big white head of his. Well, I got tired of watching that, and as you told me to keep out of his way I thought I would come up here and sleep in the shed. That was right, wasn't it?"



"Quite right," repeated Peyrol.

"Well, you go now into the shed. And so you left him sitting on the after-deck?"

"Yes," said Michel. "But he was rousing himself. I hadn't been away more than ten yards when I heard an awful thump on board. I think he tried to get up and fell down the hold."

"Fell down the hold?" repeated Peyrol sharply.

"Yes, *notre maître*. I thought at first I would go back and see, but you had warned me against him, hadn't you? And I really think that nothing can kill him."

Peyrol got down from the table with an air of concern which would have astonished Michel if he had not been utterly incapable of observing things.

"That must be seen to," murmured the rover, buttoning the waistband of his trousers. "My cudgel there, in the corner. Now you go to the shed. What the devil are you doing at the door? Don't you know the way to the shed?" This last observation was caused by Michel remaining in the doorway of the salle with his head out and looking to the right and the left along the front of the house. "What's come to you? You don't suppose he has been able to follow you so quick as this up here?"

"Oh, no, *notre maître*, quite impossible. It's that *sacré* Scevola promenading up and down here. I don't want to meet him again."

"Was he promenading outside?" asked Peyrol, with annoyance. "Well, what do you think he can do to you? What notions have you got in your silly head? You are getting worse and worse. Out you go."

Peyrol extinguished the lamp, and, going out, closed the door without the slightest noise. The intelligence about Scevola being on the move did not please him very much, but he reflected that probably the sans-culotte had fallen asleep again, and after waking up was on his way to bed when Michel caught sight of him. He had his own view of the patriot's psychology and did not think the women were in any danger. Nevertheless he went to the shed and heard the rustling of straw as Michel settled himself for the night.

"*Debout*," he cried low. "Sh! Don't make any noise. I want you to go into the house and sleep at the bottom of the stairs. If you hear any noise go up, and if you see Scevola about knock him down. You aren't afraid of him, are you?"

"No, if you tell me not to be," said Michel, who, picking up his shoes, a present from Peyrol, walked barefoot toward the house. The rover watched him slipping noiselessly through the salle door. Having thus, so to speak, guarded his base, Peyrol proceeded down the ravine with a very deliberate caution. When he got as far as the little hollow in the ground from which the mastheads of the tartan could be seen, he squatted and waited. He didn't know what his prisoner had done or was doing and he did not want to blunder into the way of his escape. The day-old moon was high enough to have shortened the shadows almost to nothing and all the rocks were limned by a yellow sheen, while the bushes by contrast looked very black.

PEYROL reflected that he was not very well concealed. The continued silence in the end impressed him. "He has got away," he thought, and yet he was not sure. Nobody could be sure. He reckoned it was about an hour since Michel had left the tartan. Time enough for a man, even on all fours, to crawl down to the shore of the cove. Peyrol wished he had not hit so hard. His end could have been attained with half the force. On the other hand all the proceedings of his prisoner as reported by Michel seemed quite rational. Of course, the fellow was shaken, and Peyrol felt as the he would like to go on board and give him some encouragement and even active assistance.

The report of a gun from seaward cut his teath short as he lay there meditating. Within a minute another followed, sending another wave of deep sound along the crags and hills of the seashore. And the ensuing silence was so profound that it seemed to extend to the very inside of Peyrol's head, still all his thoughts for a moment. But he soon understood. He thought after this his prisoner, if he had life enough left in him to stir a limb, would rather die than not try to make his way to the seashore. The ship was calling to her man.

In fact those two guns did proceed from the *Amélie*. After passing beyond Cape Estérel, Captain Vincent dropped an anchor under foot off the beach just as Peyrol had surmised he would do. From about six o'clock till nine the *Amelia* lay there with her unfurled sails hanging in the gear. Just before the moon rose her captain came up on deck, and after a short conference with his first lieutenant directed the master to get the ship under way and put her head again for the Petite Passe. Then he went below, and presently word was passed on deck that the captain wanted

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

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No More Diphtheria

NOT so many years ago Diphtheria was the black enemy of childhood. All over the world it claimed a frightful toll. And the tragedy was that three-quarters of its victims were little tots under six—hardly more than babies. Swiftly it struck with deadly result—*without warning*—and there was no sure way to combat it.

Then came Antitoxin. Children who received this treatment at once enjoyed a better chance in their struggle for life. And the Diphtheria death rate was lowered. But Antitoxin is effective only after Diphtheria develops. It *checks* the progress of the disease—but it does not give lasting protection. Now comes a great triumph of medical science—the Prevention of Diphtheria!

Today, eminent specialists state positively and definitely that through modern preventive treatment—

Diphtheria can be Stamped Out!

Some children are able to resist the germs of Diphtheria. Others are not. The wonderful discovery of Dr. Schick of Vienna, is now being used to show which children need protection—which are susceptible and which are not. The Schick Test consists in giving the child a tiny injection in the skin of the arm. If, after a few days, a red spot appears where the injection was made, the child is susceptible. If no spot appears, the child is immune.

November is Danger-Time

Diphtheria is especially prevalent in November. The disease is caused by a germ that lodges in the throat and later forms a membrane. Death is frequently caused by strangulation and the agony of the struggling child beggars description. And if the child recovers, the disease leaves the heart and kidneys weaker.

Diphtheria is extremely contagious. Have your children's throats examined at the first suggestion of a cold or of a fever. Seek medical advice on having your children Schick-Tested and made immune by the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment to the attack of Diphtheria.

Children who show by the Schick Test that they are liable to Diphtheria can be given at once the Toxin-Antitoxin Preventive Treatment. This treatment consists of three injections of Toxin-Antitoxin, one each week for three weeks.

The Schick *Test* does not make the child immune—but authorities agree that the Toxin-Antitoxin *Treatment* does. Experience shows that both test and treatment are painless and harmless.

The Schick Message is that if mothers and fathers and all others who love children will help, this dread disease that has blotted out thousands and thousands of lives can be wiped out. Children need not have Diphtheria. It can be *prevented.*

If you love them—Make them safe

Experienced Health Boards urge that you take your children at once to a physician and have them protected from this deadly scourge by means of the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment. The people who are introducing the Schick Test into the public schools need your heartiest cooperation. If your child brings home a request for your approval for the Test or the Toxin-Antitoxin treatment, do not hesitate to give permission.

Would you willingly permit a man to drive an automobile into a crowd of little children? Why then permit Diphtheria—unchecked—to mow them down?

Thirty years ago, 115 out of every 100,000 persons died of Diphtheria each year. In recent years, the number has been 15 per 100,000. But, even at this low figure, there are more than 15,000 deaths from Diphtheria annually in the United States.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is making every effort to teach mothers that this disease is entirely preventable and urges them, as well as others in charge of children, to take no chances with Diphtheria.

Since the Schick Test has been perfected, the Company has recommended the very general use of this test in the public schools and also has encouraged making all children immune from Diphtheria by the use of Toxin-Antitoxin.

As a result of the educational campaign among its policyholders, there has been a very marked decline in the death rate from Diphtheria among children insured in the Company. Between 1911 and 1922, the rate declined 34.1 per cent. It is still lower so far in 1923.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail a leaflet entitled "Diphtheria and Its Prevention" to any one interested.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

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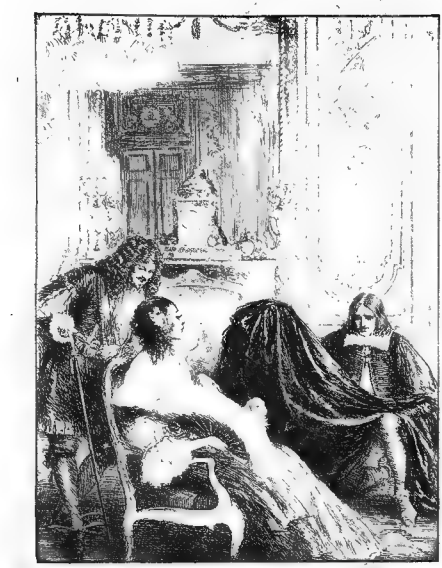

GAY SILKS ATTIRED THE BRILLIANT COURT OF LOUIS XIV

FRANCE, during the reign of *le Grand Monarque,* was supreme in Europe. Beauty and luxury combined to make hers the most brilliant court the world has ever known—a court in which lords and ladies vied with each other in the magnificence of their dress and the splendor of their jewels.

Gorgeous silks from Italy and the Orient were spread at their feet and silk merchants searched the very corners of the earth for cloths which would win for them the coveted patronage of court favorites.

Today, the glory of Louis XIV lives only in history, the elaborate costumes of his court are replaced by modern fashions, but beautiful silks are still the favored fabrics of the gentlewoman.

As of old, the raw silk grows in the land of the mulberry, but America weaves and dyes her own silk materials, so that the woman who would be sure of *enduring quality* in her gowns, linings, and lingerie need only look for our guarantee mark, "Belding's," on the selvage.

Belding Bros. & Company, 902 Broadway, New York City.

Belding's

Fabrics, Embroidery, Spool Silks

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The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

Mr. Bolt. When the master's mate appeared in his cabin, Captain Vincent motioned him to a chair.

"I don't think I ought to have listened to you," he said. "Still, the idea was fascinating, but how it would strike other people it is hard to say. The losing of our man is the worst feature. I have an idea that perhaps we could recover him. He may have been captured by the peasants or have met with an accident. It's unbearable to think he may be lying at the foot of some rock with a broken leg. I have ordered the first and second cutters to be manned and I purpose that you should take and, if necessary, advance a little inland to investigate. As far as we know there have never been any troops on that peninsula. The first thing you will do is to examine the coast."

He talked for some time, giving more minute instructions, and then went on deck. The *Amelia,* with the two manned cutters towing alongside, reached about half-way down the Passe when the boats were ordered to proceed. Just before they shoved off two guns were fired in quick succession.

"Like this, Bolt," explained Captain Vincent, "Symons will guess that we are looking for him; and if he is hiding anywhere near the shore he will be sure to come down where he can be seen by you."

THE motive force of a fixed idea is very great. In the case of Scevola it was great enough to launch him down the slope and to rob him for the moment of all caution. He bounded among the boulders, using the handle of the stable-fork for a staff and paying no regard to the nature of the ground till he got a fall and found himself sprawling on his face head down, while the stable-fork went clattering down until it was stopped by a bush. It was this circumstance which saved Peyrol's prisoner from being caught unawares. Since he had got out of the little cabin, simply because after coming to himself he had perceived it was open, he had been greatly refreshed by long draughts of cold water and by his little nap in the fresh air. Every moment he was feeling in better command of his limbs. As to the commander of his thoughts that was coming to him too rather quickly.

The advantage of having a very thick skull became evident as the fact that directly he had dragged himself out of that cabin he knew where he was. The next thing he did was to look at the moon, to judge the passage of time. Then he gave way to an immense surprise at the fact of being alone under the tartan. As he sat with his legs dangling into the open hold he tried to guess how it came about he had been left unlocked and ungarded.

He went on thinking about this unexpected situation. What could have become of that white-headed villain? Was he dodging about somewhere all ready to give him another tap on the head? Symons felt suddenly very unset sitting there on the after-deck in the full light of the moon. Instinct rather than reason suggested to him that he ought to get down into the dark hold. It seemed a great undertaking at first, but once he started he accomplished it with the greatest ease. He could not avoid knocking down a small spar which was leaning up against the deck It preceded him into the hold with a loud bang which gave poor Symons an attack of palpitation of the heart.

He sat on the keelson of the tartan and gasped, but after a while reflected that all this did not matter. His head felt very big, his neck was very painful, and one shoulder was certainly very stiff. He could never stand up against that old ruffian. But what had become of him?

Why! He had gone to fetch the soldiers! After that obvious Symons became more composed. He began to try to remember things. When he last saw that old fellow it was daylight, and now—Symons looked up at the moon again—it must be near six bells in the first watch.

No doubt the old scoundrel was sitting in a wine-shop drinking with the soldiers. They would be here soon enough! The idea of being a prisoner of war made his heart sink a little. His ship appeared to him invested with an extraordinary lovable character which included Captain Vincent and the first lieutenant. He would have been glad to shake hands even with the ship's corporal, a surly and malicious marine acting as master-at-arms of the ship. "I wonder where she is now," he thought dismally, feeling his distaste for captivity grow with the increase of his strength.

It was at this moment that he heard the noise of Scevola's fall. It was pretty close; but afterward he heard no voices and footsteps as of a body of approaching men. If this was the old ruffian coming back then he was coming back alone. At once Symons started on all fours for the fore end of the tartan. He had an idea that ensconced under the fore-deck he would be in a better position to parley with the enemy and that perhaps he could find there a handspike or, some piece of iron to defend himself with. Just as he got into his hiding-place Scevola stepped from the shore on the after-deck.

AT THE very first glance Symons saw that this one was very unlike the man he expected to see. He felt rather disappointed. As Scevola stood still in full moonlight Symons congratulated himself on having taken up a position under the fore-deck. This fellow, who had a beard, was like a sparrow in body compared with the other; but he was armed dangerously with something that looked to Symons either like a trident or fish-grains on a staff. "A devil of a weapon that," he thought, appalled. And what on earth did that one want on board? What was he up to?

The newcomer acted strangely at first. He stood stock-still, craning his neck here and there, peering along the whole length of the tartan, then, crossing the deck, he repeated all those performances on the other side. "He has noticed that the cabin door is open. He's trying to see where I've got to. He will be coming forward to look for me," said Symons to himself. "If he comers me here with that beastly pronged affair I am done for." For a moment he debated within himself whether it wouldn't be better to make a dash for it and scramble ashore; but in the end he mistrusted his strength. "He would run me down for sure," he concluded. "And he means no good, that's certain. No man would go about at night with a confounded thing like that if he didn't mean to do for somebody."

Scevola, now, after keeping perfectly still, straining his ears for any sound from below where he supposed Lieutenant Réal to be, stooped down to the cabin scuttle and called in a low voice, "Are you there, Lieutenant?" Symons saw these motions and could not imagine their purport. That excellent, able seaman of proved courage in many extinguent expeditions broke into a slight perspiration. In the light of the moon the pronga of the fork, polished by much use, shone like silver, and the whole aspect of the stranger was weird and dangerous in the extreme. Who could that man be after but him, himself.

Scevola, receiving no answer, remained in a stooping position. He could not detect the slightest sound of breathing down there. He remained in this position so long that Symons became quite interested. "He must think I am still down there," he whispered to himself. The next proceeding was quite astonishing. The man, taking up a position on one side of the oddly-scuttle and holding his horrid weapon as one would a boarding-pike, uttered a terrific whoop and went on calling in French with such volubility that he quite frightened Symons. Suddenly he left off, moved away from the scuttle, and looked at a loss what to do next.

Anybody who could have seen then Symons's protruded head with his face turned aft would have seen on it an expression of horror. "The cunning beast," he thought. "If I had been down there, with the row he made I would have surely rushed on deck and then he would have me." Symons experienced the feeling of a very narrow escape; yet it brought not much alleviation. It was simply a matter of time. The fellow's purpose was evident. He was bound some time to come forward. Symons saw him move and thought, "Now he's coming," and prepared himself for a dash. "If I can dodge past these beastly prongs I might be able to get him by the throat," he reflected, without, however, feeling much confidence in himself.

But to his great relief Scevola's purpose was simply to conceal the fork in the hold in such a manner that the handle of it just reached the edge of the after-deck. In that position it was of course invisible to anybody coming from the shore. Scevola had made up his mind that the lieutenant was out of the tartan. He had wandered away along the shore and would probably be back in a moment. Meantime it had occurred to him to see if he could discover anything compromising in the cabin. He did not take the fork down with him because in that confined space it would have

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

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Greater Cooking Speed
New Beauty of Design and Finish

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Without Cabinet and Oven $35.00
Higher in the far west, southwest and Canada

A Faster and Finer Blue Chimney New Perfection

WOMEN who have known the Blue Chimney New Perfection—famous for a generation as setting the world's standard of oil cook stove service will welcome with genuine delight this new 1924 model.

Its greater heat assures faster cooking and fewer hours in the kitchen—not to mention the big economy in fuel.

Its straight-leg design—sturdier, better looking—makes a more attractive kitchen.

And as for new conveniences—that higher top, so much easier to work on—the extra end-shelf—the new square grates with ample space for large utensils—the substantial base shelf for heavy pots and kettles—the everlasting brass lower reservoir—all offer a completeness of cooking service unduplicated in a stove at this moderate price.

Sizes and prices to suit every requirement. Ask for a demonstration at your dealer's today!

In addition, your dealer will *also* show you our higher priced New Perfections equipped with those newly invented Superfex Burners which equal the cooking speed and satisfaction of gas.

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NEW PERFECTION
Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens

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A-B-C's are easy to learn when little minds are clear with health. Build for health by making Hornby's Oats (H-O) a daily breakfast dish.

Pan-toasting makes H-O better

HORNBY'S OATS (H-O) are the *only* pan-toasted oats. Pan-toasting melts into H-O the essential fats of the whole-oat. This makes H-O more nutritious and more appetizing.

In shining pans, over huge open fires, the whole-oats are actually toasted—in the old-fashioned way. While the live coals glow with an orange hue, you can almost see the rich grains grow better both in flavor and nutrition.

The very aroma tells you that a richer flavor is being born—just as you can scent the creation of flavor when sliced bacon broils over an open fire.

It needs only 10 minutes to cook H-O—the most appetizing oatmeal you have ever eaten.

Special trial offer. If your grocer does not carry H-O, send us 10c for a regular 15c package. With it send your grocer's name. Address The H-O Cereal Company, Inc., Department "A", Buffalo, N. Y.

"I want some more"—OLIVER TWIST

H-O

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Pan Toasted for FLAVOR OATS *Steam Cooked for* HEALTH

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

been useless and rather a source of embarrassment than otherwise should the returning lieutenant find him there. He cast a circular glance around the basin and then prepared to go down.

Every movement of his was watched by Symons. He guessed Scevola's purpose by his movements and said to himself, "Here's my only chance, and not a second to be lost either." Directly Scevola turned his back on the fore part of the tartan in order to go backward down the little cabin ladder, Symons crawled out from his concealment. He ran along the hold on all fours for fear the other should turn his head round before disappearing below, but directly he judged that the man had touched bottom, he stood on his feet, and, catching hold of the rigging, swung himself on the after-deck and, as it were, in the same movement flung himself on the doors of the cabin, which came together with a crash. How he could secure them he had not thought, but as a matter of fact he saw the padlock hanging on a staple on one side; the key was in it, and it was a matter of a fraction of a second to secure the doors effectually.

Almost simultaneously with the crash of the cabin door there was a shrill exclamation of surprize down there, and just as Symons had turned the key the man he had trapped made an effort to break out. That, however, did not disturb Symons. He knew the strength of that door. His first action was to get possession of the stable-fork. At once he felt himself a match for any single man or even two men, unless they had firearms. He had no hope, however, to be able to resist the soldiers and really had no intention to do so. He expected to see them appear at any moment led by that confounded *marinero*.

AS TO what the farmer man had come for on board the tartan he had not the slightest doubt about it. Not being troubled by too much imagination, it seemed to him obvious that it was to kill him and for nothing else. "Well, I am jiggered," he exclaimed mentally. "The damned savage! I haven't done anything to him. They must be a murderous lot hereabouts." He looked anxiously up the slope. He would have welcomed the arrival of soldiers. He wanted more than ever to be made a proper prisoner, but a profound stillness reigned on the shore and a most absolute silence down below in the cabin. Absolute. No word, no movement. The effect of the grave.

"He's scared to death," thought Symons, hitting in his simplicity on the exact truth. "It would serve him jolly well right if I went down there and ran him through with that thing. I would do it for a shilling too." He was getting angry. It occurred to him also that there was some wine down there too. He discovered he was very thirsty and he felt very faint. He sat down on the little skylight to think the matter over and still awaiting the soldiers. He even gave a friendly thought to Peyrol himself. He was quite aware that he could have gone ashore and hidden himself somewhere, but that meant in the end being hunted amongst the rocks and, certainly, captured, with the additional risk of getting a musket-ball through his body.

The first gun of the *Amelie* lifted him to his feet as the he had been snatched up by the hair of his head. He intended to give a resounding cheer, but produced only a feeble gurgle in his throat. His ship was talking to him. They hadn't given him up. At the second report he scrambled ashore with the agility of a cat, in fact with so much agility that he had a fit of giddiness. After it passed he stepped deliberately back on board the tartan to get the stable-fork. Trembling with emotion, he staggered off quietly and deliberately with the only idea to get down to the seashore. He knew that as long as he kept downhill he would be all right.

The ground in this part being a smooth, rocky surface and Symons being bare-footed, he passed at no great distance from Peyrol without being detected. When he got on rough ground he used the stable-fork for a staff. Slowly as he moved he was not really strong enough to be sure-footed.

Ten minutes later or so Peyrol, lying ensconced behind a bush, heard the noise of a rolling stone far away in the direction of the cove. Instantly the patient Peyrol got on his feet and moved toward the cove himself. Perhaps he would have smiled if the importance and gravity of the affair in which he was engaged had not given all his thoughts a serious cast. Pursuing a higher path than the one followed by Symons, he had presently the satisfaction of seeing his fugitive, made very noticeable by the white bandages about his head, engaged in the last steep part of the descent. No nurse could have watched with more anxiety the adventure of a little boy than Peyrol the progress of his late prisoner. He was even very glad to perceive that he had had the sense to take the tartan's boat-hook to help himself with.

As Symons's head sank lower and lower in his descent Peyrol moved on, step by step, till at last he saw him from above sitting down on the seashore looking very forlorn and lonely, with his bandaged head in his hands. Instantly Peyrol sat down, too, protected by a projection of a rock; and it is safe to say that with that there was a complete cessation of all sound and movement on the lonely head of the peninsula for a full half-hour.

Peyrol was not in doubt as to what was going to happen. He was as certain that the corvette's boat or boats were now on the way to the cove as tho he had seen them leave the side of the *Amelia*. But he began to get a little impatient. He wanted to see the end of this episode. Most of the time he was watching Symons. "*Sacrédie dure*," he thought. "He has gone to sleep." Indeed Symon's immobility was so complete that he might have been dead from his exertions; only Peyrol had a conviction that his once youthful chum was not the sort of person that dies easily. The part of the cove he had reached was all right for Peyrol's purpose. But it would have been quite easy for a boat or boats to fail to notice Symons, and the consequence of that would be that the English would probably land in several parties for a search, discover the tartan. Peyrol's face shudders.

Suddenly he saw a boat pulling round the eastern point of the cove. Mr. Bolt had been hugging the coast and progressing very slowly, according to his instructions, and the boat was just on the edge of the point's shadow, where it lay ragged and black on the moonlit water. Peyrol could see the oars rise and fall. Then another boat glided into view. Peyrol's alarm for his tartan grew intolerable. "Wake up, animal, wake up," he mumbled through his teeth. Slowly they glided, and the first one was on the point of passing by the man on the shore when Peyrol was relieved by the hail of "Boat ahoy!" reaching him faintly where he knelt leaning forward an absorbed spectator.

He saw the boat heading for Symons, who was standing up now and making desperate signs with both arms. Then he saw him dragged in over the bows, the boat back out, and then both of them tossed oars and floated side by side on the sparkling water of the cove.

Peyrol got up from his knees. They had their man now. But perhaps they would persist in landing, since there must have been some other purpose at first in the mind of the captain of the English corvette. This suspense did not last long. Peyrol saw the oars fall in the water, and in a very few minutes the boats pulling round disappeared one after another behind the eastern point of the cove.

"*C'est fait*," muttered Peyrol to himself. "I will never see silly Hardhead again." He had a strange notion that those English boats had carried off something belonging to him, not a man, but a part of his own life, the sensation of a regained touch with the far-off days in the Indian Ocean. He walked down quickly to the shore where the spot from which Testa Dura had left the soil of France. He was in a hurry now to get back to the farmhouse to meet Lieutenant Réal, who would be due back from Toulon. This way was as short as any other. When he got down he surveyed the empty shore and wondered at a feeling of emptiness within himself. While walking up toward the foot of the cliff he saw an object lying on the ground. It was a stable-fork. He stood over it, asking himself, "How on earth did this thing come here?" as tho he had been too surprized to pick it up. Even after he had done so he remained motionless meditating on it. He connected it with some activity of Scevola, since he was the man to whom it belonged, but that was no sort of explanation of its presence on that spot, unless——

"Could he have drowned himself?" thought Peyrol, looking at the smooth and luminous water of the cove. It could give him no answer. Then at arm's length he contemplated his find. At last he shook his head, shouldered the fork, and with slow steps continued on his way.

THE midnight meeting of Lieutenant Réal and Peyrol was perfectly silent. Peyrol, sitting on the bench outside the cabin, had heard the footsteps coming up the Madrague track long before the lieutenant became visible. But he did not move. He did not even look at him. The lieu-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

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The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

tenant, unbuckling his sword-belt, sat down without uttering a word. The moon, the only witness of the meeting, seemed to shine on two friends so identical in thought and feeling that they could commune with each other without words. It was Peyrol who spoke first.

"You are up to time."

"I had the deuce of a job to hunt up the people and get the certificate stamped. Everything was shut up. The Port Admiral was giving a dinner-party, but he came out to speak to me when I sent in my name. And all the time, do you know, Gunner, I was wondering whether I would ever see you again in my life. Even after I had the certificate, such as it is, in my pocket, I wondered whether I would."

"What the devil did you think was going to happen to me?" growled Peyrol perfunctorily. He had thrown the incomprehensible stable-fork under the narrow bench, and with his feet drawn in he could feel it there, lying against the wall.

"No, the question with me was whether I would ever come here again."

RÉAL drew a folded paper from his pocket and dropped it on the bench. Peyrol picked it up carelessly. That thing was meant only to throw dust into Englishmen's eyes. The lieutenant, after a moment's silence, went on with the sincerity of a man who suffered too much to keep his trouble to himself.

"I had a hard struggle."

"That was too late," said Peyrol very positively.

"You had to come back here for very shame; and now you have come back you don't look very happy."

"Never mind my looks, Gunner. I have made up my mind."

A ferocious, not unpleasing thought flashed through Peyrol's mind. It was that this intruder on the Escampobar sinister solitude in which he, Peyrol, kept order was under a delusion. Mind! Bah! His mind had nothing to do with his return. He had returned because, in Catherine's words, "death had made a sign to him." Meantime Lieutenant Réal raised his hat to wipe his moist brow.

"I made up my mind to play the part of dispatch-bearer. As you have said yourself, Peyrol, one could not bribe a man—I mean an honest man—so you will have to find the vessel and leave the rest to me. In two or three days— You are under a moral obligation to let me have your tartan."

Peyrol did not answer. He was thinking that Réal had got his sign, but whether it meant death from starvation or disease, on board an English prison hulk, or in some other way, it was impossible to say. This naval officer was not a man he could trust; to whom he could, for instance, tell the story of his prisoner and what he had done with him. Indeed the story was altogether incredible. The Englishman commanding that corvette had no visible, conceivable, or probable reason for sending a boat ashore to the cove of all places in the world. Peyrol himself could hardly believe that it had happened. And he thought: "If I were to tell him he would only think that I was an old scoundrel who had been in treasonable communication with the English for God knows how long. No words of mine could persuade him that this was as unforeseen to me as the moon falling from the sky."

"I wonder," he burst out, but not very loud, "what made you keep on coming back here time after time!" Réal leaned his back against the wall and folded his arms in the familiar attitude of their leisurely talks.

"Ennui, Peyrol," he said in a far-away tone. "Confounded boredom."

Peyrol, also, as if unable to resist the force of example, assumed the same attitude, and said.

"You seem to be a man that makes no friends."

"True, Peyrol. I think I am that sort of a man."

"Want no friends at all? Not even a little friend of any sort?"

Lieutenant Réal leaned the back of his head against the wall and made no answer. Peyrol got on his legs.

"Oh, then, it wouldn't matter to anybody if you were to disappear for years in an English hulk. And so if I were to give you my tartan you would go?"

"Yes, I would go this moment."

Peyrol laughed quite loud, tilting his head back. All at once the laugh stopped short, and the lieutenant was amazed to see his little reel as tho he had been hit in the chest. While giving way to his bitter mirth, the rover had seen plainly Arlette's face at the open window of the lieutenant's room. He fell heavily onto the bench and was unable to make a sound. The lieutenant was startled enough to detach the back of his head from the wall to look at him. Peyrol stooped low suddenly, and began to drag the stable-fork from its concealment. Then he got on his feet and stood leaning on it, glaring down at Réal, who gazed upward with languid surprize.

Peyrol was asking himself, "Shall I pick him up on that pair of prongs, carry him down, and fling him in the sea?" He felt suddenly overcome by weakness of arms and a heaviness of heart that made all movement impossible. His stiffened and powerless limbs refused all service. Let Catherine look after her niece. He was sure that the old woman was not very far away. The lieutenant saw him absorbed in examining the points of the prongs carefully. There was something queer about all this.

"Hello, Peyrol! What's the matter?" he couldn't help asking.

"I was just looking," said Peyrol. "One prong is chipped a little. I found this thing in a most unlikely place."

The lieutenant still gazed at him curiously.

"I know! It was under the bench."

"H'm," said Peyrol, who had recovered some self-control. "It belongs to Scevola."

"Does it?" said the lieutenant, falling back against.

His interest seemed exhausted, but Peyrol didn't move.

"You go about with a face fit for a funeral," he remarked suddenly in a deep voice. "Hang it all, Lieutenant, I have heard you laugh once or twice, but the devil take me if I ever saw you smile. It is as if you had been bewitched in your cradle."

Lieutenant Réal got up as if moved by a spring. "Bewitched," he repeated, standing very stiff. "In the cradle, eh? No, I don't think it was so early as that."

HE WALKED forward with a tense, still face straight at Peyrol as tho he had been blind. Startled, the rover stepped out of the way and, turning on his heels, followed him with his eyes. The lieutenant paced on, as if drawn by a magnet, in the direction of the door of Catherine's room. Peyrol, his eyes fastened on Réal's back, let him nearly reach it before he called out tentatively: "*Dites donc, Lieutenant!*" To his surprize Réal swung around as if to a touch.

"Oh, yes," he said, also in an undertone. "We will have to discuss that matter to-morrow."

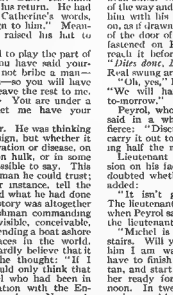
Peyrol, who had approached him close, said in a whisper which sounded quite fierce: "Discuss? Ho! We will have to carry it out to-morrow. I have been waiting half the night just to tell you that."

Lieutenant Réal nodded. The expression on his face was so stony that Peyrol doubted whether he had understood. He added:

"It isn't going to be child's play." The lieutenant was about to open the door when Peyrol said: "A moment," and again the lieutenant turned about silently.

"Michel is sleeping somewhere on the stairs. Will you just stir him up and tell him I am waiting outside? We two will have to finish our night on board the tartan, and start work at break of day to get her ready for sea. Yes, Lieutenant, by noon. In twelve hours' time you will be saying good-by to *la belle France*."

Lieutenant Réal's eyes in his head turned over his shoulder, seemed glazed and motionless in the moonlight like the eyes of a dead man. He went in, and Peyrol heard presently sounds within of somebody staggering in the passage, and Michel projected himself outside headlong, but after a stumble or two pulled up, scratching his head and looking on every side in the moonlight without perceiving Peyrol, who was regarding him from a distance of five feet. At last Peyrol said:



"Come, wake up! Michel! Michel!"

"*Voilà, notre maître.*"

"Look at what I have picked up," said Peyrol. "Take it and put it away."

Michel didn't offer to touch the stable-fork extended to him by Peyrol.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Peyrol.

"Nothing, nothing! Only last time I saw it, it was on Scevola's shoulders." He glanced up at the sky. "A little better than an hour ago."

"What was he doing?"

"Going into the yard to put it away."

"Well, now you go into the yard to put it away," said Peyrol, "and don't be long about it." He waited till the man had over his chin till his henchman reappeared before him. But Michel had not got over his surprize.

"He was going to bed, you know," he said.

"Eh, what? He was going— He hasn't gone to sleep in the stable perchance? He does sometimes, you know."

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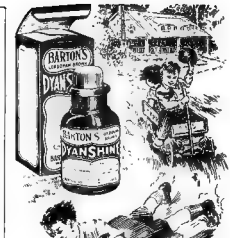

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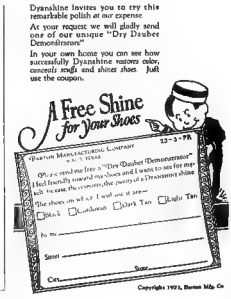

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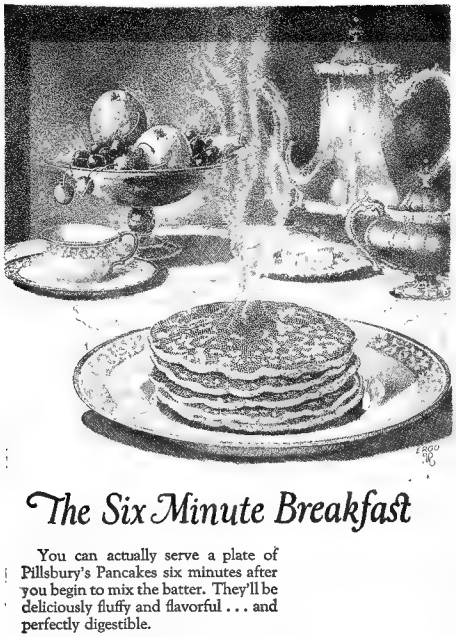

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The Rover

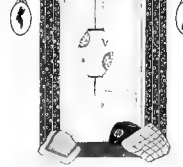
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

"I know, I looked. He isn't there," said Michel, very awake and round-eyed.

Peyrol started toward the cove. After three or four steps he turned round and found Michel motionless where he had left him.

"Come on," he cried; "we will have to fit the tartan for sea directly the day breaks."

Standing in the lieutenant's room just clear of the open window, Arlette listened to their voices and to the sound of their footsteps diminishing down the slope. Before they had quite died out she became aware of a light tread approaching the door of the room.



Lieutenant Réal had spoken the truth. While in Toulon he had more than once said to himself that he could never go back to that fatal farmhouse. His mental state was quite pitiable. Honor, decency, every principle forbade him to trifle with the feelings of a poor creature with her mind darkened by a very terrifying, atrocious and, as it were, guilty experience. And now he had given way to a base impulse and had betrayed himself by kissing her hand! He recognized with despair that this was no trifling, but that the impulse had come from the very depths of his being. It was an awful discovery to make for a man who on emerging from boyhood had laid for himself a rigidly cold line of conduct amongst the unbridled passions and the clamoring falsehoods of revolution which seemed to have destroyed in him all capacity for the subtler passions. Taciturn and guarded, he had formed no intimacies. Relations he had none. He had kept clear of social commerce. It was in his character.

At first he visited Escampobar because when he took his leave he had no place in the world to go to, and a few days there were a complete change from the odious town.

He enjoyed the sense of remoteness from ordinary mankind. He had developed a liking for old Peyrol, the only man who had nothing to do with the Revolution—who had not even seen it at work. The sincere lawlessness of the ex-Brother of the Coast was refreshing. That one was neither a hypocrite nor a fool. When he robbed or killed it was not in the name of the sacred revolutionary principles or for the love of humanity.

Of course Réal had remarked at once Arlette's black, profound, and unquiet eyes and the persistent dim smile on her lips, her mysterious silences, and the rare sound of her voice which made a caress of every word.

He heard something of her story from the reluctant Peyrol, who did not care to talk about it. It awakened in Réal more bitter indignation than pity. But it stimulated his imagination, confirmed him in that scorn and angry loathing for the Revolution he had felt as a boy and had nursed secretly ever since. She attracted him by her aspect. Later he tried not to notice that, in common parlance, she was inclined to hang about him. He used to catch her gazing at him steadily. But he was free from masculine vanity.

It was one day in Toulon that it suddenly dawned on him what her mute interest in his person might mean. He was then sitting outside a café sipping some drink or other with three or four officers, and not listening to their uninteresting conversation. He marveled that this sort of illumination should come to him like this, under these circumstances; that he should have thought of her while seated in the street with these men around him, in the midst of noise or less professional talk! And then it suddenly dawned on him that he had been thinking of nothing but that woman for days.

He got up bruskly, flung the money for his drink on the table, and without a word left his companions. But he had the reputation of an eccentric man, and they did not even comment on his abrupt departure. It was a clear evening. He walked straight out of town, and that night wandered beyond the fortifications, not noticing the direction he took. All the countryside was asleep. There was not a human being stirring, and his progress in that desolate part of the country between the forts could have been traced only by the barking of dogs in the rare hamlets and isolated and scattered habitations.

"What has become of my rectitude, of my self-respect, of the firmness of my mind?" he asked himself pedantically. "I have let myself be mastered by an unworthy passion for a mere mortal envelop!"

His despair at this discovery was so profound that if he had not been in uniform he would have tried to commit suicide with the pocket-pistol he had in his pocket. He shrank from the prospect of the sensation such an act would produce, from the talk and comments it would raise, the speculations it would provoke. "No," he said to himself, "what I will have to do is to unmark my linen, put on some old clothes and walk out much farther away, miles beyond the forts, hide in some wood or in an overgrown hollow, and put an end to myself there. The gendarmes or a *garde-champêtre* will discover my body after a few days, a complete stranger without marks of identity, and, being unable to find out anything about me, they will bury my body in some village churchyard."

On that resolution he turned back abruptly and at daybreak found himself outside the gate of the town. He had to wait till it was opened, and then the morning was so far advanced that he had to go straight to work at his office at the Toulon Admiralty. Nobody noticed anything peculiar about him that day. He went through his routine tasks with outward composure, but all the time he was arguing with himself. By the time he returned to his quarters he had come to the conclusion that as an officer on active service in war-time he had no right to take his own life. His principles would not permit him to do that. In this reasoning he was perfectly sincere. During a deadly struggle against an irreconcilable enemy his life belonged to his country.

But there were moments when his loneliness, haunted by the forbidden vision of Escampobar, with the figure of that distracted girl, mysterious, awful, pale, irresistible in her strangeness, passing along the walls, appearing on the hill-paths, looking out of the window, became unbearable. He spent hours of solitary anguish shut up in his quarters, and the opinion amongst his comrades was that Réal's misanthropy was getting beyond all bounds.

One day he came to the conclusion that he could not stand this. It affected his power of thinking. "I shall begin to talk nonsense to people," he said to himself. "Hasn't there been once a poor devil who fell in love with a picture or a statue? He used to go and contemplate it. His misfortune can not be compared with mine! Well, I will go to look at her as at a picture too; a picture as untouchable as if it had been under glass."

And he went on a visit to Escampobar at the very first opportunity. He made up for himself a repellent face; he clung to Peyrol for society, out there on the beach, both with their arms folded and looking into space. But whenever Arlette crossed his line of sight it was as if something had moved in his breast.

Yet these visits made life just bearable; they enabled him to attend to his work without beginning to talk nonsense to people. He said to himself that he was strong enough to rise above temptation, that he would never overstep the line; but it had happened to him upstairs in his room at the farm to weep tears of sheer tenderness while thinking of her. These tears would come out for a while the gnawing fire of his passion. He assumed austerity like an armor, and in his prudence he, as a matter of fact, looked very seldom at Arlette for fear of being caught in the act.

The discovery that she had taken to wandering at night had upset him all the same, because that sort of thing was unaccountable. It gave him a shock which unsettled not his resolution, but his fortitude. That morning he allowed himself, while she was waiting on him, to be caught looking at her, and then, losing his self-control, had given her that kiss on the hand. Directly he had done it he was appalled. He had overstepped the line. Under the circumstances this was an absolute moral disaster. The full consciousness of it came to him slowly. In fact this moment of fatal weakness was one of the reasons why he had let himself be sent off so unceremoniously by Peyrol to Toulon. Even while crossing there he thought the only thing was not to come back any more. Yet while battling with himself he went on with the execution of the plan. A bitter irony presided over his dual state.

Before leaving the Admiral, who had received him in full uniform in a room lighted by a single candle, he was suddenly moved to say: "I suppose if there is no other way I am authorized to go myself," and the Admiral had answered: "I didn't contemplate that, but if you are willing I don't see any objection. I would only advise you to go in uniform in the character of an officer entrusted with dispatches. No doubt in time the Government would arrange for your exchange. But bear in mind that it would be a long captivity, and you must understand it might affect your promotion."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

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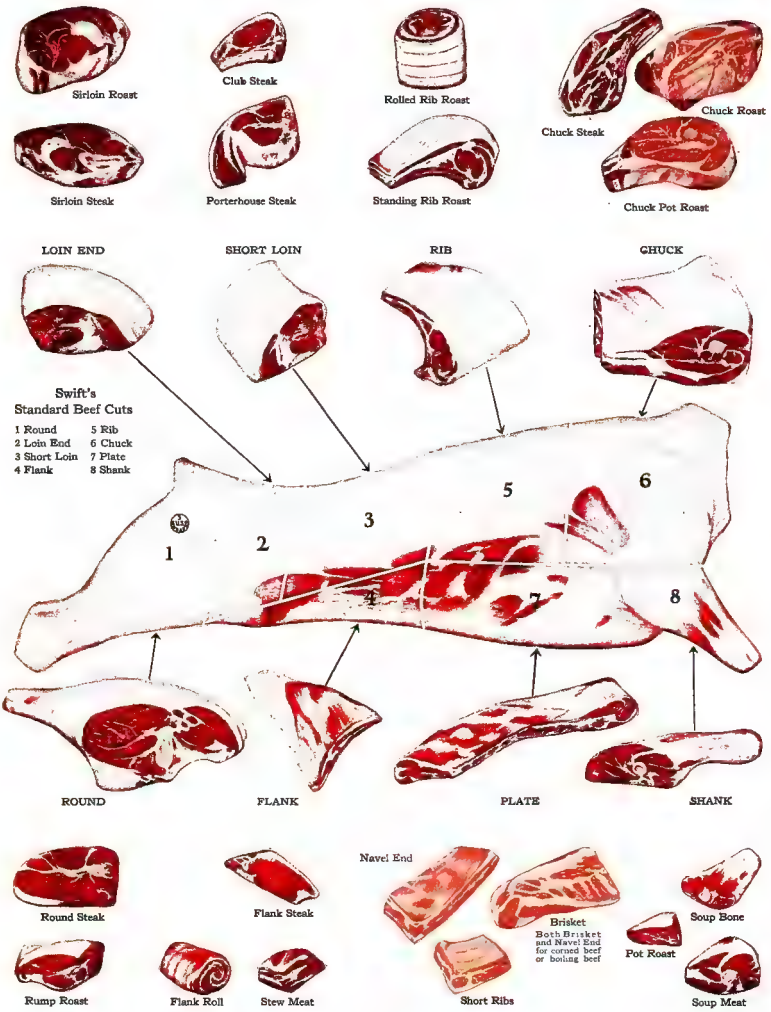
Beef is always in season

Beef is probably the most generally used of all the meats and it well deserves its popularity. Yet it seems that many women overlook the possibilities of variety in serving this meat—and opportunities for economy in its purchase.

Many of the cuts shown in this chart may be "new" to you—cuts from the chuck, for instance, from the plate, the flank and the round. These are economical pieces which may be very temptingly served. Instructions and recipes for preparing such cuts will be sent you free upon request.

In publishing this and other charts, in distributing these recipes, Swift & Company hopes to make more complete its service of supplying meat to the American public—service for which it receives as profit from all sources only a fraction of a cent a pound.

Excellent recipes for beef cuts, on filing cards, will be sent upon request to Swift & Company, Home Economics Dept., Chicago.



Swift & Company's meats are Government inspected. When you buy meats look for the legend "U. S. Inspected and Passed" on the wholesale cuts.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

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The pattern on the floor is No. 516

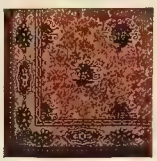
GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. The Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug and on every few yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. It guards you against imitation floor-coverings and gives you the protection of our money back guarantee. Be sure to look for it.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Atlanta
San Francisco Kansas City Minneapolis Pittsburgh
Dallas Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 530



Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 1687

"Honestly, there's no wear-out to this rug—and it cost so little."

For the modern living-room floor there's no other low-priced floor-covering as durable, practical and satisfactory as a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug. These beautiful rugs are fast replacing dust collecting woven floor-coverings which are never really clean after even the heaviest sweeping.

Durable and sanitary, Congoleum Rugs come in attractive patterns suitable for every room in the house.

There are elaborate Oriental motifs for living and dining rooms—dainty floral effects for bedrooms and neat conventional designs for kitchens and bathrooms. *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are so easy to clean, too—a few strokes with a damp mop and the smooth, enamel surface is fresh and spotless. Their rich colors never fade.

Another convenience—they lie flat on the floor without fastening of any kind; never turn up at the edges.

Note the Low Prices

6 ft. x 9 ft.	$9.00	1½ ft. x 3 ft.	$ .60
7½ ft. x 9 ft.	11.25	3 ft. x 3 ft.	1.40
9 ft. x 9 ft.	13.50	3 ft. x 4½ ft.	1.95
9 ft. x 10½ ft.	15.75	3 ft. x 6 ft.	2.50
9 ft. x 12 ft.	18.00		

The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

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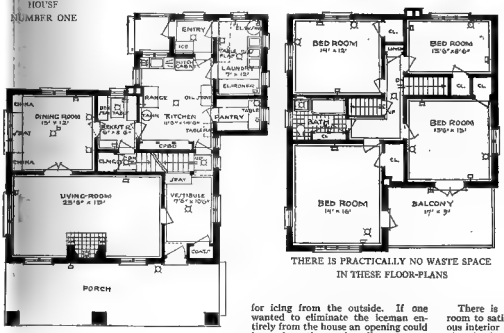
Houses Planned by Women

By Mae Savell Croy

Drawings by Ella Briggs, Architect

EDITOR'S NOTE—These two Pictorial Review houses were planned and designed by women. They were developed from original drawings submitted by our readers and selected by Mrs. Croy as the best two-story, step-saving houses in our Labor-saving House competition. The arrangement of the equipment has been approved by Mrs. Croy, and the architectural features have been developed by Miss Briggs, a woman architect.

HOUSE NUMBER ONE



THERE IS PRACTICALLY NO WASTE SPACE IN THESE FLOOR-PLANS

HERE are two more houses, the original plans for which were recently submitted in response to our offer to purchase several plans from our readers for reproducing in this department, and we can not conceive two more attractive exteriors nor much more simply arranged interiors.

The landscape-gardening is most effective, from the trees of natural growth to the lovely wisteria over the porch and the ever-charming Virginia creeper on the chimney on one house, and the evergreen and rhododendrons as a key-note for the other.

Last month we showed two bungalows combining the ideas of two of our readers for making housework easy. This month we have chosen two two-story houses.

The house No. 1, submitted by Mrs. G. B. Porter, of Kingsport, Tenn., we have a spacious living-room, a medium-size dining-room, and the ever-desirable breakfast-alcove, as well as a complete service department, on the first floor. Note the easy access to the front door and stairs from the kitchen, also the clever planning for ventilation. Not a room in this house but has cross-windows, with the exception of the maid's room, and another window could have been placed there.

There is practically no waste space anywhere, and the kitchen arrangement is almost ideal.

The range, which is evidently a coal-range, has its flue located in the outside wall, where it occupies no valuable space, and since the range is placed near a window all smoke and odors are likely to be dispelled at once, particularly if the window is left open a few inches *at the top all the time.*

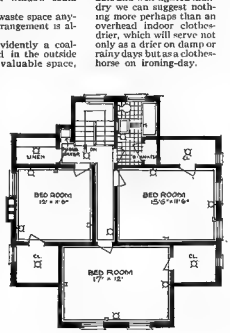
The ever-popular kitchen-cabinet sets next to the drain-board and sink, which is placed under two windows, and the oil-range for Summer use is on the opposite side of the room, the there would probably be room enough for it between the coal-range and the sink.

The ice-box is within close proximity to the working-center, and at the same time is far removed from the range, and ready for icing from the outside. If one wanted to eliminate the iceman entirely from the house an opening could be made in the porch wall.

The laundry is long and narrow, being only five and one-half feet in width, which allows for the electric ironer being placed at one end. It is not practical in so narrow a laundry to place the washer in front of a tub in order to swing the wringer around to a second or third tub, so a long drain-board is used when taking the wet clothing from the farther tube to the wringer.

A door from the laundry to the porch makes it convenient to carry out the wet clothing, which apparently is taken to a drying-yard, the with such a convenient back porch a pulley-line would be most desirable; or should a drying-yard on the laundry side of the house be necessary a clothes-chute of ordinary glazed sewer-pipe, placed slantingly in the wall, will save many a step for the laundress.

The upper end of this chute should be set high—as high as the laundry tubs—in order that there may be plenty of room under the lower and outer end to set a clothes-basket, and for the clothes to pile up in it. The ironing-board is hinged to the wall, and in this delightfully comfortable and well-lighted laundry we can suggest nothing more perhaps than an overhead indoor clothes-drier, which will serve not only as a drier on damp or rainy days but as a clothes-horse on ironing-day.



Every housekeeper delights in storage-space, and this house has its full quota in the service department at least. There is not only a large pantry with shelves from the ceiling to the floor on both sides, but there is a nine-foot built-in cupboard across the end of the kitchen, another cupboard in the breakfast-alcove, a large cleaning-closet at the head of the stairs, and hinged box seats for the breakfast-alcove, which can be entered from the dining-room without the necessity of entering the kitchen.

Since the two windows in the rear wall of the dining-room are high, the room is well balanced, with a buffet placed under these windows.

There is wall-space in the living-room to satisfy even the very fastidious interior decorator, and the a fireplace in the center of a long wall does not provide a cozy corner effect, as it would were it located at the end, it is very well placed here, since it leaves the entire end for windows and since the spaces to the right and to the left of the fireplace are not in a direct straight line.

The up-stairs of this house is excellently laid out. Straight lines abound and closet-space is good, while the open balcony not only provides a delightful up-stairs porch, but it adds immeasurably to the charm of the exterior.

The bathroom is well arranged, with good light for the mirror in the door of the cabinet placed over the basin, and the toilet-seat located near the window, yet not so placed that the back is against the window, subjecting one to a rush of cold air, and the tub is not placed across the room under a window. The writer is sorry to have to say that the majority of architects make the gross errors just mentioned when arranging a bathroom.

If the attic requires stairs for carrying up bulky objects, this house has provided the space for them; but if only light articles are stored in the attic, pulley-stairs can be placed in the ceiling, to be lowered only when in use, and in this case the space given over to third-story stairs would give the second floor a more spacious appearance, as well as allowing for the placing of a sewing-machine or other piece of furniture infrequently used.

A letter accompanying this plan tells us there is a telephone-stand over the seat in the vestibule, which is large enough to be called a hall; that the doors between the living-room and the dining-room are the ever-charming French doors; that the seat

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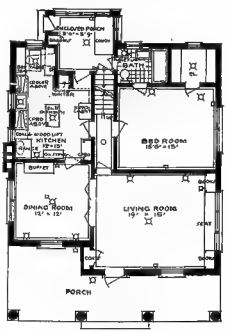

THE KITCHEN IN THIS HOUSE-PLAN IS WELL ARRANGED

HOUSE NUMBER TWO

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Suggestions for beautifying the table with

INTERNATIONAL SILVERPLATE

Look for these trade-marks on silverplated hollowware

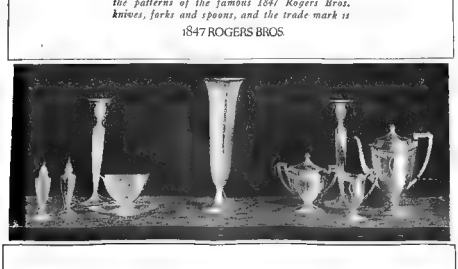
THE search for beauty in silverplated hollowware would no doubt lead you to select from the creations of the International Silver Co.—largest of the world's silverplate makers. But more important even than beauty is the integrity of workmanship guaranteed by the four International S. Co. trade-marks shown above. Each stands for a name old and respected among makers of silverware. Each mark offers you the certainty of quality and durability.

The name of the producing factory appears in the half circle and the words "International S. Co." at the base. On a tea set, compote, bread tray, vase, candlestick or other article let these marks indicate that beauty is deeper than the surface—that the silverplated hollowware thus stamped will give you the service you desire.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
Meriden, Conn.

International Silverplate is also made to match the patterns of the famous 1847 Rogers Bros. knives, forks and spoons, and the trade mark is

1847 ROGERS BROS.



INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

At the foot of the grand staircase in the lighted hall of the official building Réal suddenly thought: "And now I must go back to Escampobar." Indeed he had to go to Escampobar because the false dispatches were there in the valise he had left behind. He couldn't go back to the Admiral and explain that he had lost them. They would look on him as an unutterable idiot or a man gone mad. While walking to the quay where the naval boat was waiting for him he said to himself: "This, in truth, must be my last visit for years—perhaps for life."

Going back in the boat, notwithstanding that the breeze was very light, he would not let the men take to the oars. He didn't want to return before the women had retired. He said to himself that the proper and honest thing to do was not to see her again. He even managed to persuade himself that his uncontrolled impulse had had no meaning for that being without a mind. She had neither started nor exclaimed; she had made no sign. She had remained passive, and then she had backed away and sat down quietly. He could not even remember that she had colored at all. As to himself he had enough self-control to rise from the table and go out without looking at her again. Neither did she make a sign. What could startle that body without mind? She had made nothing of it, he thought with self-contempt. "Body without mind! Body without mind!" he repeated with angry derision directed at himself. And all at once he thought: "No, it isn't that. All in her is mystery, seduction, enchantment. And then—what do I care for her mind?

This thought wrung from him a faint groan so that the coxwain asked respectfully: "Are you in pain, *mon lieutenant*?"

"It's nothing," he muttered, and set his teeth with the desperation of a man under torture.

While talking with Peyrol outside the house the words "I won't see her again" and "body without mind" rang through his head. By the time he had left Peyrol and walked up the stairs his endurance was absolutely at an end. All he wanted was to be alone. Going along the dark passage, he noticed that Catherine's room door was standing ajar. But that did not arrest his attention. He was approaching a state of insensibility. As he put his hand on the door-handle of his room he said to himself: "It will soon be over!"

HE WAS so tired out that he was almost unable to hold up his head, and on going in he didn't see Arlette, who stood against the wall on one side of the window out of the moonlight and in the darkest corner of the room. He only became aware of somebody's presence in the room as she flitted past him with the slightest possible rustle, when he staggered back two paces and heard the key being turned in the lock. If the whole house had fallen into ruins, bringing him to the ground, he could not have been more overwhelmed and, in a manner, more utterly bereft of all his senses.

The first that came back to him was the sense of touch when Arlette seized his hand. He regained his hearing next. She was whispering to him. "At last! At last! But you are careless. If it had been Scevola instead of me in this room you would have been dead now. I have seen him at work." He felt a significant pressure on his hand, but he couldn't see her property yet, tho he was aware of her nearness with every fiber of his body. "It wasn't yesterday, tho," she added in a low tone. Then suddenly, "Come to the window so that I may look at you."

A great square of moonlight lay on the floor. He obeyed the tug like a little child. She caught hold of his other hand as it hung by his side. He was pulled all over, without joints, and it did not seem to him that he was breathing. With her face a little below his she stared at him closely, whispering gently: "Eugène, Eugène," and suddenly the livid immobility of his face frightened her. "You say nothing. You look ill. What is the matter? Are you hurt?" She let go his insensitive hands and began to feel him all over for evidence of some hurt. She even snatched off his hat and flung it away in her haste to discover that his head was unharmed; but finding no sign of bodily damage she calmed down like a sensible, practical person. With her fingers twined round the back of his neck she hung off a little. Her little, even teeth gleamed, her black eyes, immensely profound, looked into his, not with a transport of passion or fear, but with a sort of reposeful satisfaction, with a searching and stimulating effect.

He came back to life with a low and reckless exclamation, felt horribly insecure at once as if he were standing on a lofty pinnacle above a noise as of breaking waves in his ears, in fear lest her fingers should part and she would fall off and be lost to him forever. He flung his arms around her waist and hugged her close to his breast. In the great silence, in the bright moonlight falling through the window they stood like that for a long, long time. He turned his face to look at her head resting on his shoulder. Her eyes were closed, and without a smile her expression was that of a delightful dream, something infinitely ethereal, peaceful, and, as it were, eternal. It seemed to pierce his heart with a pointed, sharp-headed sweetness. "She is exquisite. It's a miracle," he thought with a sort of terror. "It's impossible."

SHE made a movement to disengage herself, and instinctively he resisted, pressing her closer to his breast. She yielded for a moment and then tried again. He let her go. She stood off at arm's length, her hands on his shoulders, and her charm struck him suddenly as funny in the seriousness of expression as of a very capable woman.

"It isn't all that," she said in a sort of businesslike undertone. "We will have to think how to get away from here. I don't mean now, this moment," she added, feeling his slight start. "Scevola is thirsting for your blood." She detached one hand to point a finger at the inner wall of the room, and lowered her voice. He's there, you know. Don't trust Peyrol either. I was looking at you two out there. He has changed. I can trust him no longer." Her whisper vibrated. "He and Catherine behave strangely. I don't know what came to them. He doesn't talk to me. When I sit down near him he turns his shoulder to me."

She felt Réal sway under her hands, paused in concern, and said: "You are tired." But as he didn't move she actually led him to a chair, pushed him into it, and sat on the floor at his feet. She rested her head against his knees and kept possession of one of his hands. A sigh escaped her. "I knew this was going to be," she said in an undertone. "But I was taken by surprize."

"Oh, you knew it was going to be," he repeated faintly.

"Yes! I had prayed for it. Have you ever been prayed for before, Eugène?" she asked, lingering on his name.

"Not since I was a child," answered Réal in a subdued tone.

"Oh, no! You have been prayed for today. I went down to the church." Réal could hardly believe his ears. "The abbé let me in by the sacristy door. He told me to renounce the world. I would renounce anything for you." Réal, turning his face to the darkest part of the room, seemed to see the specter of unhappiness awaiting its time to move forward and crush calm, confident joy. He shook off the dreadful illusion, raised her hand to his lips for a lingering kiss, and then asked:

"So you knew that it was going to be? Everything? Yes! And of me, what did you think?"

She pressed suddenly the hand to which she clung. "I thought this."

"But what did you think of my conduct at times? You see, I did not know what was going to be. I— I was afraid of it," he added under his breath.

"Conduct? What conduct? You came, you went. When you were not here I thought of you, and when you were here I could look my fill at you. I tell you I knew how it was going to be. You were perfect."

"You went about with a little smile," he whispered, as one would mention an inconceivable marvel.

"I was warm and quiet," murmured Arlette as if on the borders of dreamland. Tender murmurs flowed from her lips describing a state of blissful tranquillity in phrases that sounded like the veriest nonsense, incredible, convincing, and soothing to Réal's conscience.

"You were perfect," it went on. "Whenever you came near me everything seemed different."

"What do you mean? How different?"

"Altogether. The light, the very stones of the house, the hills, the little flowers amongst the rocks! Even Nanette was different?"

Nanette was a white Angora with long silken hair, a pet that lived mostly in the yard.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

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The secret of lasting loveliness

IT is an accepted fact, known to thousands, that the foundation of beauty is a clean skin. But the secret that many women do not know is how to cleanse the skin so that it will retain its natural loveliness. Yet the method is very simple—the one way to thorough cleanliness is through the use of soap. But—and this is where the real secret lies—it must be the *right kind* of soap.

If you could realize how delicate your skin is, how easily injured by harsh treatment or neglect, and how difficult it is to rebuild that protective outer covering once it has been destroyed, you would be as careful in the selection of your toilet soap as you are of your food.

The danger signals

Nature provides the means to guide you in choosing your toilet soap. If your skin is unusually dry and flaky, your soap undoubtedly contains harsh alkali,—if the pores are clogged or enlarged the soap is only cleaning the surface,—if your skin is extremely sensitive, your soap lacks the necessary soothing qualities.

Years of successful experiments and the scientific blending of its pure ingredients, have made Resinol Soap one that is free from all injurious properties, and that satisfies the need of every skin. Soft, foamy and luxurious, its lather sinks into the pores, rooting out the impurities and providing that thorough cleansing which promotes lasting loveliness.

But soap must do more than wash away visible dirt, and that is why Resinol Soap is so indispensable to those who really want a perfect complexion. Through its peculiar Resinol properties it builds a healthy condition which resists germ development. An unprotected skin is as bad as a neglected one. Resinol Soap protects the skin.

Your beauty bath

As the body breathes through the skin it is essential to keep the pores free from waste. Clogged body pores often spell ruin for the complexion. Resinol Soap makes the daily bath refreshing and delightful. Its rich color is due to the Resinol it contains—that property which gives it such a satisfying fragrance.

"Simply perfection for any complexion"

Resinol Soap

Your druggist and toilet goods dealer sell Resinol Soap. You can buy it by the box or single cake.

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Apex
ELECTRIC SUCTION
CLEANER

What's the Value of a Woman's Time?

THE mental as well as the physical well-being of any woman demands other exercise than is provided by daily housework. For some a game of cards with congenial friends furnishes the needed stimulant. Others find their jaded energy renewed by a good book, a bit of embroidering, a concert or a stroll.

The inclined and divided nozzle of the APEX Cleaner, in the way it gets around and under furniture, is a revelation in time-saving.

The gentlest washing principle ever discovered is embodied in the reversing, rotating cylinder of the ROTAREX Washer, with its unpunctured walls of silvery aluminum reducing friction to a minimum.

Free "From A to Z in Home Cleaning"

Let us send you a copy of this helpful and practical book. Tells 100 new ways to save hours, work and money — How to Clean Everything in the House. A postal brings it.

The ROTAREX Home Ironer will, if desired, iron the clothes as soon as they have passed through the extra soft, button-saving rolls of the handsome Rotarex all-aluminum wringer.

Any or all of these high quality, time-tested housekeeping aids can be bought from a dealer near you on easy monthly payments with the privilege of free trial. Write for his address.

THE APEX ELECTRICAL DISTRIBUTING COMPANY
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FACTORIES AT CLEVELAND O., MUNCIE, IND., AND TORONTO, CANADA

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

"Oh, Nanette was different too," said Réal, whom delight in the modulations of that voice had cut off from all reality, and even from a consciousness of himself, while he sat stooping over that head resting against his knee, the soft grip of her hand being his only contact with the world.

"Yes. Prettier. It's only the people—" She ceased on an uncertain note. The crested wave of enchantment seemed to have passed over his head, ebbing out faster than the sea leaving the dreary expanses of the sand. He felt a chill at the roots of his hair.

"What people?" he asked.

"They are so changed. Listen, to-night while you were away—why did you go away?—I caught those two in the kitchen, saying nothing to each other. That Peyrol —he is terrible."

HE WAS struck by the tone of awe, by its profound conviction. He could not know that Peyrol, unforeseen, unexpected, inexplicable, had given by his mere appearance at Escampobar a moral and even a physical jolt to all her being, that he was to her an immense figure, like a messenger from the unknown entering the solitude of Escampobar, something immensely strong, with inexhaustible power, unaffected by familiarity and, and, as it were, unchangeable.

"He will say nothing, he will listen to nothing. He can do what he likes."

"Can he?" muttered Réal.

She sat up on the floor, moved her head up and down several times as if to say that there could be no doubt about that.

"Is he, too, thirsting for my blood?" asked Réal bitterly.

"No, no. It isn't that. You could defend yourself. I could watch over you. I have been watching over you. Only two nights ago I thought I heard noises outside and I went down-stairs, I went outside too; your window was open, but I could see nobody, and yet I felt— No, it isn't that! It's worse. I don't know what he wants to do. I can't help being fond of him, but I begin to fear him now. When he first came here and I saw him he was just the same—only his hair was not so white—big, quiet. It seemed to me that something moved in my head. He was gentle, you know. I had to smile at him. It was as if I had recognized him. I said to myself: 'That's he, the man himself.'"

"And when I came?" asked Réal with a feeling of dismay.

"You! You were expected," she said in a low tone, with a slight tinge of surprise at the question, but still evidently thinking of the Peyrol mystery. "Yes, I caught them at last serving, he and Catherine in the kitchen, looking at each other and as quiet as mice. I told him he couldn't order me about. Oh, *mon chéri, mon chéri*, don't you listen to Peyrol—don't let him—"

With only a slight touch on his knee she sprang to her feet. Réal stood up too.

"He can do nothing to me," he mumbled.

"Don't tell him anything. Nobody can guess what he thinks, and now even I can not tell what he means when he speaks. It was as if he knew a secret." She put an accent into those words which made Réal feel moved almost to tears. He repeated that no Peyrol could have any influence over him and he felt that he was speaking the truth. He was in the power of his own word. Ever had left the Admiral in a gold-embroidered uniform, impatient to return to his guests, he was on a service for which he had volunteered himself. For a moment he had the sensation of an iron hoop very tight round his chest. She peered at his face closely and it was more than he could bear.

"All right, I'll be careful," he said. "And Catherine, is she also dangerous?"

In the sheen of the moonlight Arlette, her neck and head above the gleams of the fichu, visible and elusive, smiled at him and moved a step closer.

"Poor Aunt Catherine," she said. "Put your arm around me, Eugene." She can do nothing. She used to follow me with her eyes always. She thought I didn't notice, but I did. And now she seems unable to look me in the face. Peyrol, too, for that matter. He used to follow me with his eyes. Often I wondered what made them look at me like that. Can you tell, Eugene? But it's all changed now."

"Yes, it is all changed," said Réal in a tone which he tried to make as light as possible. "Does Catherine know you are here?"

"When we went up-stairs this evening I lay down all dressed on my bed and she sat on hers. The candle was out, but in the moonlight I could see her quite well with her hands on her lap. When I could lie still no longer I simply got up and went out of the room. She was still sitting at the foot of her bed. All I did was to put my finger on my lips and then she dropped her head. I don't think I quite closed the door. Hold me tighter, Eugene; I am tired. Strange, you know! Formerly, a long time ago, before I ever saw you, I used never to feel tired."

She stopped her murmur suddenly and lifted a finger recommending silence. She listened, and Réal listened too; he did not know for what; and in this sudden concentration on a point, all that had happened since he had entered the room seemed to him a dream in its improbability and in the more than lifelike force dreams have in their inconsequence. Even the woman letting herself go on his arm seemed to have no weight as it might have happened in a dream.

"She is there," breathed Arlette suddenly, rising on tip toe to reach up to his ear. "She must have heard you go past."

"Where is she?" asked Réal with the same intense secrecy.

"Outside the door. She must have been listening to the murmur of our voices." Arlette breathed into his ear as if relating an enormity. "She told me one day that I was one of those who are fit for no man's arms."

At this he flung his other arm round her and looked into her enlarged as if frightened eyes, while she clasped him with all her strength, and they stood like that a long time, lips pressed on lips, without a kiss, perfectly still and as if not breathing in the closeness of their contact. To him the stillness seemed like the stillness of the universe. The thought, "Am I going to die?" flashed through that stillness and lost itself in it like a spark flying in an everlasting night. The only result of it was the tightening of his hold on Arlette.

An aged and uncertain voice was heard uttering the word "Arlette." Catherine, who had been listening to their murmurs, could not bear the long silence. They heard her trembling voice as distinctly as tho she had been in the room. Réal felt as if it had saved his life. They separated silently.

"Go away," called out Arlette.

"Ari—"

"Be quiet," she cried louder. "You can do nothing."

"Arlette," came through the door, tremulous and commanding.

"She will wake up Scevola," remarked Arlette to Réal in a conversational tone. And they both waited for sounds that did not come. Arlette pointed her finger at the wall. "He is there, you know."

"He is asleep," muttered Réal. But the thought "I am lost" which he formulated in his head had no reference to Scevola.

"He is afraid," said Arlette contemptuously in an undertone. "He is not much, little. He would quake with fright one moment and rush out to do murder the next."

Slowly, as if drawn by the irresistible authority of the old woman, they had been moving toward the door. Réal thought with the sudden enlightenment of passion, "If she does not go now I won't have the strength to part from her in the morning." He had no image of death before his eyes, but of a long and intolerable separation. A sigh verging upon a moan reached them from the other side of the door and made the air around them heavy with sorrow against which locks and keys will not avail.

"You had better go to her," he whispered in a penetrating tone.

"Of course I will," said Arlette with some feeling. "Poor old thing. She and I have only each other in the world, but I am the daughter here; she must do what I tell her." With one of her hands on Réal's shoulder she put her mouth close to the door and said distinctly:

"I am coming directly. Go back to our room and wait for me," as if she had no doubt of being obeyed.

A PROFOUND silence ensued. Perhaps Catherine had gone already. Réal and Arlette stood still for a whole minute as if both had been changed into stone.

"Go now," said Réal in a hoarse, hardly audible voice.

She gave him a quick kiss on the lips, and again they stood like a pair of enchanted lovers bewitched into immobility.

"If she stays on," thought Réal, "I will never have the courage to tear myself away, and then I shall have to blow my brains out." But when at last she moved he seized her again and held her as if she had been his very life. When he let her go he was appalled by hearing a very faint laugh of her secret joy.

"Why do you laugh?" he asked in a scared tone.

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Cooks in 3 to 5 Minutes

This is to bring you good news.

Our experts have perfected a Quick Quaker Oats which cooks in 3 to 5 minutes.

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The Rover

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She stopped to answer him over her shoulder.

"I laughed because I thought of all the days to come. Days and days and days. Have you thought of them?"

"Yes," Réal faltered, like a man stabbed to the heart, holding the door half open. And he was glad to have something to hold on to.

She slipped out with the faintest rustle of her silk skirt, but before he had time to close the door behind her she put back her arm for an instant. He had just time to press the palm of her hand to his lips. It was cool. She snatched it away, and he had the strength of mind to shut the door after her. He felt like a man chained to the wall and dying of thirst, from whom a cold drink is snatched away.

THE room became dark suddenly. He thought, "A cloud over the moon, a cloud over the moon, an enormous cloud," while he walked rigidly to the window, insecure and swaying as if on a tight rope. After a moment he perceived the moon in the sky, on which there was no sign of the smallest cloud anywhere. He said to himself, "I suppose I nearly died just now. But—" he went on thinking with deliberate cruelty, "oh, no, I shall not die. I shall only suffer, suffer, suffer—"

"Suffer, suffer." He found out he had got away from the window only by stumbling against the side of the bed. At once he flung himself on it violently, with his face buried in the pillow, which he bit to restrain the cry of distress also about to burst through his lips. Natures schooled into insensibility when once overcome by a mastering passion are like vanquished giants ready for despair. He, a man on service, felt himself shrinking from death, and that doubt contained in itself all possible doubts of his own fortitude. The only thing he knew was that he would be gone to-morrow morning.

He shuddered along his whole extended length, then lay still gripping a handful of bedclothes in each hand to prevent himself from leaping up in panicky restlessness. He was saying to himself pedantically, "I must lie down and rest; I must rest to have strength for to-morrow; I must rest," while the tremendous struggle to keep still broke out in waves of perspiration on his forehead. At last sudden oblivion must have descended on him, because he turned over and sat up suddenly with the sound of the word "*Ecoutez*" in his ears.

The concluding instalment of "The Rover" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published November 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

Turkish Women of To-day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

are deeply religious and that they believe very profoundly that children are the gifts of God. It would be incompatible with this conviction as they hold it not to accept with affection a daughter as well as a son.

"This view-point may not be easy for some persons of other nationalities and races to understand, but it is a most important factor in this as in many other problems with the people of my country and my faith. Those who differ with us most widely in religious belief but who have had sufficient contact with us to understand our strongest characteristics give us credit for deep conviction in the matter of our religious faith; they admit that it is not only very sincere and profound, but that it strongly influences the conduct of our people, individually and as a nation."

In speaking of Turkish marriages Dr. Fuad Bey made the interesting statement that to-day a Turkish girl of the higher class is not expected to enter into marriage with a man she has never seen, but that, after the parents of both the parties to the engagement have satisfied themselves that a marriage is desirable, the young people are given opportunity to meet each other and become acquainted. As to "child marriages" he states that the average age at which the girls of Turkey are married is twenty-two.

ALL of these statements have been confirmed to me by others who are also apparently in position to speak with authority while at the same time looking at the situation from decidedly different view-points. For example, I get the following expression from an educated American woman who saw two or three years of service with the Near East Relief, going into Turkish homes of all classes both in Constantinople and the remote interior.

"There is a considerable formality in Turkish home life. The wife addresses her husband as 'Effendi'! Many Turkish women—and primitive ones too!—are their

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

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Unfasten the hair and, lifting it one strand at a time, with the Hughes Ideal Hair Brush, brush slowly and steadily from the scalp outward, with a sweeping, lifting motion. Keep this up for at least ten minutes every night, and finish by giving the scalp itself a few sharp, vigorous strokes to awaken the dormant circulation.

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The Hughes Ideal No. 66 is especially designed for this treatment. It has long boar bristles of just the right stiffness, set in a flexible rubber cushion. It allows full brushing surface at all times, yet penetrates to the scalp, and gently, without irritation, conforms to the shape of the head.

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Mirror Nail Polish

Turkish Women of To-day

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husbands wisest counselors; but mainly the Turkish wife cares for her husband's physical comforts and his household, and nothing more is desired of her. In all the time I was in the interior, I encountered only one woman who envied us our freedom, or desired to change her lot or longed for a broader existence. She was the wife of a physician, and had been the friend of an official's wife—a modern Turkish woman—a graduate of Constantinople College. This friend had been much in Europe, and was the companion and confidant of her husband—and the secluded sister longed to be more like her. She studied French with a Jesuit priest there, and read everything she could and her husband was in sympathy with her, but not his family. She was considered 'queer.'

"But as a rule back in the interior women know nothing but the traditional life of seclusion and are content as they are, and pity us others. This is in the interior, among the women who have been brought up there. In attempting to form an intelligent opinion of the progress of the new liberty in Turkey it is necessary to keep sharply in mind the fact that the difference between the status of women in the far interior and in the larger cities is spelled in terms of ages. If this statement is not literally true it does not greatly exaggerate the gulf between the remote country and the large cities where European and even American influences are felt—where these influences have been at work for years.

"The interior is removed by ages from the coast cities, and even the upper and more intelligent classes of the interior are vastly removed from the lower—even those living in villages.

"There is a tremendous advance among the comparative few, and the harem is slowly working down into the line-up, but it will be a long time before the mass of Turkish women are freed from the customs and traditional ideas of past ages. The larger freedom will come as a result of the changing attitude of the men. This applies to the nation as a whole and to its different geographical and social sections.

"BECAUSE Constantinople has a stratum of Turkish women who enjoy a degree of liberty which looks to the eyes of the visiting European or American like the familiar 'home article,' it is perhaps quite natural for these visitors to assume that this condition obtains throughout the country and among all classes. Such an assumption would be far from warranted. The new liberty is something which must be assimilated, and this assimilation in the interior, in the remote villages, and among the country people, where there is little or no contact with Europeans or Americans, is bound to be far more gradual than in the larger cities of the western border, where contact with these outside influences is constant.

"It takes more than one generation to overcome the ideals of centuries, and the typical woman of Turkey has been taught that her real mission in life and that for which she must train herself is to be desirable to men. She must also be a housekeeper and mother. The change in the men's point of view will do more than any amount of purely feminist propaganda to accomplish the social, intellectual, and economic elevation of the women.

"I know very well one Moslem gentleman, an official of the interior, intelligent but primitive, a man of fine feeling. He took an Armenian girl from the deportations to save her from some soldiers. He afterward married her. As a Christian girl is regarded as disgraced when married to a Moslem, her consent was not easy to obtain. But she is extremely fond of him and their home is very happy. He gives her much freedom—as much as an Armenian wife of the interior would have anywhere—and he even lets her go to Christian services.

"She is a charming, beautiful, and aristocratic girl, an orphan brought up in the American school at Sivas, and very well educated. Her husband, through her, has come to know a number of Christian girls who are free, and he is most enthusiastic about the freer women and their ability. As he puts it, 'Their minds are filled with something worth while.' He declares that his daughters are to be trained and educated, as his wife has been, to be companions to their husbands.

"This Turkish gentleman of the interior is now looking for a wife for his oldest son among the older girls who came to us from Turkish masters—one with some education. He prefers a girl educated in an American school. Unfortunately none of these girls would consent to marry a Moslem. The young man himself was much disappointed as he said he wanted a wife like his mother, so 'trustworthy and interesting.' I hope he has found such a girl, but I'm afraid he hasn't."

Aside from its appealing touch of romance this authentic incident impresses me as being highly illuminating; it dramatizes, to my sense, the percolation of the new liberty into the remote interior, into the fastnesses of ancient tradition.

I am profoundly convinced that economic conditions in Turkey are exerting and have exerted a powerful and direct influence upon the changing condition of women in Turkey. The pressure of eco-

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"She overheard them talking and, sure enough, it was about her!"

Perhaps they say it behind your back

SHE had noticed something occasionally in other people—particularly in the case of one man who used to call on her and whom she had discouraged for just this reason.

But never had she suspected that she, herself, might be guilty this way. She was an extremely sensitive girl and even the thought of it would have humiliated her terribly.

Imagine her consternation, therefore, one afternoon when she happened to overhear several girls saying exactly this thing about her. It hit her like a thunderbolt!

* * * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. At this time of year Listerine is particularly valuable also in combating sore throat. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

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The Importance of Being Beautiful

It's Not Only a Matter of the Flesh but of the Spirit, Too

By Kathleen Eddy

A PROFESSOR, probably in philosophy, once said to his class: "All generalizations are false, including this one." But it would seem safe to risk a simple one about women and the pursuit of beauty. Every woman wants to be beautiful. To prove this you have only to notice the number of beauty-shops there are—and the number is constantly increasing—and go into one to have something done in a hurry. You will probably find its calendar filled with appointments for a week in advance and will have to adapt your demand to be made beautiful to its opportunities to make you so.

Another avenue of proofs awaits you. In truth, it can not be avoided unless you become a recluse within your own four walls. And who wants to live so dull a life? Every time you walk on the street there are dozens of invitations to make yourself more attractive. There are almost irresistible displays of cosmetics, soaps, imported perfumes, festive atomizers, even powder-boxes that play merry little tunes, much like the old-fashioned music-boxes. In another shop there will be shoes; in another dresses, lingerie, corsets, furs, hats, everything dear to the feminine eye, and all made for the sole purpose of enhancing woman's beauty.

There is a very important thing to remember about beauty. It springs from something more important and more enduring than a pretty face. Many a woman is pretty—as long as we are content to gaze in silent admiration—but when she opens her mouth and reveals a harsh voice or a scarcity of ideas beauty flutters away on invisible wings.

The foundation for beauty includes good health, culture, poise, an air of well-being, and personality. Charming personality may be described as an attitude toward life. It is that indefinable quality that distinguishes certain fortunate persons from general types, and they are always remembered as individuals. If you have not been told that you have a charming personality it should be an important goal to work for.

A woman of much charm and intelligence once told me a beauty secret. Really there are not many secret paths to beauty, but this is one that may be followed with very little effort. It concerns five qualities beginning with the letter "s." They are sweetness, sympathy, simplicity, sincerity, strength. Think about them. When you have done so long enough to incorporate them into your being you will have enriched your personality and made some progress toward poise.

"CANDLE-LIGHT IS BEAUTY'S GENTLEST FRIEND"

An Invitation to Lines and Wrinkles

POISE is one of beauty's greatest aids and Time's worst enemy. Do you make faces when you talk, or scowl, or frown? Do you squint your eyes when you walk in the sun, or when you walk against the wind? Every time you do these ugly things unnecessarily you extend a cordial invitation to lines and wrinkles to become permanent. Look about you and you will probably see two types of old persons. One type is old in years but not in mind. The face is attractive in spite of being no longer youthful. The mind is old and tired and characterless. The features are marred by ugly lines that come from a mistaken attitude toward everything. Choose your maturity early in life and avoid ugliness when your years are many. Reflect in your face a serene and happy attitude toward life and keep old Time away for years and years—forever, so far as unpleasant lines are concerned.

You may feel that circumstances have not dealt fairly by you; but life is interesting if you are interested in it. And people, too, are interesting and likable if you are interested in them. It is necessary to health and happiness to have a hobby of some sort, a deep-seated interest in something outside yourself. One of the unpardonable social sins is dulness. One kind of dulness comes from having no interests, nothing to give out; the other and deadlier kind comes from talking about yourself or your own particular subject all the time. There ought to be an "open season" the year round for those who do not know how to listen, whose eyes lose their luster when their pet topic is no longer under discussion. Human beings are likable mostly, so learn to enjoy them, to understand them, to like them for what they are. Do not be quick to dislike them because they fail to measure up to your standard of ideal conduct. If humanity seems to be in need of repairs, the repairing, like charity, should begin at home.

So, if you have aspirations to be a success socially, and to be considered beautiful, develop your personality and go off somewhere on a high hill and take a solemn oath not to become a vain, self-centered creature.

Between beauty and vanity is a great gulf. Nobody admires a vain woman; few of them have anything to be vain about. But a beautiful woman is admired, if not actually envied, by everybody. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the psychological importance of beauty. If you are confident that your appearance is all that you can make it you will be able to forget about it. That is one thing the merely vain woman never does. In a world that is none too full of beauty it is important that some thought and care should be devoted to personality and appearance; but that is a far cry from the woman who utilizes every shop-window for a mirror and constantly powders her nose, wherever she happens to find herself.

When you have laid your corner-stone with proper ceremonies, you are ready for the artificial aids to beauty that have evolved with civilization.

The time was, and it has not been so long ago either, when good women looked askance at one of their kind who powdered her face. To go to the drug-store for a few lumps of carmine and apply it surreptitiously to the cheeks required courage, and to touch the lips with red was nothing short of brazen. But praise be given where praise is due (some of it, perhaps, is due to the gay colors that are fashionable now, and much to curiosity and the courage to try experiments), that day has become history.

Colors for Every Complexion

THE intelligent use of powder, rouge, and lip-stick has been accepted by women everywhere as a valuable assistant in emphasizing features that can be made to appear to better advantage, just as the landscape-gardener will know where to place to the best advantage the clump of hollyhocks and the Lombardy poplars to bring out the color and line of the house. To-day there are rouges and lip-sticks for every complexion, and in the majority of cases the result is rather better with than without.

In a magazine article printed recently Alexander Black makes some interesting and kindly observations on "Painting the Lily"—the lily being, of course, woman. Among other things, he says that probably not more than one woman in a thousand in the United States uses a lip-stick. If Mr. Black is correct in his approximations, that one need hardly feel embarrassed. Her friends may remark that her eyes look brighter than usual without realizing the harmless deception she has practised.

Soft lighting, indirect lighting, is more charitable to beauty than daylight and bright electric lights. Candle-light is beauty's gentlest friend; but cosmetics should be applied with caution, even restraint, and colors chosen with care because the total effect should be pleasing in all lights.

There is no time like the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays and all the Winter season for looking one's best. It is the time to charm anew your old friends and add to your wealth by attracting new and different ones. There are bridge-parties, teas, dinners, dances, and the theater, and for each are justifications without number for realizing the importance of being beautiful.

If you play bridge you want your hands to be soft and white and your nails well manicured. If you have your friends in to tea before the open fire, you must look your best; and if you dance you just must have soft hands. Study your best features and emphasize them. Then square your jaw and go after your poorer ones. The results will be worth the effort.

For afternoon and evening you may gratify your love of color and novelty if you happen to be timid about expressing it in street costume. At these times laces and chiffons may be worn, and these soft things are universally becoming to womankind. (I hope the philosopher will not take me to task for another generalization.) A well-made corset with good lines will contribute almost as much to one's figure as the way one's dress is made. Some women admit that a snug-fitting corset adds more to their courage than anything else they wear.

There may be a way you have always wanted to dress your hair, and somewhere you will discover the comb or bandeau that will do an enchanting thing to your profile. There is no feature that contributes more to a woman's beauty than the hair. If it is beautiful naturally she has every reason to be grateful and proud. If it is not, she can make it so by massaging the scalp, brushing it daily, shampooing it frequently, and arranging it carefully. Use a few drops of your favorite perfume when you brush your hair, if you want it to be fragrant. Some women can dress their hair perfectly plain and smooth, but it must be glossy for such a severe arrangement. When it is becoming at all it is especially so with evening dress. Waved hair is softening to the features.

The necessity for taking care of the hair can hardly be exaggerated. It is of the greatest importance and enhances the general appearance as much as or more than anything else. Hair has always been called woman's crowning glory, and if she neglects it, alas, the poets will be deprived of a perfectly good subject!

The Joy of a Clean Skin

BUT one good feature does not a beauty make. . . . Of equal importance is the care of the skin. It is a sad fact, but a fact none the less, that we sometimes see faces that make us want to apply soap and warm water and maybe a scrubbing-brush. To say nothing of the cream that should be patted in and a few minutes later removed the leathery appearance that neglected skin nearly always takes on. There are so many soaps and creams and lotions that are nominal in price and available everywhere that there is not a ghost of an excuse for forgetting or neglecting your complexion.

Face-powder is softening in its effect when it is used intelligently, and to select the shade which will intensify, rather than disguise, your natural coloring, requires merely a little consideration of your own skin.

Every part of the body must be cared for properly and regularly if you would feel beautiful: to be beautiful you must feel that you are. There should be a daily bath. The teeth should be kept perfectly clean. They should be examined every six months by a competent dentist. The feet must not be neglected. Pains in the feet make lines in the face. It is possible to wear shoes that are beautiful and comfortable too, if you are a strong-minded woman and can impress the salesman that your feet are for purposes of utility—not decoration.

The diet should include many uncooked and fresh vegetables, fruit, and much water. Agreeable exercise daily in the open air, Summer and Winter; plenty of rest, frequent relaxation, as much peace of mind as can be summoned to your service, and an average of eight or nine hours' sleep are all essential to good looks. This way, madam, and madam's daughter, lies beauty.

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Is your skin oily— your nose shiny?

You can overcome this condition by the right treatment

"WITH warm water work up a lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub thoroughly into the pores with your finger tips . . . ." The rest of this treatment is given in the first column below.

Many women suffer all their lives from an oily, shiny skin, without knowing that it is easy to correct this trouble.

A certain invisible amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it soft and supple. But too much oil not only spoils the appearance of your skin; it very much increases the danger of infection from dust and dirt.

Don't let your skin get the habit of always being shiny with too much oil. Use this treatment once or twice a day, and see how helpful it will prove in keeping your skin in just the right condition:—

CLEANSE your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it thoroughly into the pores with your finger tips—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will give your skin a firmer, fresher look the first time you use it. Follow it persistently and see what a wonderful improvement it will make in your appearance.

What is your particular skin problem?

Perhaps excessive oiliness does not happen to be your skin problem; perhaps the trouble with your skin is too great dryness and sensitiveness; or perhaps you are troubled with blackheads—blemishes—conspicuous nose pores.

No matter what kind of skin you have — you will find the treatment that especially meets its needs in the booklet, *"A Skin You Love To Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in this booklet. By following these treatments thousands of women have overcome the faults in their complexion and built up a fresh, clear, lovely skin.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and begin tonight the right treatment for *your* skin. You will be astonished to see what just a week or ten days of this special care will do for your complexion —how much softer, smoother, more brilliant it will become.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common troubles make it ideal for regular use. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three famous Woodbury skin preparations —guest size—for 10 cents

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO
312 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing,
A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love To Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 311 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. *English Agents:* H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

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Their skin kept young··fresh··supple·· ···season in and season out

WHAT IS THE SOCIETY WOMAN'S SECRET?

If she is perhaps growing older she does not show it by a dulled skin or premature lines. If she is tired her face does not betray her. However much she is out of doors her skin is not roughened or reddened. What is her secret?

"A WOMAN'S complexion can be very nearly perfect. It should be smooth, supple and transparently fresh and it should not betray fatigue or the effects of weather."

This, if it were written, would be the society woman's code.

As proof of it, there is scarcely a woman of prominent social position whose age you can guess by any dullness of skin or lines.

That does not mean she does not motor or take part in whatever fashionable sports are in season. She can be a zealous sportswoman by day and appear in the evening with delicate skin unmarred. Season in and season out her skin can be kept delicately fresh. It is beautiful with the suppleness of youth.

Of course it requires daily care to keep their skin in this perfect condition. And perhaps this is the only "secret" of the lovely complexions that most society women are known to possess. Their skin is never allowed for a moment to deteriorate from neglect.

How they accomplish it

There are two fundamental needs of the skin that the society woman knows cannot be neglected without disaster—regular cleansing in the particular way that cannot possibly tighten or coarsen the skin and careful protection and freshening for *all* day time and evening appearances.

These two essentials are the basis of the famous Pond's Method through which so many lovely women keep their skin in just the fresh, beautifully supple condition that social usage requires.

Long before sports were seriously considered by women, Pond's knew that these two essentials formed the only right basis for the care of women's skin. And for years they put their whole effort into developing a method on this basis.

Finally they perfected two entirely different creams. Pond's Cold Cream of a special lightness and fineness, not only cleanses but restores exquisitely the skin's natural suppleness—Pond's Vanishing Cream, delicate and cool, is so sure a protection that no woman careful of her skin ever appears without it. In addition it has the special property of beautifying the skin instantly, making it wonderfully fresh and smooth to the touch. These two creams, used together, are the perfect care for the skin.

Try this method—yourself

Try giving your own complexion this perfect care it needs to keep it really beautiful. See the improvement in your skin even in a very few days with this method.

Do this tonight. With the finger tips or a piece of moistened cotton apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it softens your skin and penetrates every pore. Let it stay on a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. The black that comes off shows you how carefully this cream cleanses. *Do this twice.* Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How velvety your face feels to your hand. The powder is even and smooth over this flawless base. The appearance of your skin and the compliments of your friends will prove to you how wonderful for your skin these Two Creams are.

No matter how careless you may have been in the past, your complexion *can* be smooth and lovely with this method. It need never be roughened or reddened by exposure, nor lined nor coarsened through neglect. Begin today to use Pond's Two Creams regularly to give your skin that well cared for look and smooth loveliness that distinguishes the women who *must* be beautiful in spite of their active social life. Buy both creams in any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing, Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect and to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co., 132 Hudson St., New York — Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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Street.....

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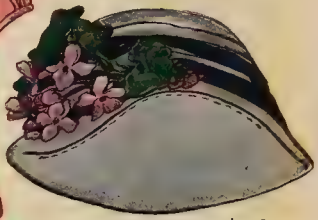
Dolly Dingle's Big Sister Maxine

Drawings by
GRACE G. DRAYTON

PARTY DRESS



CUT ON DOTTED LINE

PEEKY PUPPY

GGDRAYTON ©

DAY DRESS

WALKING SUIT

MAXINE

PEEKY PUPPY'S DRINKING BOWL

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What the Autumn Brings to Broadway in Plays and Players

PHOTOGRAPHED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

THE latest recruit to musical comedy is Madge Kennedy, the versatile and vivacious comedienne of the speaking drama and the silver screen, who now scintillates as the heroine in "Poppy." Miss Kennedy recently made her début in this musical hit and, as might be expected, is charming her new audiences with her personality and verve.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE WHITE STUDIO

TO PIQUANTE and pretty Etta Pillard, who plays "Pictorial Review" in the "Popular Magazines" number, by James Montgomery Flagg, the artist, in the Shuberts' latest revue, "Artists and Models," falls these clever lines:

"I specialize in elegant diction,
And stylish things to win a woman's smile;
Our patterns of style are no fiction,
But, our fiction is a pattern of style."

A GIFT for comedy of the genuine fun-giving sort is the talent that dear Constance Talmadge, a First National Exhibitors' star and one of the famous Talmadge "sisters", brings to the screen in all the pictures that have the good luck in which to feature her. And it's a foregone conclusion among movie enthusiasts when this comedienne is in the cast that the evening's enjoyment is assured. In this latest picture of Miss Talmadge she displays her penchant for Second Empire Styles by wearing this delightful bit of Parisian sophistication created from rose-colored moiré. A charming gown charmingly worn.

PARAMOUNT PICTURE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE STARR STUDIO

ONE of the favorites in screendom is beautiful and talented Gloria Swanson, a Paramount star, who is noted for the magnificence of her costumes on the screen and for the chic and smartness of her clothes when not dazzling the moving picture public.

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Nature's Green

Palmolive takes its color from the palm and olive oil blend which is responsible for its mildness. It is as much nature's own color as the green of grass and leaves.

Remember this when you are enjoying its wonderful cleansing qualities and marveling at its mildness. Palmolive is a modern, scientific blend of the most perfect soap ingredients that the world has been able to discover in 3,000 years.

Palm and olive oils —nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Reflecting Beauty Secrets of the Past

Women of ancient Egypt knew that cleanliness was the first aid to beauty. But they knew, too, that cleansing methods must be *mild*, gentle.

Famous Egyptian beauties solved the problem by using palm and olive oils. The same rare, natural oils are blended in Palmolive Soap today.

How it acts

This gentle, thorough cleanser never leaves skin dry and rough.

The smooth, creamy lather actually soothes as it cleanses. Yet it removes every trace of dirt, perspiration, and surplus oil accumulated in the tiny pore openings.

Your skin is kept free of imperfections which result from pore-clogging. It remains fresh, soft, radiantly clear.

How to use it

Never sleep without cleansing the skin.

Wash with this mildest soap at bedtime—massaging the creamy lather well in. Then rinse very thoroughly. Dry the skin well, and—if necessary—apply cold cream.

Mornings—just an invigorating rinse in cold water to bring the fine, natural color to your cheeks.

Supreme quality—low price

This scientific combination is within the reach of all—at the price of ordinary soap. Palmolive Soap is produced in such enormous quantities that the price is brought extremely low. Thus 25c quality costs but 10c.

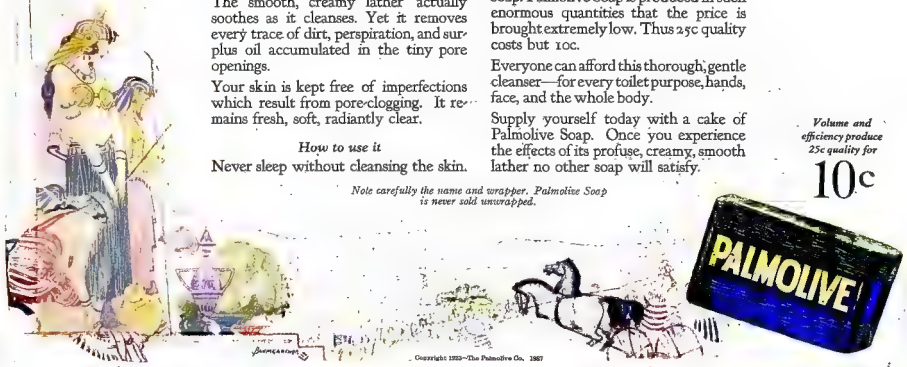
Everyone can afford this thorough, gentle cleanser—for every toilet purpose, hands, face, and the whole body.

Supply yourself today with a cake of Palmolive Soap. Once you experience the effects of its profuse, creamy, smooth lather no other soap will satisfy.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for

10c

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.



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Conveniently put up in Paste, Liquid and Powdered forms. Use the Powdered Wax for dancing floors.

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

You can give every room in your home that delightful air of immaculate cleanliness by using Johnson's Polishing Wax occasionally on all your furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum. It imparts a beautiful, hard, dry, glass-like polish which will not show finger prints or collect dust and lint. Johnson's Wax cleans, polishes, preserves and protects—all in one operation. Conveniently put up in Paste, Liquid and Powdered form.

The Perfect Furniture Polish

Johnson's ***Liquid*** Wax is the ideal furniture polish. It covers up surface mars and prevents checking—Removes the bloom and takes all drudgery from dusting—Forms a thin, protecting finish coat. Johnson's Wax adds years to the life and beauty of varnish. Hot dishes will not mar it. Easy to apply and polish.

Floors polished with Johnson's Prepared Wax do not show scratches or heel-prints and can easily be kept in perfect condition by re-waxing doorways and tracks as they become worn. ***Your Linoleum*** will last longer and look better and clean easier if you polish it occasionally with Johnson's Paste or Liquid Wax. It prevents cracking—brings out the pattern and color—protects from wear. Recommended by the leading manufacturers of linoleum.

$4.35 Floor Polishing Outfit for $3.50

With this back-saving outfit (consisting of a $3.50 Weighted Brush ***with Wax Applying Attachment*** and a 1 lb. (85c) can of Johnson's Polishing Wax) you can easily keep your floors and linoleum like new. This Special Offer is good through dealers—or send $3.50 direct to us. (Price $4.00 West of the Rockies.)

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Please send me free and postpaid your Book on Home Beautifying and Wood Finishing. I understand that it explains how to finish inexpensive soft woods so they are as beautiful and artistic as hard wood. Tells what materials to use and how to apply them. Includes color charts—gives covering capacities, etc.

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There are many ways of making your home more artistic, cheery and inviting. Our book on Home Beautifying gives a hundred practical suggestions for refinishing and keeping furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum in perfect condition. We will gladly send this book free and postpaid. Fill out and mail coupon at left.

Our Individual Advice Department will give a prompt and expert answer to all questions on interior wood finishing—without cost or obligation.

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Turkish Women of To-day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

nomic necessity will change the customs and traditions of a people when other influences, such as appeals to public or moral sentiment, or to intellectual interests, for example, are unavailing. Turkey has passed through a series of expensive wars, the financial burden of which is heavy upon her people. Even the relatively rich are obliged to consider individual expenditures carefully. There are, I am told, few men in Turkey to-day who are sufficiently wealthy to be able to order their personal expenditures without careful regard for economy.

This situation has undeniably had a marked influence upon the problem of plural marriages and of the liberation of women from seclusion and economic inactivity. The Turkish man, even of the wealthy class, who can afford more than one wife—and consequently more than one family—is in peculiarly fortunate financial circumstances. This view is confirmed by every informant who has enlightened me on the situation. As the old Turkish custom decreed that each wife was entitled to separate quarters, if not to a separate establishment, it is easy to see that a plurality of wives involved a heavy domestic outlay.

Then consider the matter of children. Under the old order, according to all the information I am able to obtain, the standing of a wife with her husband, her permanent hold upon him, was largely through her children. As the mother of his children she had a security which the childless wife could not count upon. Virtually every Turkish wife was for this reason anxious to bear her husband sons and daughters, which would cause him to regard her with affection and gratitude.

But this was not and is not the only incentive to the bearing of many children. Far from it! No person can come into even casual contact with the Turks without quickly recognizing the fact that as a nation they are notably fond of children. I do not believe that the pride of parenthood is stronger in any other people than with the Turks. All this means children. In the old days and under the old régime it implied that a man with several wives was likely to have twenty—or perhaps even fifty—children. Large families are expensive—costly luxuries which can now be afforded only by those of large fortunes.

By putting it this way I do not intend to imply that there are now any plural marriages celebrated in Turkey. Frankly I do not know that there are or that there are not. About all I am able to say with positiveness on this score is that it is apparently impossible to find a Turkish gentleman married since the revolution of 1908 who will admit having more than one wife. And I have yet to find a European or an American familiar with Turkish home life who has ever been presented to or entertained by more than one wife in the home of a Turkish friend. An American woman widely and intimately familiar with Turkish family life puts the situation this way:

"There are few plural marriages among the modernized Turks to-day. It is not considered 'the thing' even among the lower classes. I was never received by more than one wife in any home."

NOW for an expression from a young Turkish woman who is keen of intellect, well educated, and who in England would probably be classed as an ardent feminist. She is now attending an American university and is, I believe, in some manner connected with the Turkish Information Bureau in New York. Her statement and views, mind, represent the attitude of the most advanced school of modern Turkish thought. She preferred to put them in writing instead of orally—a fact which makes for greater accuracy of quotation. I confess that portions of her statement are rather startling to me, and I ask the reader to remember that I am quoting her, reproducing her written words. This brilliant young woman declares:

"The harem is an institution which to-day is almost dead. It is a historical institution, not a living one. It would be wrong proper if this word 'harem' were eliminated from dictionaries. It is so much misunderstood and misused abroad that a new definition of it is needed.

"Foreigners believe that the harem is a home wherein a man locks his hundred wives from the jealous eyes of the public; that these women are slaves of their husband, and spend their lives in luxury, lying on divans, smoking cigarets, and waiting patiently for a call from their husband; that they are the prisoners of their man, like chickens in their coops, or like birds in their cages, and are good only for the pleasures of their owners. This idea is so offending and so humiliating to the Turkish woman that my blood boils when I think or hear of it!

"There is no such harem in Turkey, and the Turkish woman does not live under these unbearable conditions. The harem is a fortress, not a prison. It is inviolable, impenetrable, safe, and sacred. It is merely the apartment of the lady of the house, where she receives her own guests. It was closed to foreigners. As a consequence of this it became a source of mysterious fairy-tales. But the spread of Western ideas has opened the doors of the harem to foreigners also. Nowadays men and women meet together as they do in any other civilized country and the ladies receive their male visitors also in their homes. The mystery of the harem is gone.

"At least so far as Turkey is concerned polygamy is dead. Practically everybody in Turkey, including princes and peasants alike, adheres to monogamy. I feel positive that every man in Turkey has only one wife and that he is happy with one. I know no man who has, or is willing to have, more than one wife.

"As a result of this movement the veil is discarded and screens are taken down. To-day in Constantinople screens are just ornaments, and veils are scarce. The Turkish woman goes wherever she wishes—to restaurants, to theaters, to concerts, and to any other amusement place with her male companions. She is not confined any more to her harem, or restricted to a walk or to drive along the street.

"But the discarding of the veil and the opening of the doors of the harem to strangers were not enough for the real emancipation of the Turkish women. That was the negative side of the emancipation. In the beginning the Turkish woman was unable to discover what was the main cause of her slavery.

"THE economic factor was at the root of the whole matter. The Turkish woman of twenty years ago was a parasite on society. She was an ornament in the homes that men built. She was fed by man, dressed by him, and consequently ruled by him. Under these conditions emancipation of woman, by discarding the veil and omitting the screens, was a joke. As soon as the Turkish woman realized this fact—and it did not take very long for her to do so—she decided to participate in the development of the country and to be a productive element of society.

"This idea has led the Turkish woman to enter into the whole social life of Turkish society. As the result of this, to-day we see the Turkish women in industry working as laborers, in offices as clerks, in schools as teachers. She manages her home, educates her children. She does everything that the women of other countries do. In the economic congress which was held in February, 1923, in Smyrna there were about ten women workers representing the Turkish women laborers. We meet them to-day in every branch of life. They have labored as nurse-workers in the Turkish Red Crescent, tilled the land in Anatolia during the absence of their husbands, and conducted the business of their men, while they were at the front fighting against enemies.

"During the last Greco-Turkish war in Asia Minor a whole regiment composed exclusively of Turkish women fought heroically with their men. Nine of them won the médaille de guerre for gallantry in action. The commander of the regiment, a small woman of forty, Lieutenant Aishe, was wounded seven times.

"Halidé Hanum, a graduate of the American Constantinople College and a leading Turkish literary woman who is well known abroad as well as in Turkey, also fought as a soldier in the Turkish army during the last Greco-Turkish war. She registered in the army and served as a soldier for two years. She is known in the army as 'The Woman on Horseback,' as she had many heroic exploits at the front on her horse. But Halidé Hanum is a literary woman rather than a soldier. Her novels have been translated into many foreign languages and we consider them as the masterpieces of modern Turkish literature.

"We have another Turkish woman, a painter whose works are appreciated and exhibited in Paris and Rome. Recently she was invited by the Italian court to paint some portraits of the royal family. Mihri Hanum is an artist whose talent is admired by all the European painters. She is well known in Paris and Rome, the

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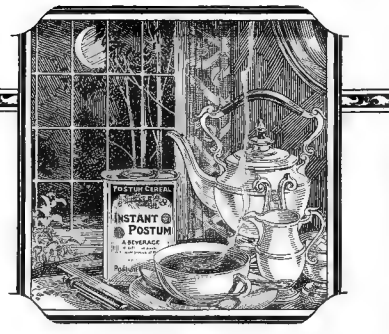

Are you overlooking the most reconstructive force in the world?

OF all the forces that make for health, strength and vitality there is none more important than *sleep*.

Anything that interferes with sound restful sleep is a thing to avoid.

Many people find that coffee—especially when taken at night—causes wakefulness. The stimulating effect of the caffeine in coffee irritates the nerves, and may keep you tossing for hours and hours—when you should be sound asleep, building up health and strength for the next day.

Why take chances? Why not stop coffee and drink healthful Postum instead? It's a pure cereal beverage that many prefer for its own delightful flavor and aroma.

Postum is guaranteed to be absolutely pure—free from any injurious element—as safe for little, delicate children as for the sturdiest man or woman.

Thousands of people who formerly drank coffee or tea, and who turned to Postum for health's sake, continue with Postum because they prefer its appetizing goodness.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer the flavor brought out by boiling fully 20 minutes. The cost of either is about one-half cent a cup.

Sold by grocers everywhere!

Postum FOR HEALTH "There's a Reason"

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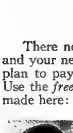
This home recently completed at a total cost of $9,650; owner has been offered $15,000; built from National plans and specifications

How to Beat the High Cost of Building

There never was any better time to build a home! Get *started right;* and your new house can be built just as you want it, for exactly what you plan to pay, and according to today's standards in modern construction. Use the *free* services of a nation-wide building organization; read the offer made here:



"Local architects wanted $300 for plans you supplied for $60. Our house is ideal. Granted this." W. S. B., Ohio

Good News for All Who Wish to Build a Home

If you have hesitated to tackle the building problem single-handed, here is your chance to secure expert advice and practical aid in every step of planning and erecting a home of your own. The National Homebuilders Society will make it pleasurable and profitable for you to build—now. The size and scope of this organization makes experiment unnecessary—failure impossible. From selection of the lot to the completed house—including every item of scientifically tested equipment; plumbing, heating, lighting, decorating and even landscape gardening; everything is covered; nothing is overlooked. You *can* have your home—build it *now*—have it *on time*—keep the cost within the *estimate*—and have every little detail of convenience, comfort, and attractiveness exactly as intended. Your local contractor can handle the job—your local dealers supply the material. They will welcome the standard service of this organization, because it makes the work twice as easy for all concerned.

"My homecompleted, the society's material plan saved me time, worry and money. H. S., Wisconsin"

184 Page Book Explains All

Our new book—The Homebuilder—is a mine of information for homebuilders; makes plain every point of selecting, financing, and building any kind of home you desire. Ready now!

Don't postpone building; don't compromise on a "ready-made" or "knock-down" house; a real home of artistic conception, proven practicability of arrangement, standard construction from foundation to roof is now easy to acquire—and without the waste that always occurs when untested specifications are used. *Every National house has been built and finished, and labor and material checked to the dollar.* There can be no "extras"! The big new book shows plans of over a hundred of these homes and photographs of the actual houses.

"We would never have had our new home if your book and services had not made it all so easy. Could sell for almost twice what it cost us. E. McK. L., Miss."

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Get this wonderful book of *facts* about home-building, and the countless ways this society aids you. Joining forces with us saves you time, worry, money. There are no dues to pay. You do not send a cent to get the book.

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Please send me PREPAID The Homebuilder—your new 184 page illustrated building guide, with plans and actual photographs of modern houses, completely describing their construction and equipment. I will either return the book after a week's examination or send $3 in full payment of everything, with no further obligation of any kind.

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Turkish Women of To-day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

art centers of to-day. In brief, we see the Turkish woman here as a worker or farm-laborer, there as a writer, a poet, or painter, still in another place as a society woman!

"Now, under the influence of modern ideas, autocratic family life is giving way to a more democratic form. As the woman felt her independence and began to claim her position in the family, the authority of the father began to decrease. To-day the father hasn't the same absolute authority in the family. The woman has the right to choose her prospective husband and to divorce him in case of necessity. She possesses the same rights and privileges in the family that the man has.

"The modern Turkish family is based on equality, not on authority. No more is the woman the slave of her husband, who married and divorced her without asking her consent. The children in the family are much more free to-day than they were before. Democracy is the motto of the new generation. We can not claim, however, that family life in Turkey has reached complete democracy. We are fully aware that this can not be accomplished overnight. The effective education that we shall give to the new generation. That is why we attach great importance to-day to the education of girls in Turkey.

"PUBLIC education is free for both boys and girls throughout Turkey. The public school system is similar to that of Western educational systems. In Constantinople and the large cities of Anatolia we have primary and high schools for girls. In Constantinople, Brusa, Smyrna, Konia, and Sivas we have six normal schools for girls, the graduates of which are sent out to smaller cities as teachers. We have a great number of training-schools for girls, where they learn some profession to earn their living. And recently the University of Constantinople opened its doors to girls. Hundreds of Turkish girls to-day are attending courses at the university in literature, pedagogy, psychology, sociology, history, etc. The School of Medicine also admitted Turkish girls to its classes last year.

"Besides these educational facilities, the foreign educational institutions are greatly helping our girls in education. Among the foreign institutions the best equipped and the most admirably conducted is the American College for Girls under Miss Mary Mills Patrick. This college, built on a very beautiful hill on the Bosporus, holds the esteem and the admiration of every Turk. In this college we have to-day over forty Turkish girl students. And most of the prominent Turkish women of to-day are graduates of these American institutions.

"We also have hundreds of Turkish girl students in Europe and America getting their education in foreign institutions. Upon their return to Turkey they will spread modern ideas and ideals among the new generation and will help to uplift the Turkish woman.

"Another phase of the educational work is the social activities of the organized woman associations. Since the Balkan war the Turkish women have organized a branch of the Red Crescent for women, the activities of which have greatly contributed to the success of the Turkish Red Crescent Society. The Child Welfare Association of Constantinople is conducted by Turkish women. Besides these charitable organizations Turkish women have organized many co-operative associations for industrial purposes (providing work for orphans and refugees) and feminine societies. Through these organizations they are carrying on educational campaigns among Turkish women.

"In brief, the general condition of the Turkish woman of to-day has undergone a radical change—a change which puzzles even the Turks. But she has not yet reached the goal for which she has been fighting for many years. The goal of the Turkish woman of to-day may be summarized as follows:

"1. The emancipation of women in social, economic, and religious life.

"2. Complete democracy in the family.

"3. Laws protecting women workers.

"4. Equal educational advantages.

"5. Equal wages and equal opportunities for women."

From other sources—I might say from every source available to me—I find support in the conclusion that economic necessity has been a powerful factor in forcing the larger liberty of Turkish women. The Turkish nation came into a situation in which it needed the fullest development of its human resources. It had great latent resources in the abilities, the talents, and even the physical productive power of its women. Here was a national asset which had been allowed to remain dormant and unused for centuries. Then came a summons which could not be denied—the stern and commanding voice of sheer economic necessity. Every latent mental and physical force which could be called into action was needed to resuscitate a nation which had suffered heavy and exhausting drains through one war after another. Customs and traditions which had withstood other influences for centuries yielded to this pressure.

It seems to me that those who are most vitally and directly interested in the new liberty of Turkish women, and in the decline of polygamy, are entitled to draw comfort and courage from this consideration; for changes which are the result of economic pressure are likely to be far more enduring than those resulting from less elemental but more obvious causes. The high cost of living in Turkey has, it seems to me, proved itself a more effective force in the abolition of the traditional harem than have other influences which have been more apparent, more discussed. When a nation has a rich reserve of intellectual and physical force which has remained largely dormant, that force is bound to be pushed into action when that nation faces the necessity of putting forth every ounce of its strength in a struggle of economic recuperation.

Contact with nations which understand and avail themselves of the productive power of their womanhood has compelled the leaders of the Turkish nation to recognize the latent resource which they have in the women of their country and to release them from seclusion and comparative inaction. The greater the extent to which this latent resource is developed the more difficult will it be to reverse the progress, so it seems to me. Any movement in any nation which justifies its existence by making a distinct and constructive contribution to the economic strength of that nation—especially at a time of dire and pressing need—may look with confidence to its own progress and perpetuation.

Here, it appears to me, lies the hope of those women of Turkey who hold their new liberty as something precious, but who are anxious as to its permanency. And I have reasons for believing that this rather describes the attitude of many of the most devoted and clear-seeing leaders among the "modern" women of Turkey.

When in Turkey I caught an undercurrent which indicated this feeling. Still more apparent was the fact of the almost universal economic pressure. After we had left Constantinople behind us and were steaming swiftly toward Roustana and Roumania I asked Mrs. Morris what had been the main topic of conversation among the Turkish women with whom she had become acquainted. Her reply was unhesitatingly:

"The high cost of living!"

When it is remembered that she had been mainly thrown with the wives and daughters of Turkish gentlemen of wealth and assured position, this observation seemed to me highly significant. It impressed me as throwing a revealing light upon both the liberation of Turkish women and the disappearing nature of the Turkish harem as that Oriental institution is commonly understood in America.

IN THE preparation of these pages I have tried to put myself in the position of the average American reader—the average woman reader of this magazine—and to anticipate the questions which would be aroused by the title of this article. One of them, I think, would be this:

"Just how much liberty do Turkish women actually enjoy to-day?"

Let me try to answer this inquiry in so far as it has not already been answered. The basis of my answer is my own observation plus a searching inquiry of those keen observers who have had far wider opportunities of observation than I have enjoyed. When Dr. Fuad Bey was asked if a Turkish girl or young woman was free to go to film theaters with a young man of her acquaintance his reply was:

"Yes, provided the parents of the young people are well acquainted and approved of their companionship. The young lady would not be permitted to go to any public place with a young man whom she had met in casual social contact. And our young women are generally chaperoned a little more carefully, I think, than are the modern young women of America or Europe."

Coeducation has existed in Turkey since 1914. The University of Stamboul is open to both sexes without discrimination. Turkish girls attend all branches of this institution, taking literary, sociological, psychological, and historical courses side by side with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

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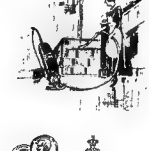

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The Grand Prize

EUREKA

VACUUM CLEANER

"IT GETS THE DIRT"

Turkish Women of To-day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

their men friends. Quite recently the School of Medicine of Constantinople opened its doors to young women. Now hundreds of Turkish girls attend these institutions. At the normal schools and colleges for teachers coeducation does not exist. In primary schools boys and girls are taught together, but in the high schools they are separated. In the home life there are now, I am assured, no restrictions of contact between young persons who are related by blood ties.

Dr. Fuad Bey was asked if there is anything in the Turkish law to-day which restricts a man from having more than one wife at a time. He replied:

"There is not. But the new Turkish law has put so many obstacles in the way of polygamy that it is almost impossible for a man to have more than one wife. For example, a man must secure the consent of his first wife before he can take a second. This one provision alone is virtually sufficient to kill polygamy. But the operation of economic law and social usage or sentiment is more effective than any legal statute in this matter. Polygamy is practically dead in Turkey. Only the wealthy ever practised polygamy. The Rights of the Family Act not only gives the Turkish woman the right to choose her husband, but also to divorce him. Girls under eighteen years of age are obliged to get the consent of their parents before marrying; above that age they are entirely free to choose their husbands. Both men and women must submit to a medical examination before marriage.

"You ask me if the leaders of Turkish thought to-day consider the new liberty of Turkish women as premature and in danger of being greatly curtailed or perhaps abolished. They do not. They regard the emancipation of women as an economic necessity, something which can not be successfully resisted—an evolution which is inevitable. Therefore we think it destined to endure. It is a significant and noteworthy fact that the leaders in Turkey to-day are giving practical help to the Turkish woman in her fight against old superstitions."

THERE are many delicate distinctions to be drawn in arriving at an intimate understanding of the limitations and bounds of the new liberty now enjoyed by Turkish women—distinctions which it is almost impossible for one who has not actually lived in Turkey to draw. For example, Turkish ladies are now seated at the right hand in automobiles, carriages, and other conveyances. This is the place of honor. Giving it to Turkish ladies was a far more significant step than would appear to American eyes. It was a distinct concession to woman's new place in Turkish social life.

In street-cars the first two rows of seats are reserved for women—particularly for Turkish women. These seats are shut off from the remainder of the car by curtains. A Turkish woman who has been walking unveiled through the streets of Constantinople will quite naturally, on entering a street-car, go to these reserved seats. Christian women are not expected to give place to her, but others are. While the curtains shielding these reserved seats are drawn, if a man wishes to leave the car he is quite at liberty to pass through the curtained apartment and may do so without the slightest embarrassment either to the Turkish ladies occupying these seats or to himself.

Just a word more respecting the much-discussed veil. While it is true that Turkish ladies go about the streets freely now with unveiled faces, it is also true that seldom or never do they appear without their veils. This seeming contradiction is explained by the fact that their veils are now a part of their peculiar head-dress, which covers the head like a turban and falls over the hair in the back. It is against Moslem law and tradition for a Turkish woman to wear a hat. We may well be thankful for this, in view of the fact that the modern Turkish head-dress is remarkably chic, artistic, and almost universally becoming. But to revert to the veil. If the "unveiled lady" happens to encounter any scene from which she wishes to shield herself, the veil is there ready to be drawn.

ONE American woman who has seen much of Turkish life gives me this interesting statement:

"The modernized Turkish ladies of the seaport cities dress in their own homes in thoroughly modern French style—rather extreme, too—but often very well. The French styles appear in Constantinople almost as soon as in Paris; in fact, I found the Turkish fashions in Constantinople considerably ahead of those of New York. Many Turkish ladies send direct to Paris for their entire wardrobes. They are keener about the fabrics, however, than about the cut or fashion of their clothes. Never have I seen elsewhere such beautiful fabrics as I found in the Pera shops and in the bazaars handling silks from Europe and the Orient.

"The Turkish lady of Constantinople and the other large port cities is apt to be very chic, with high-heeled French shoes. Her passion for ornate shoes, gauze stockings, and smart gowns of soft satin or crêpe is marked."

Turkish girls, I am told by this authority, quite generally have a strong aptitude for music. Back in 1921 a Turkish lady, a remarkable pianist and a pupil of the Hungarian court musician, gave a public recital for the benefit of a Turkish orphanage. This quite shocked some of the more conservative Turks at that time. Now it would call out little if any public comment. Since then a young Turkish lady took a flight in an airplane as the first Turkish "air-passenger" and was much applauded for her courage.

Not a few young Turkish ladies are entering welfare work and acquitting themselves nobly. Many, too, are entering Government offices and Government service.

Altogether the women of America may do well to watch the development of their sisters in Turkey with keenest interest in the next few years. They will, I am sure, be well rewarded for so doing.

Dark Horses in the Race of Life

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

influence all over the body, when all the public and official means of communication and transport were in the hands of the Old Guard? The brain controlled absolutely our body—T. & T. Co." system through its nerve-wires everywhere—while the heart and stomach had a pipeline, pumping system for distributing food-supplies, but neither would accept either messages or packages from this upstart new firm of independent producers, the endocrines.

But just recently they discovered to their dismay that messages were being carried swiftly from one end of the body to the other without passing over a single branch of their nerve-wire lines. Could it be by the dreaded wireless?

A headquarters "shake-up" revealed the humiliating fact that messages from the impudent endocrines had actually been stealing rides on their fast food-freights or darting through their pipe-lines without paying a penny of either fare or postage.

In other words, Starling of Cambridge clearly showed that a whole "underground" line of messenger substances and stimulants, which he called "hormones," were regularly carried in the blood-stream from glands in one part of the body to other glands far away; that the body had a parcel-post system of communication as well as a telegraph one.

And altho the blood pipe-line is not so fast as a pneumatic tube, it serves no slouch of a delivery. Just to dump hormones into the blood for delivery at the other end of the body might at first sight remind one of Mark Twain's story of the Alpine climber. He was descending from his peak with a heavy back-load of blankets and duffel, and being told that the glacier he was crossing was moving majestically downward at the rate of several feet a year, promptly sat down on the ice and took passage by glacier for the valley below!

But when we recall that the blood makes the complete circuit of the entire body from heart to heart again in about half a minute, so that any hormone message dropped in the slot of the vein pillar-post will be delivered, after a certain amount of switching and rerouting, in any part of the body within forty-five seconds, it is quite equal to Western Union Service plus District Messenger delivery.

And it is R. F. D. right at your very door, by the simple but ingenious device of putting enough hormone into the blood to let it diffuse and go pulsating all over the body, to be picked up by the wireless of just those cells to whom it was addressed and who were properly attuned to receive for it.

Here was a golden vision for the glad eyes of endocrine specialists. Every part and organ of the body incessantly communicating with or calling up every other by a sort of submarine wireless! Their glowing imaginations leaped to the conception of almost every organ and tissue of the body as an endocrine gland!

Not only so, but they proceeded to make extracts from all of them containing their precious hormones and to use them for the cure of all sorts of hitherto baffling ailments and indispositions: liver hormone to make the bile flow freely, kidney hormone to relieve Bright's disease, brain hormone for strengthening weak intellects, muscle hormone to make exercise pleasure. They barely stopped short of skin hormone to clear the complexion and put the beauty-parlors out of business, and nail-root hormone to leave manicures without a job.

Finally the bubble burst; but even then its bright rainbow hues were not all mere mirages by any means. For bubbles blown of soap and protein and sugar, shot through with sunlight and darting electric sparks, is what we're made of. And the

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Dark Horses in the Race of Life

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

glittering vision of new powers for the relief of suffering has left us as broad and illuminating conception of the way in which every citizen of our body-state stimulates and tones up every other, outside of and in addition to his regular day's work as digester, ventilator, pump-engineer, or telegraph-operator.

How the sheer joy of just muscular fitness and vigor makes us glad to be alive, a competent digestion spreads a rosy glow through our whole cosmos, and a keen, clear, often-exercised brain makes the solving of problems, the fight for existence, a pleasure! A conception which can hardly fail to be of wide future practical value in both health and disease.

Besides which several perfectly good new remedies have survived the smash, and the Big Three of the original endocrine quintet, Thyroid, Adrenal, Pituitary, stand out higher than ever in esteem and proved value.

High above the smoke and the wreckage the Thyroid raises its glittering shield. Here is a gland which literally holds the body by the throat, molding its growth and its powers at will.

Should it fall asleep at the switch in prenatal life, owing generally to a defective gland in the expectant mother, the baby may be born apparently normal.

But before the second year it will stop growing, its mind fails to develop and even goes backward, its face becomes flat and dull, its lipe thick and hanging, the tongue swollen, the abdomen protuberant, the skin dry and scaly, the legs thick and shapeless. In this pitiable condition, known as "cretinism," it may exist for ten, twenty, thirty years without change or progress.

But put the poor, little imbecile dwarf on proper daily doses of thyroid extract and a marvelous change comes over the spirit of his dream. Within a few weeks his face brightens, his features come out of hiding, he begins to talk, his brain wakes up, his body starts to grow apace; half an inch a month is no unusual gain in height. Within a year of two the pitiful little "Billiken" blossoms out into a normal, healthy, happy child, and may finally reach the mental age of eight or nine. The his progress beyond that point is somewhat uncertain. Osler called it one of the greatest triumphs of experimental medicine "unparalleled by anything in the whole range of curative measures."

Cretinism is the most complete and extreme form of thyroid shortage, and gives the most striking proof of the tremendous importance of the gland and the disaster that follows when its shield is no longer lifted on guard.

But for every case of this fortunately rare total failure there are a hundred of milder degrees of bankruptcy, in which, under the skilful receivership of a physician, judicious doses of thyroid extract will set the gland completely on its feet again. Not a few cases of slow growth or backward development in children, with thick, greasy skin, spare, coarse hair, soft, poor teeth, enlarged glands in neck and armpits, sluggishness and general indifference to both play and work, are due to defective thyroids, and can be greatly improved by small doses of thyroid extract.

The tendency to adenoids is believed by some authorities to be due to thyroid shortage, and certain forms of epilepsy are also said to be greatly helped by thyroid extract.

IN THE light of our modern knowledge of all the endocrine glands it is more than ever advisable to keep our children under skilled medical supervision at regular intervals, at least two or three times a year, from birth to puberty. Especially during the preschool years, when so many enemies without and traitors within the body, ranging from endocrine shortages to rickets, diphtheria, tuberculosis, scoliosis, eye-defects, and enlarged tonsils, are just lying in wait to get a chance to "start something."

Never again at any later age can so many of them be prevented or beaten back for life. If we keep our little ones under constant expert observation, for the prompt discovery of endocrine defects, even if we never find any, we shall outwit enough other pathologic poachers to pay for our time and trouble ten times over.

Nor can the thyroid rest upon its laurels and leave the body to run itself when full maturity has been reached. The no longer needed for growth it steadily pours of its secretion or hormone into the blood in still absolutely necessary to keep the tissues of the body up to a certain pitch.

This is not mere theory or figure of speech, for a slacking down of the thyroid flow will promptly lower the basal combustion rate or burning-draft of the body, known as the "basal metabolism," or rate of chemical exchange, from twenty to forty per cent.

This extraordinary regulator of the draft of the fire-furnace is the important part of the secretion of the thyroid. It literally keeps the entire body "up on its toes," and when it is lacking mind and body both sink into sluggishness and depression. For over thirty years it defied the best skill and industry of laboratory-workers all over the world to wrest from it its secret and publish its magic formula. But just a year or two ago Kendall of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

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That's the ONE big question.
Says PETER PAN

When you buy gingham with my name on it you need not ask that question, for wetting and washing will not hurt my rich and delicate colors—my charm is upon them, and the colors will *hold their beauty for the life of the fabric.*
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Ask your favorite dealer first. If he hasn't gingham in plain shades, yard wide; in woven checks, ½ inches wide with MY name on it, ask Henry Glass & Co. for the book of—
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They will have your order promptly filled by a reliable retail house. When writing them for free samples be sure to give the name of your dealer and say if he sells Peter Pan.

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Dark Horses in the Race of Life

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

Mayo clinic, by a most skilful and ingenious method, succeeded in separating it out from the gland and analyzing it chemically. He named it "thyroxin," and, pushing his success a little further, in a few months was able to make it synthetically, that is artificially, outside of the body.

So that we can now manufacture at will our own thyroid hormone, this most powerful tonic to both mind and body. One of the most extraordinary triumphs of recent chemical physiology. So powerful and absolutely accurate and reliable is its action that about one-sixtieth of a grain (one milligram) injected under the skin will raise our body-burning rate exactly 2.8 per cent. So that the needed dose can be graduated accordingly with absolute precision.

Now, what happens if this priceless hormone tonic fails? A curious sluggishness and flabbiness of the entire body known as "myxedema," or "solid dropsy," a sort of cretinism of the middle-aged. It occurs most frequently among women about the menopause, especially those who have borne many children, as if the thyroid had been worn out by the strains thrown on it by repeated pregnancies. Incidentally, nearly all forms of thyroid disturbances are from five to ten times as frequent in women as in men.

The skin of the face becomes pale, puffy, and greasy, the hair thin and coarse, the eyelids swollen, the whole expression dull and depressed. The mind keeps pace with the body, and the patient from being lively and interested becomes silent, morbid, and gloomy. The weight increases markedly and the fat is usually deposited just below the collar-bone or over the hips. The appetite is poor, and sensitiveness to cold is extremely marked.

All these stodgy glooms and depressions clear up as if by magic when thyroid, or thyroxin, is given. The skin becomes pink and warm, the expression cheerful, the rolls of fat melt away, the mind becomes active and interested once more.

And this improvement may be kept up indefinitely by making thyroid extract a part of the daily diet, like bread or salt. The champion case so far is a lady in London, a patient of Dr. George Murray, and one of the earliest cases to be treated with thyroid, who lived in health and comfort *for twenty-eight years* and finally died of pneumonia at a good old age. At this time she had consumed the thyroid glands of nearly six hundred sheep!

MYXEDEMA is the complete picture of marked thyroid failure, but each of the details may be due to lesser degrees of shortage and relieved by small doses of the extract. Certain types of obesity, for instance, especially in women under forty-five, may be due to thyroid deficiency, and may sometimes be improved by properly administered doses of thyroxin.

This type of fatness is, however, but one of many, and if thyroxin, or thyroid extract, is used on a non-thyroid case of obesity, the results may be quite unpleasant. Any non-professional attempts to "monkey with the buzz-wagon" are, therefore, to be strongly discouraged, and thyroid treatment should be taken only under the constant supervision of a competent physician. The same is emphatically true of all the endocrines. Even tho they are "natural" remedies they are capable of doing great harm in excess. Indeed, it has been proposed that they should be permitted to be sold only on a physician's prescription. This is probably overdoing it.

Thickening and harshness of the skin and diseases associated with these conditions, such as eczema, psoriasis, and ichthyosis, are often greatly relieved by properly controlled thyroid dosage. The tonic effects of thyroid are valuable, which is indicated in disorders of menstruation, while, according to Osborne, many cases of hysteria, neurasthenia, and mental depression may be prevented from developing into melancholia and serious insanity by prompt thyroid treatment.

Naturally such a keen and shining sword can cut both ways. Instead of a shortage the thyroid may throw an excess of secretion into the blood. Then the picture is almost exactly the reverse of myxedema. The skin is moist, warm, and perspiring, the heart's action "jumpy" and hurried, the mind restless, excited, and irritable, sleep poor, and the digestion upset. These are the symptoms that should be watched for as danger-signals whenever thyroid is being given.

In another type of 'cases the thyroid has not only grown "too big for the body," but taken some strange skew which turns it into a positive menace. The eyes begin to enlarge and protrude, the gland swells up and forms a soft, roll-like collar across the front of the neck, the heart dashes off at racing speed till the pulse is so fast that it can scarcely be counted, one hundred and fifty, two hundred beats a minute! The whole body thrills to the thudding of the heart, and the patient is frightfully apprehensive, nervous. And with good reason, for this is the dreaded exophthalmic ("out-eyed") goiter, which terminates seriously in nearly twenty-five per cent. of all cases.

Test the basal metabolism, and the burning-rate of the body has gone up forty, sixty, eighty per cent. The flame of life has roared up into a conflagration and the body is literally burning itself up alive.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

The Famous Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit for Permanent Waving

Sent Everywhere on 30 Days' Free Trial

Scores a Brilliant Success

Husbands Wave Wives, Mothers Wave Children, Friends Wave One Another and Send Us Photos, Over 80,000 Now In Use

Mrs. J. A. Ross' Hair Before and After Her LANOIL Wave

BEFORE AFTER

The Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit in Use

A PLEASANT afternoon with the Home Outfit turned a straight, unsatisfactory bob (girl standing) into these fascinating ringlets and curls, and this head of long straight hair (girl sitting) into beautiful permanent waves

Before and After

FROM Salina, Kansas, Mrs. Ross writes: "My hair was so straight, dry and fine, I could do nothing with it till I curled it with your marvelous Outfit, Mr. Nestle."

THE success of the wonderful Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit, invented by the eminent New York hair genius, Mr. C. Nestle, for permanent waving in the home is truly a sensation. Wherever it goes, this dainty apparatus transforms quickly and easily the dullest, lankiest hair into bright, soft waves, curls and ringlets that shampoos, fog, rain and perspiration only make curlier and wavier!

Imagine *yourself* with naturally curly hair ALWAYS. No more curling kids, irons or sticky fluids. Just a single application of the Home Outfit. Is it too good to believe? Yet 80,000 families have already banished the old-fashioned, temporary curling methods. Their photos, their letters testify to their thrilling happiness with genuine naturally curly hair.

Shampoo Makes LANOIL Waved Bob Curlier

"Your clever invention put an end to nightly curlers, for Eva's bob," writes Mrs. Lloyd, Walla Walla, Wn. "Each day makes us happier with her lovely natural ringlets and waves."

Our fully illustrated explanatory booklet sent free on request

Safely Waves Children of Four

Everyone is enthusiastic over the simple, interesting application of the Outfit. In one family, three generations were waved in a single day. The same Outfit waves relatives, friends and neighbors. It is used with PERFECT SAFETY and comfort on children as young as four years, for this is the same famous LANOIL Process employed by Mr. Nestle in his two magnificent New York Establishments, where over 200 fashionable women are permanently waved every day.

Gladly Sent on 30 Days' Free Trial

You may have our free booklet before ordering, if you prefer, but it will not cost you a single cent to send directly for the little Outfit on *free* trial. You also get free supplies. Use them. Then wash your hair, and see whether you can get the soft waves and curls lanky again. The more you wet them, the curlier they will become. Yet, if you are not *delighted*, no explanations are necessary. Just return the Outfit within 30 days, and *every* cent of the $15 deposited with us or with your postman will be immediately refunded.

We take all responsibility for your success or failure! Let this wonderful invention prove to you today that you too can rid yourself of your straight hair troubles. Send for it on free trial by coupon, letter or postal. Remember, it will last a lifetime, and only requires additional supplies, costing very little, to do as many heads as you desire.

Make Money in Your Spare Time

The efficient, guaranteed little Home Outfit can increase your income as well as wave your hair. Several hundred women and girls are making considerable pin money—even a good living, by selling it in their neighborhood. We shall be glad to send you full details on request.

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept. P
ESTABLISHED 1905
12 and 14 East 49th Street, New York City
Just Off Fifth Avenue

Fill in, tear off, and mail this coupon today

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept. P,
12 & 14 East 49th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of $15.

☐ I enclose $15 in check, money order, or bank draft as a deposit.

☐ I prefer to deposit the $15 with my postman when the Outfit arrives.

Or, check HERE .... if only free booklet of further Home Outfit particulars is desired.

AND, HERE..... for special Baby Scalp Treatment Booklet.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... *State*.....

Curly Hair for Baby

The Nestle Baby Scalp Treatment, a lotion specially prepared by the Nestle laboratories to encourage the growth of naturally curly hair, has been used effectively by thousands of mothers. If child is still under 2 years of age, write or use the coupon opposite for Mr. Nestle's free descriptive booklet, or, better still, send immediately for the treatment with directions for use.

Single tubes $1.00
Six tubes, $5.00 Nine tubes, $7.50
(Nine tubes are the limit necessary for good results)

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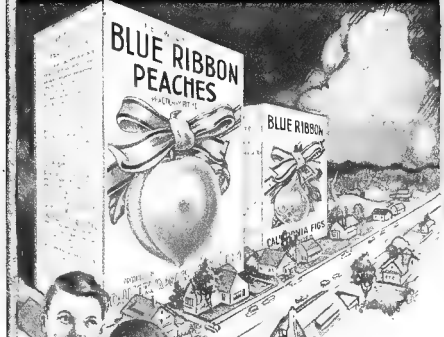
HEALTH-FRUITS FROM CALIFORNIA



On the road to health

Eat

BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches & Figs

Sold in packages and in bulk

In California's wide-spread valley orchards, rosy-hued peaches have ripened in the glorious sunshine. Figs, too, plump with delicious goodness have been picked from their hiding places among the dark green leaves.

California's climate, giving unsurpassed flavor to these finest of fruits, also prepares them so that you may enjoy their health-protecting, health-creating qualities the year around. For California BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs are dried on sun-drenched trays—slowly, carefully—and all their natural stored-up goodness is retained for your enjoyment.

Try Peach Sauce for Breakfast

Made from Dried Peaches

Rouse that drowsy appetite with a dish of Peach Sauce. Temptingly delicious, you will enjoy it thoroughly. The fruit sugar it contains is easily digested and quickly turned into energy for the day's work. You will feel better if you establish this healthful morning habit.

Stewed Figs

Made from Dried Figs

There is no more effective regulator known to dietitians than stewed figs. Ideal as a breakfast dish, California Dried Figs are now packed under a new process that prevents the loss of the natural fruit sugar. Dried figs are easy to prepare and inexpensive. They add a delightful variety to the daily menu.

Health authorities, dietitians, mothers, all recognize the necessity for the liberal use of fruits in the daily diet. With an abundance of easily digestible fruit sugar, essential mineral salts, needed vitamines, valuable fruit acids and mildly laxative effect, California BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs play an important part in every menu. Their value as a balancing element and natural regulator is universally acknowledged.

Then, too, BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs offer such variety in sauces, puddings, pies, cakes, and unusual desserts, that men, women and children alike find them always appetizing, always enjoyable.

California BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs are so beneficial, so essential to health, and so readily available at grocery stores everywhere, that every family in America can enjoy the health protection they furnish.

Always insist on California BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs. It is the mark of quality, purity and cleanliness.

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CALIFORNIA PEACH AND FIG GROWERS
Over 8500 Grower Members
MAIN OFFICE *FRESNO, CALIFORNIA*

Send for Free Recipe Book
showing many ways of using these Famous Fruits in your Menus

Keep Your System Regulated

Dark Horses in the Race of Life

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

What has happened we do not rightly know. Except that the thyroid, stimulated perhaps by some infection or by a threatened shortage of thyroxin in the body, has suddenly started working overtime, growing in size as it does so, and going faster until it can no longer properly finish or ripen its product, but pours into the veins a half-baked, poisonous secretion, which sets the body in a blaze and lashes the racing heart, as the wings of the Furies did Orestes, until it staggers and falls, completely exhausted and dying.

But, fortunately, in three-fourths of the cases the other endocrines, headed by the adrenal and the pituitary, organize a fire-brigade and after a hard fight extinguish the conflagration.

They can often be greatly helped in their hose-play by rest in bed, low diet, with little meat, and removal of focal infections or abscesses in gums, tonsils, appendix, or pelvic organs; also by outside reenforcements in the shape of injections of adrenin, pituitrin, or the serum of animals which have had their thyroids removed.

In more obstinate cases the use of the X-rays directly on the swollen gland often shrinks it down and lowers the excessive basal metabolism or burning-rate of the body twenty-five thirty per cent.; while for those which still resist or show no signs of yielding permanently within a reasonable time, there is the blessed resource of surgical removal of a fraction of the gland, which gives marked and usually permanent relief about eight times out of ten.

We say fraction advisedly, for if too much of the gland—half or more—be removed the excess of thyroid is transformed into a shortage, and the luckless patient thrown from goiter into myxedema, which requires thyroid-feeding! Thus proving with dramatic and distressing clearness that the thyroid, with its ups and downs, is the real Ethiopian in the wood-pile in both conditions.

THIS is only the merest sketch, the barest outline of the almost infinite variety of "rich sea-changes" and diabolic mischiefs which the magic of the thyroid is capable of working in the bodies of men, as has been said, in women, probably on account of the stresses of menstruation and pregnancy, as shown by the enlargement of the gland at these periods.

It is astonishing in how large a number of chronic disturbances and depressions, especially in middle life, or near the climacteric in both sexes, it is becoming customary to make a test of the basal metabolism to see if the thyroid is at fault.

While the thyroid is the expert fireman of the body-engines, faithful, tireless, on the job day and night, easily the captain of the endocrine squad, his top-sergeant, the adrenal (or suprarenal) has a much more dramatic but less steady and wearing job. He is the minute-man, or head of the "breakdown gang" of the body, who sleeps with one ear open and goes rushing to the front or down the line at the first alarm-call. Wherever over or stern signal approaching danger he springs to arms, sends one special hormone to the liver to throw more sugar-fuel into the blood as ammunition for the fight.

Another is hurried to the blood-vessels of the stomach and bowels to squeeze the surplus blood out of them and into the great muscles, lungs, and heart ready for action; while another hormone acts directly on the blood itself and trebles the quickness of its clotting, so as to check hemorrhage from possible war wounds. Then, having roused and set in battle-array all the forces of the body, the adrenal modestly retires and leaves the brain to lead the attack.

Its uses in the body economy seem to be chiefly occasional and in emergency. It is one of nature's chief checks or controls upon bursts of exceeding the speed limit by the thyroid; while disease of its outer layers or "bark" (cortex) causes bronzing of the skin and overgrowth of body-hair.

But its chief medical value is as a swift and extremely powerful stimulant to the heart and circulation in desperate straits, such as collapse during a surgical operation or in childbirth. So striking is its action on the heart that quite a number of cases have now been reported of children born apparently dead, breathless and pulseless, who have been brought to life by a single injection of adrenin directly into the substance of the heart; also of surgical patients whose hearts had suddenly stopped beating and who after ten or even twenty minutes of apparent death were promptly restored by a similar injection.

Dramatic statements are even heard about its power to "raise the dead," but unfortunately in not a few of the cases reported the sudden "resurrection" has not proved permanent, but the restored flicker of life has failed again within two or three days. There is no doubt that it gives us a most valuable emergency heart-restorative and that in a fair percentage of sudden heart-failures its powerful support may tide over the danger-period and give time for the life-forces to rally and assert themselves.

At latest reports, out of some ninety-five cases, twenty-four, or about one-fourth, had shown lasting results, but this, considering the desperate character of most of the emergencies in which it was used, is an encouraging showing.

Tho, of course, at the close of a long and desperate fight against mortal disease, when the heart falls only because all the resources of the body have been completely exhausted, adrenin would be useless or worse.

Adrenin, as it is now termed, instead of the longer and more cumbrous "adrenalin" or, worse yet, "epinephrin," is also of great value in asthma and certain forms of bronchitis. The hypodermic injection of one one-hundredth of a grain, or even half this, will relieve the most agonizing paroxysms of gasping and wheezing as promptly and completely as twenty times the same amount of morphin would, and with no danger of forming a habit.

Lastly, this universal endocrine "Dry Martini" has a direct stimulating action upon the nutrition of the brain and nerves. Both Osborne and Williams declare that much of that most popular and up-to-date malady of modern times, neurasthenia, one type of which is the famous "nervous prosperity" of the overrich, supposed to be due to the rack and strain of supercivilization upon our luckless nerves, is largely caused by adrenal shortage.

They report great relief from regular doses of the extract in many cases of this most obstinate and distressing, if not often fatal, malady; and that a certain serious type can be prevented from developing into mental disturbance and actual insanity by adrenin. So that "Adrenin to the rescue" is the Macedonian cry of a large and considerable group of vitally important organs—heart, lungs, blood-vessels, brain, and nerves. The little "cocked-hat" gland, no bigger than a marshmallow, is the *Gunga Din* of life's firing-line.

Last but by no means lowest, either in position or influence, comes the pituitary. Tho far and away the most compact and concentrated capsule of endocrine high explosives in the body, this literal "dwarf-giant" is not as yet of much practical value for treatment purposes, chiefly for the reason set forth in *Mr. Chimmy Fadden's* ungallant remark that "youse never can tell what a woman is goin' to do till it's too late to do ye any good to know."

You can not tell that the pituitary is pushing a child up toward giant proportions until he is half-way over overheight, or spindling and the mischief is three-fourths done. And when you do find out, there is not very much to be done about it except to remove part of the gland by surgical operation, which its position at the very center of the base of the brain makes a grave and formidable undertaking, only justifiable to save life or relieve serious disablement.

If, on the other hand, the pituitary be undersized or defective in secretion and the child begins to fall below the normal standard of height, the outlook for relief is more hopeful. For if the condition be detected early, before the tenth or, better, before the seventh year, feeding with the anterior lobe of the gland may make good the shortage and promote growth, if not to full height, at least to well over five feet and beyond the reproach of dwarfishness.

As the Scriptures inform us, no man, by taking thought, can add a cubit to his stature, but he can to that of his children in some cases by giving thought *and* thyroid or pituitary combined in appropriate times.

Surely such a "busy bunch" of physiologic conjurers as the endocrine team are well worth watching all through the period of growth!

Incidentally it may be added that several other glands or organs besides the "pure" endocrines are now known to pour internal secretions or hormones into the blood, such as the ovary, the liver, and the pancreas or great digestive gland behind the stomach.

Indeed the last-named gland has just furnished a most brilliant and hopeful advance in curative medicine in the discovery and separation by Dr. Banting of Toronto of an internal secretion called "insulin," which has already given striking relief in the grave and usually fatal malady diabetes, or sugar-wasting disease.

Injections of insulin into a vein clear both the blood and the urine of excess sugar completely in a few hours, and if its present promise is fulfilled there seems no reason why the half million diabetics in the United States should not live on now as "normies" of insulin until they die of something else, as Dr. Murray's myxedema patient did on thyroid. Which will mean a total postponement of fifteen thousand deaths a year.

IN CLOSING, two other points are of great practical importance and promise. One, that a large share of the vagaries of the thyroid are believed to be due to a struggle for proper supplies of iodin, a dark-colored substance found in sea-water, and which is so frequently and familiarly painted over the skin as an antiseptic and absorber of inflammations, and that most of them, including goiter, can be prevented in the rising generation by small doses of iodin, in the form of chocolate tablets, once a week to schoolgirls about puberty, and in future generations by a similar dosage to expectant mothers.

The other, that the nutrition and vigor of most of the endocrine glands are declared to be largely dependent upon a liberal amount of the now famous vitamin in our diet. So that with plenty of butter, salads, and fruits every day and sea-spray chocolates at critical periods, the outlook for endocrine harmony in future generations is most hopeful.

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F I F T Y · Y E A R S · A G O

WHEN the village grocer recommended the first of the 57 Varieties to the housewives of your grandmother's day, he said, "It is as good as it can be made."

The new ideal of purity, wholesomeness and goodness that made that first Heinz food so welcome, has never once been sacrificed. Every one of the 57 Varieties is made as *good* as it can be made. To maintain this ideal unchanged throughout fifty and more years of continuing business growth and expansion has required changes so vast that the housewife of your grandmother's time would stand open-mouthed in amazement if she could see the perfection of the Heinz Kitchens today. The increase of knowledge and experience, the progress of modern science, invention and research have contributed their utmost to making the 57 Varieties as *good* as good things to eat can be made.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

Conducted by MARIE SELLERS

When You Order Your Canned Goods for Winter

BY JENOISE BROWN SHORT AND GLADYS BECKETT JONES

BACK from the seashore and mountains and looking ahead to the Winter's activities, the Autumn months of October and November are the time to take stock of the canned foods on the pantry-shelf. Go over last year's meal plans, and budget the amount of canned foods that you will need for the coming Winter. The fresh pack is in the market by this time, and you have the advantage of a wide selection of sizes and kinds of canned foods. If the budget is carefully planned and the whole order given at one time there will be a considerable saving of money as well as the satisfaction of having a well-stocked pantry.

Even if you do a large amount of your own canning, you will want to supplement it with fruits and vegetables not found in your own locality, and you will surely need to stock with some of the potted meats and delicious fish, as well as the ready-prepared dishes which are so necessary to the emergency-shelf. Surely we do need an ample supply to give variety to the Winter diet and take us over to the garden-time again.

How do you order your canned foods? Do you call the marketman and ask for a can of salmon and accept what he sends you, regardless of the size of the can, the weight of the contents, or the quality of the fish, as long as the price is low? What is the difference in your mind between a large and a small can of this fish? Is it that one can is tall and the other flat, or that one holds more than the other, or that the small can might be expected to cost less than the large one?

To buy wisely and economically you must know the different standard sizes of the cans and the approximate weights of the contents. The standard sizes are as definitely determined as the size of the gloves or the shoes you buy, and the best way to purchase is according to number, especially if you are ordering from a catalog. The size number indicates the net weight of the contents of the can. This number does not appear on the can itself, but the net weight (the weight of the contents) is printed on the label.

The smallest-sized cans are No. ¼, containing from 3½ to 4¾ ounces. Potted meats, sardines, fish pastes, milk, and made dishes, such as chicken à la king and rarebits, are packed in these. The next size is No. ½, with a net weight of about 8 ounces. Shrimp, lobster, salmon, prepared meats, and ready-to-serve dishes, and milk come in this size cans. Most of the No. 1 cans have a net weight of 10 to 16 ounces, the weight depending on the kind of food. Soups, broths, meats, fish, and some of the vegetables are put up in this size. The contents of No. 2 cans weigh from 1 pound and 4 ounces to 1 pound and 8 ounces. In this group you find vegetables and small fruits.

ASSEMBLE THE EQUIPMENT FOR CLEANING BEFORE STARTING WORK

High Lights on Silver Cleaning

MANY of the scratches, dents, and mars on silver are due to careless handling at dish-washing time. The silverware should be separated, and the knives kept away from the remainder of the other silver, because the blades are apt to scratch the forks and spoons. Do not stack large pieces of flat silver and hollow-ware, as this causes them to become rubbed and scratched.

Wash the silver in hot, soapy water, giving it a good rubbing in the soap-suds, then rinse in hot water. As metals absorb heat quickly, silver is difficult to handle after it is put in the hot rinse water. One woman we know finds a wire frying-basket, which fits into her rinsing-pan, the greatest kind of help. As the silver is washed she puts it into the basket, and after rinsing lifts the basket out of the water and dries the silver. If the rinse-water is steaming hot the silver dries without wiping, but she usually rubs it with a dry cloth to get a polish.

The housekeeper who has dinner at night and prefers not to wash her dishes until morning finds she can keep her forks and spoons in good condition if she rinses off all food-particles from the tines and the bowls. Never allow food to remain on the silver for any length of time, as it increases the amount of special cleaning. Sterling-silver spoons and forks may be put to soak overnight in a dish-pan of soapy water. Knives should never be left with the least moisture on them or allowed to stand in water overnight.

The tarnish on silver, which makes the special cleaning a part of every household schedule, is silver sulfid. It is formed when the silver comes in contact with sulfur compounds. Illuminating-gas tends to cause tarnish, and any silver left near a gas-range, or fan the buffet when the door from the dining-room into the kitchen stands open, is sure to tarnish quickly.

Egg yolk contains sulfur, and is one of the principal causes of tarnish on flat silver. Wool and vulcanized rubber are also sulfurous, and you should be careful to see that your silver is not stored in woolen cases, and to keep rubber bands out of the silver-drawer. Certain acids in food may cause discoloration; tomatoes have been known to affect serving-spoons. Once salt has started to act on silver, it takes a buffer to undo the damage.

The problem in cleaning silver is to get rid of the discoloration without scratching or removing an excess amount of silver and still keep the beautiful soft luster, doing it all with a minimum of effort.

There are a variety of silver-cleaners on the market: pastes, soaps, powders, silver-cleaning cloths, and silver-cleaning tubs and disks. If the paste cleaners are free from coarse, abrasive material and strong chemicals they give excellent results, removing the tarnish easily and leaving the silver with a glossy, polished appearance.

Cleaning-cloths are excellent for silver that is only slightly tarnished and needs just a little rubbing to brighten it. Rubbing silver that is heavily tarnished gives the cloth very hard wear. For the home-maker living in small quarters and having a limited amount of silver that must always be ready for use, we know of no easier way. Rub the silver well with the cloth, wash, and give it a hot rinse before wiping. The cleaning-cloth should not be washed.

Most of the powder and paste cleaners have as their base calcium carbonate, or "Paris whiting," as it is sometimes called. The powder cleaners are effective, and give a nice polish to the silver. They should be used with a liquid such as alcohol or water to make a paste. Whiting is very inexpensive, and is sold by the pound; when mixed with alcohol or water to make a paste it is a satisfactory cleaner.

A silver-soap is excellent for an inexperienced person to use, for it is very easy to remove all traces of it from the silverware.

Always buy a silver-cleaner that is backed by a reputable firm and has the indorsement of your jeweler or grocer, as you can not analyze a cleaner for chemicals and abrasives. Watch out for the liquid cleaners that are peddled from door to door; they clean rapidly, it is true, but how about the amount of silver that is being removed along with the tarnish?

The various cleaning-pans, disks, and plates on the market offer an easy way of cleaning a large amount of silver in a short time by the electrolytic method.

When you are getting ready to clean your silver, cover the table with paper, for it is easier to pick up a soiled paper than to scrub a table-top. Collect all the silver. If a paste, powder, or soap is used soft cloths will be needed to apply the cleaner and for polishing. Large squares of Canton flannel are good, as they are soft and are easily washed. Small brushes help in the cleaning of heavily engraved or ornamented silver. You may buy them made especially for the purpose. These are excellent, for the bristles are long and strong enough to go down well into the engraving. Tooth-brushes also are good.

Have plenty of hot water, and after the cleaner has been applied and the tarnish rubbed off give the silver a thorough soap-and-water bath, rinse, and dry well with a towel.

To make the solution when you are using the cleaning-pans, disks, or plates use one teaspoonful of salt and one of baking-or washing-soda to each quart of boiling water. Have enough solution to fill the pan about three-fourths full, and keep it near the boiling-point. Allow the silver to remain in the pan until all the tarnish is removed. Then turn the heat low, if not covered, until all parts are clean. If you have a disk or plate use it in a porcelain pan or old aluminum kettle, following the same method. There is no possible scratching of the surface of the silver when this method is used, but the silver is left with a bright, tinny appearance, to which many housewives object. To overcome this, use a polishing-cloth. Or add a tablespoonful of whiting to the hot rinse. If preferred, the whiting may be added to the cleaning-solution. In either case this will leave a film of whiting on the silver, and it will need a vigorous rubbing to remove it and give a burnished finish. To avoid clean oxidized silver (if you want to keep the finish) or the popular Dutch silver by the electrolytic method. Use your polishing-cloth or cleaning-compound.

Saving on a Large Can

WHEN buying canned food—particularly if it seems to be selling at a special price—it is well to read the label with unusual care and note if the weight of the can you may not seem so tempting if you find it light in comparison with some other brand. The No. 2½ cans contain about 2 pound and 12 ounces. No. 3 cans, used largely for fruits and vegetables, hold about 2 pounds. These are a good buy for the average family, and if the meals are planned so that the part of the can which is not used at once is properly cared for and used for another meal.

A No. 1 can of apricots, containing 15 ounces, costs us 25 cents, while a No. 3 can of the same brand, weighing 2 pound and 14 ounces, costs 40 cents. Buying the larger can in place of two smaller ones saves 10 cents. There is also a No. 10 can, which holds about 6 pounds, but it is not often purchased for home use.

The size of the can is not the only important item; there are several other points to consider when deciding whether or not you are getting the worth of your money. You might buy a No. 3 can of tomatoes weighing about 2 pounds, but when you open the can you find, to your surprise, a great deal of liquid and very little pulp; while with another brand of tomatoes in the same size can and costing only slightly more you would get a larger amount of pulp. And isn't it pulp that we are after rather than juice?

We became keen for No. 3 cans of tomatoes. Can A cost 17 cents and weighed 2 pounds. When the juice was drained off there was left only 1 pound and 4 ounces of pulp. The tomatoes were small and broken, of a light color, and poor in flavor, with a very acid taste. Can B, which cost us 23 cents, had a net weight of 2 pounds and 1 ounce, but was found to have 1 pound and 10 ounces of pulp. The tomatoes were whole, the color a rich red, and the flavor good. So Can A really was not the cheap buy it first seemed!

In high-grade products the can should be solidly packed and very nearly full. If there is much space between the contents of the can and the top it will not grade as high-quality goods. There should be only enough liquid to cover the pack. You are buying fruit and vegetables, not syrup or water. Watch this carefully when comparing brands, for it is one of the principal points in distinguishing quality.

The strength of the syrup or the amount of sugar used is greater with the higher grades of fruit, and these grades also depend largely upon the size and uniformity of the fruit. The lower grades of fruit, of small size and lack of uniformity of color, are often packed in water, while with the high-est grade of fruit a syrup of 40 to 60 per cent. sugar is used.

Fruits, vegetables, and meats are put up in a variety of forms, each one being particularly adapted to certain uses. For instance, pineapple can be purchased sliced, cubed, grated, and crushed. The sliced and cubed are best adapted to salads and to eat "as is," the grated and crushed for jellies, puddings, and over sundaes. Whole, hand-packed tomatoes that are cooked in the can in their own juice, or in tomato-juice which has been added, are a higher grade than small, broken tomatoes or tomato pulp intended for sauces and soups. But you must remember that each of these packs may be used for a special purpose, and that it would be extravagant to buy the expensive whole tomatoes for soups when a purée of pulp would do just as well. To buy all of your pineapple sliced, when you can save time and money by using the crushed for the purposes to which it is better adapted, is a food extravagance.

All this holds true with fish and meats. If you want canned salmon to serve as a fish-steak, it pays to buy the flat cans that hold the perfect slices; but for a salmon loaf or a fish turban a tall can containing two or three pieces of fish is just as satisfactory and is cheaper.

Variations in Vegetables

SPINACH should be free from grit and canned with the leaves whole. If the leaves are chopped their flavor is impaired, and you question their condition before packing.

The young vegetables always command a better price than the older and larger ones. For beets, small Lima beans, young green peas, and string-beans which are only two or three inches long are the finest quality for table use.

When the canned foods are delivered to you look them over carefully before storing. Any can that is bulging on the sides or ends should be returned and exchanged for a can which is not bulged.

If on opening a can you find evidences of careless packing, or if the inside is rusty, save both can and contents and return them to your grocer. If he handles goods from reputable firms he will lose nothing, as the purchase will be replaced.

There is a decided saving in buying most of the brands of canned goods by the case, or even the dozen-can lots. For instance, in buying Red Cross whole tin twenty-four to a case there is usually a reduction equal to the price of two cans. It is true that there are certain foods that are already priced so low per can that it is not possible to make a reduction on the dozen.

Always read the label. The labeling of canned foods is carefully controlled by the Government, and is a protection for you which the Government requires of the manufacturer. Every label must state the net weight, the name of the manufacturer, and the place of manufacture, or the name of the firm for whom the goods are packed. This is a safeguard in case you wish to make a return. There must also be a statement of the contents—if it contains compounds, blends, or mixtures. If canned food has been artificially colored it is indicated on the label. When benzoate of soda is used as a preservative the fact and the amount are also stated.

Government rulings have also been made to control the design or picture on labels, so that they will be descriptive of the contents; but often, unless the housekeeper reads the printing, the picture may deceive her.

Once you have decided on the brand or brands of canned goods and the size cans that best fit your needs, keep a record of how much you use of each particular kind, to help you with your food-budgeting for the next year. This will be of special value if you have an opportunity to buy at a sale and want to make sure that you do not overload on any one particular kind.

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Try these "Uneeda Bakers" products

SOCIAL TEA BISCUIT is a most welcome sweet for afternoon tea. Always keep a package or two in your pantry.

FIG NEWTONS are delicious at all times. They consist of wholesome fig jam surrounded by golden brown cake.

LORNA DOONE SHORTBREAD is a wholesome shortbread baked to a golden brown. Grown-ups as well as children like them, either alone or with crushed fruits.

UNEEDA BISCUIT is the world's favorite soda cracker, made from wheat in its finest form. Delicious spread with butter or with cheese.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Uneeda Bakers"

Cranberries the Year Round

By Nell B. Nichols

WISE was the culinary artist who created the happy cranberry-and-turkey combination! But how unfortunate is the home-maker who never has made a wider use of the colorful berries! They are just as delicious when served with other meats as with fowl. In fact, I rely on them to lift the less expensive veal loaf, the piece of fat pork, and mutton and beef roasts to the turkey plane. To be able to do this economically, I can a supply of cranberries to last throughout the year.

Just when the berries can be obtained at the lowest cost varies slightly, of course, but I usually find November an excellent month for canning operations. The cranberry season is at its height from October through December, consequently the cost is less at this time.

These Winter berries help wonderfully in maintaining a balanced diet. Some foods, especially meats, fish, and poultry, leave an acid residue when digested; others, of which the cranberry is an example, have the opposite or an alkaline effect. For the sake of good health it is essential that a proper proportion of the two kinds of foods be included in the meals, especially that not too many acid-forming ones be eaten. How prudent, then, is the housewife who serves cranberries with meats and poultry to counteract the acidity. Then, of course, cranberries contain many of the minerals which are so valuable for building bone, teeth, blood, and muscle.

Not until I began my canning campaigns did I appreciate what a wealth of possibilities is stored in these red Winter berries. My adventures thus far—and they are not yet finished—have found me at the end of the cranberry season with glasses of marmalades, conserves, jelly, and relishes, bottles of catchup and cranberry-juice, and cans of sauce in my cupboard.

From the sauce and juice there is almost no end to the desserts to be made. On the Fourth of July cranberry ice is a treat, just as is the sparkling red fruit punch to which the color and thirst-quenching flavor are supplied by cranberry-juice. To make shortcake the canned sauce is mixed with whipped cream and spread between layers and on top of warm cake; for jelly-roll either the jelly or sauce is spread on the cake, which is then rolled, and for filling tarts and pies cranberries rival all other fruits.

Candied Berries for Christmas

I MUST admit that I am unable to resist the candied cranberry. Its color and characteristic flavor can not be surpassed by other confections. I find that gala boxes of these make festive and much-appreciated Christmas gifts, and no more sugar is used in their preparation than in candy-making.

These candied berries are pretty decorations on the white icing of cakes. I make clusters of them to represent holly at Christmas and cherries for Washington's Birthday, using citron for the leaves; I garnish all desserts on which there is a topping of whipped cream or whipped cream dressing with them; I add the chopped berries to cakes, puddings, fruit ice-creams, frozen salads, and custards. A few candied cranberries dropped in glasses of iced lemonade give the bright dash of color which tempts the palate.

In preparing the candied fruit I select, first of all, a shallow pan with a large circumference. The use of this will permit the berries to float on top of the syrup while they are cooking, which, by the way, is essential for success. I make a syrup by boiling two cupfuls of sugar with two and one-half cupfuls of water just long enough so the mixture becomes clear. When cool, two cupfuls of very red cranberries are added, and the mixture is brought very slowly to the boiling-point. Before the berries are added they are washed and picked over, and three slits about one-eighth inch long are made in every berry with a darning-needle or a small penknife. This allows the sirup to enter the berries quickly.

When the cranberries reach the boiling-point the pan is removed from the stove; it is covered and allowed to stand overnight. In the morning the sirup is drained off and boiled down to half the quantity it was. The berries are added and boiled gently three minutes. They are removed from the stove and allowed to stand three hours; then they are boiled five minutes and left in a cool place overnight. The sirup is drained off in the morning, and the cranberries are spread on buttered plates or oiled paper. When dry they are packed in layers, separated by oiled paper, in boxes or glasses, which are covered tightly to keep out moisture. I use the sirup, after diluting it somewhat with water, as a pudding sauce.

Canned Cranberries

PICK over and wash cranberries, making certain that all unsound ones are discarded. Pack in cans that have been sterilized by boiling in water fifteen minutes. Pour water that has been boiled and cooled into the cans, adjust the rubbers, which have been dipped in scalding water, and put on the lids, which have been sterilized with the fruit-jars. Store in a dark place. Cook before using.

AMONG the other recipes which I like for utilizing cranberries are the following, in many of which the tart berries are combined with raisins, sweet apples, oranges, and prunes. This blending of tartness and sweetness results in toothsome dishes with the use of little sugar. In the other recipes I have not added large amounts of sugar because it is not necessary to do so. The best sauce is made by cooking the cranberries a short time and by adding only enough sugar to give zest and character to the dish. This also lowers the cost of the ingredients.

Cranberry Catchup

2½ Pounds Cranberries
2½ Cupfuls Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Teaspoonful Paprika
1 Tablespoonful Cinnamon
1 Teaspoonful Cloves
½ Teaspoonful Pepper
Vinegar

WASH and pick over the cranberries. Add vinegar to cover. Simmer gently until the berries burst, then rub through a sieve. Add the other ingredients and simmer until the mixture thickens. Pour in bottles that have been sterilized by boiling in water fifteen minutes and insert a cork that has been dipped in scalding water. When the catchup is cold dip the tops of the bottles in melted paraffin or sealing-wax and store in a cool, dark place.

Cranberry and Raisin Marmalade

2 Cupfuls Cranberries
½ Cupful Raisins
½ Cupful Water
½ Orange
1 Cupful Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Orange-peel

RUN the berries and raisins through the food-grinder, add the water, and cook gently thirty minutes, stirring frequently. Add the sugar and orange-juice and the finely cut orange-peel. Boil three minutes, pour in sterile glasses, cool, and seal with paraffin.

Cranberry and Quince Marmalade

2 Cupfuls Ground Quince
2 Cupfuls Chopped Cranberries
2 Cupfuls Water
3 Cupfuls Sugar

PARE the quinces and force through a food-chopper. Measure and add water. Cook until the fruit is tender, which usually takes about half an hour. Run the cranberries through the chopper and add them to the quince mixture; boil five minutes, add the sugar, and cook five minutes. Seal with paraffin in sterile glasses.

Marmalade Delicious

3 Cupfuls Cranberries
2½ Cupfuls Raisins
3 Cupfuls Water
1½ Cupful Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Salt

FORCE the raisins through the food-grinder, add the cranberries, sugar, salt, and water. Cook gently until the mixture thickens, pour into sterilized glasses, cool, and seal with paraffin.

Cranberry Jelly

4 Cupfuls Cranberries
1½ Cupful Water
Sugar

WASH and pick over the cranberries. Add the water, and cook until the berries are tender. Strain the juice through a jelly-bag, and measure. For every cupful of juice add three-quarter cupful of sugar. Boil briskly for five minutes, skim, and pour into sterile glasses. When cool seal with paraffin.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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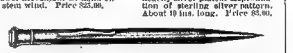
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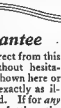
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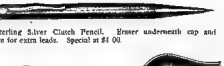
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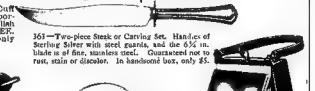
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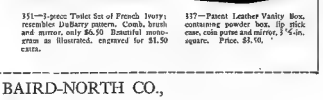
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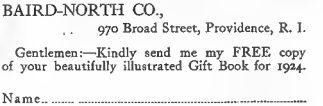
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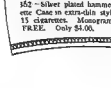
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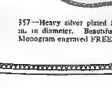
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Home Bureau

A Short Cut to Bread Making

By Edith M. Barber

I LOVE home-made bread, but I just can't afford the time it takes to make it, especially when I am not sure of having good luck every time. And the baker's loaf is always the same," remarked the housewife.

"Oh, but it needn't take much time to make and you can be sure that your bread will be the same good loaf week after week," answered Miss Jeannette Kelley, the bread expert. "Home-made bread is more or less of a luxury if time and labor are considered when the output of the large bakeries is consistently good. If, however, you like the flavor which only bread made in small quantities can have it is possible to make your loaves just as consistently good as the baker's and without the expenditure of much time."

Miss Kelley proceeded to demonstrate her statement and to prove that the best bread is made by the shortest method in the least possible time. Some of her statements and some of her methods surprized the housewife; but the results—the crisp, well-flavored loaf and the delicious rolls—justified her method, which for ease and shortness of time is unsurpassed. Some of the special features brought out by Miss Kelley follow.

Good bread depends first of all upon good materials. Choose a good bread flour. It should be creamy in color and the grains easily separable from one another. It should take up a comparatively large quantity of moisture. Note the amount of flour, of the kind you are using, which a certain quantity of liquid needs in order to make a dough, and after that add the same measurement each time you make bread.

If compressed yeast is used it should be fresh and not dark in color. Water or milk may be used for the liquid, and if the milk is Pasteurized it need not be scalded.

Sugar is used to add flavor, to make a tender crust, and to start the yeast-plant's growing.

Salt is used to flavor the bread and to regulate the growth of the yeast.

Shortening makes a tender crust, gives flavor, produces a flaky texture, and keeps the bread moist.

Next to having good materials perhaps the most important consideration in the whole process of bread-making is the temperature at which the bread is allowed to rise to ferment. When we use lukewarm water without reference to the temperature of the room or of the flour we are only guessing, and in very warm weather, or in very cold, our guess is likely not to be very good.

Use a Dairy Thermometer

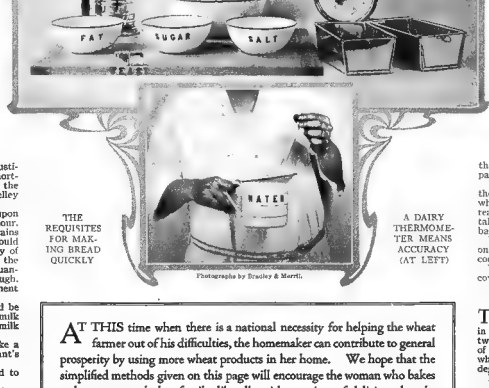
EXPERIMENTS in the laboratory of the commercial bakery have proved that 80 degrees is the temperature at which the best fermentation flavors are obtained. The housewife may be sure of having an invariably good bread if she will invest in a dairy thermometer, which may be purchased at any dairy-supply house at a cost of from thirty to seventy-five cents. The temperature of the liquid, factors, the air, the flour, and the liquid, must all be considered. If they were each the ideal 80 degrees the combined temperature would be three times 80, or 240 degrees.

We are, however, likely to find that on a warm day the flour and air

may be warmer, while on a cold day they will probably be below 80 degrees. We therefore take the temperature of the air (which we will suppose to be 85 degrees). The combined temperature of the two will be 175 degrees. We will subtract that from 240 degrees and obtain 65 degrees, which should be the temperature of the water. A good many degrees less than that of lukewarm water, which is supposed to be 98 degrees.

On a cold day, when the flour and air may be cooler, we may need to make our water temperature above 98 degrees, altho we never allow it to be over 108 degrees. A higher temperature will kill the yeast-plant.

To save our working out even such a simple problem in arithmetic, Miss Kelley prepared a chart (shown at the bottom of this page)



THE REQUISITES FOR MAKING BREAD QUICKLY

A DAIRY THERMOMETER MEANS ACCURACY (AT LEFT)

Photographs by Brantley & Morrill

AT THIS time when there is a national necessity for helping the wheat farmer out of his difficulties, the homemaker can contribute to general prosperity by using more wheat products in her home. We hope that the simplified methods given on this page will encourage the woman who bakes at home to supply her family liberally with a variety of delicious breads.

which tells us the answers, giving the water temperature needed for various combinations of flour and air degrees.

And what about yeast? Do not be afraid to use a large amount of yeast. The more you use the better the texture and the flavor and the shorter the time required to make bread! Unless you are using dry yeast, for which it is necessary to make a sponge, you need not set your bread overnight. If an emergency demands that bread or rolls are needed within a short time, you may mix and have your bread ready for the oven within an hour by the use of many yeast-cakes, and the bread will be as good as or better than that made by a longer process.

Most housewives will choose the four-hour period (four hours from the time of mixing to placing in the oven), as this method demands an average amount of yeast and of time, the interval of which can be well spent upon other work in the kitchen. The following table shows the decrease in time with the increase of yeast.

For 4 pounds of bread (3 cupfuls of liquid to 2¾ pounds of flour or 10 cupfuls of sifted flour) use:

2 yeast-cakes—rise 4 hours.
4 yeast-cakes—rise 3 hours.
6 yeast-cakes—rise 2 hours.
8 yeast-cakes—rise 1 hour.

In the following recipe, which will make two 2-pound loaves or four 1-pound loaves, the yeast may be increased to suit the length of time you choose, while the other ingredients will remain the same.

2 Cakes Compressed Yeast	2½ Pounds, or 2½ Quarts, Sifted Flour
3 Cupfuls Liquid	
1 Tablespoonful Salt	1 Tablespoonful Melted Fat
4 Teaspoonfuls Sugar	

CRUMBLE the yeast into the bowl, find the proper temperature for the liquid, and add to the yeast. Add the sugar and salt and stir until dissolved. Add the flour all at once and stir well. Add the melted fat. Mix with one hand until the sides of the bowl are clean. Take the dough out of the bowl and place on a floured board. Let stand a few moments to stiffen and then knead about a minute until smooth.

Place in a greased bowl and grease the top of the dough. Put the thermometer in the dough and see that the temperature keeps 80 degrees. If it goes below, place the bowl in warm water until the temperature rises. Let rise two hours until double its bulk and knead down by punching in the center and folding over from all sides. Let rise one hour more. Remove from the bowl to the board and cut into pieces the desired size for loaves. Round each portion and let stand ten minutes to stiffen. Pull each loaf into an oblong shape, fold in the ends, and roll to finish, shaping the loaf.

Place the loaves in greased pans, brush with butter, and let rise one hour. Place in a hot oven (425 degrees F.). At the end of fifteen minutes reduce the temperature to 380 degrees.

If a small pan of water is put in the oven with the bread the loaf will be larger and the crust will be more tender and more attractive in appearance. If there are many loaves in the oven turn the pans frequently in order that the baking may be even. Do not let the pans touch one another.

When the bread shrinks from the sides of the pan and the loaf gives a hollow sound when tapped with the fingers, the bread is ready to come out of the oven. It usually takes from forty-five to fifty minutes to bake.

When finished remove from the pan at once and set on a rack or across the pan to cool. Do not cover while cooling.

When cool place in a clean, well-aired covered box.

Dry Yeast or Sponge Method

THE night before you are planning to make bread soak one cake of dry yeast in 1¾ cupful of water (82 degrees F.) for twenty minutes. Add 1 pound, or 4 cupfuls, of sifted flour, mix thoroughly, and let rise where the temperature will keep as near 80 degrees as possible.

In the morning add to the sponge:

1¾ Cupful Water (80 degrees F.)	1 Tablespoonful Melted Fat
1 Tablespoonful Salt	1½ Pound, or 6 Cupfuls, Sifted Flour
4 Teaspoonfuls Sugar	

FOLLOW the directions for making bread with compressed yeast.

Rolls and Fancy Breads

WHILE compressed yeast is called for in the following recipes for rolls and fancy breads, if time is not a consideration, sponge made with dry yeast may be set the night before. The procedure is then similar to that in the recipe given above.

For rolls and fancy breads milk is usually used for the liquid. If it is Pasteurized milk it need only be heated to the correct temperature instead of being scalded and

Philadelphia Cinnamon Rolls

1 Cake Compressed Yeast	3 Cupfuls Flour
1 Cupful Scalded Milk	¼ Cupful Melted Fat
1 Egg	¼ Cupful Sugar
¼ Cupful Sugar	Brown Sugar
¾ Teaspoonful Salt	Cinnamon
	Raisins

CRUMBLE the yeast into the bowl, gradually add the milk, cooled to the correct temperature, then add the beaten egg, sugar, salt, and flour. Mix well. Work in the melted butter thoroughly, knead into a smooth dough, cover, and let rise until the dough doubles in bulk. Roll the dough into a sheet one-quarter inch in thickness, twelve to sixteen inches wide. Brush with melted butter, sprinkle with brown sugar, seedless raisins, and a little cinnamon. Make this sheet of dough into a roll, then with a sharp knife cut into slices one and one-half inch in thickness. Place in baking-pans that have been generously buttered and sprinkled with brown sugar (one-quarter inch in thickness). They should be arranged very close together, with cut side up and down. Let rise until double in size and bake in a hot oven (425 degrees F.). When removed from the oven, turn onto oiled paper and let the pan stand

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

TEMPERATURE OF FLOUR

TEMPERATURE OF ROOM	90	88	86	84	82	80	78	76	74	72	70	68	66	64	62	60	58	56	54	52	50
100	50	52	54	56	58	60	62	64	66	68	70	72	74	76	78	80	82	84	86	88	90
98	52	54	56	58	60	62	64	66	68	70	72	74	76	78	80	82	84	86	88	90	92
96	54	56	58	60	62	64	66	68	70	72	74	76	78	80	82	84	86	88	90	92	94
94	56	58	60	62	64	66	68	70	72	74	76	78	80	82	84	86	88	90	92	94	96
92	58	60	62	64	66	68	70	72	74	76	78	80	82	84	86	88	90	92	94	96	98
90	60	62	64	66	68	70	72	74	76	78	80	82	84	86	88	90	92	94	96	98	100
88	62	64	66	68	70	72	74	76	78	80	82	84	86	88	90	92	94	96	98	100	102
86	64	66	68	70	72	74	76	78	80	82	84	86	88	90	92	94	96	98	100	102	104
84	66	68	70	72	74	76	78	80	82	84	86	88	90	92	94	96	98	100	102	104	106
82	68	70	72	74	76	78	80	82	84	86	88	90	92	94	96	98	100	102	104	106	108
80	70	72	74	76	78	80	82	84	86	88	90	92	94	96	98	100	102	104	106	108	
78	72	74	76	78	80	82	84	86	88	90	92	94	96	98	100	102	104	106	108		
76	74	76	78	80	82	84	86	88	90	92	94	96	98	100	102	104	106	108			
74	76	78	80	82	84	86	88	90	92	94	96	98	100	102	104	106	108				
72	78	80	82	84	86	88	90	92	94	96	98	100	102	104	106	108					
70	80	82	84	86	88	90	92	94	96	98	100	102	104	106	108						
68	82	84	86	88	90	92	94	96	98	100	102	104	106	108							
66	84	86	88	90	92	94	96	98	100	102	104	106	108								
64	86	88	90	92	94	96	98	100	102	104	106	108									
62	88	90	92	94	96	98	100	102	104	106	108										
60	90	92	94	96	98	100	102	104	106	108											

To Find Temperature of Water to Be Used

Find the number in the left-hand column of figures corresponding to the temperature of the room. Follow across to a point under the top row of figures corresponding to the temperature of the flour. The number at this point represents the required temperature of the water to be used.

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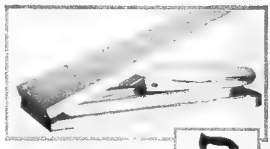
Tools for Women

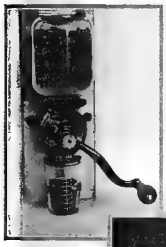
Several Practical Helps for Up-to-Date Housekeepers

Photographs by Bradley & Merrill

IT IS worth while to select even a mixing-bowl with care. It should be light in weight, deep, and so shaped that a single egg can be beaten in it. See that the inside is smooth. This one is made of light-weight white china and is lipped, an unusual feature, but very convenient if the mixture is to be poured out. In this day of standardized recipes the cook works by accurate measurements. It is a great convenience to have both a glass and a tin or aluminum cup of exactly the same capacity. The standard teaspoon and tablespoon are made of nickel. A spatula is a real conservation tool, for it removes the last bit of food from the bowl and helps in many other kitchen operations, such as slipping the cake from the pan, turning griddle-cakes, etc. This particular spatula has recently joined the family of stainless steel knives and is a welcome addition to the up-to-date kitchen.



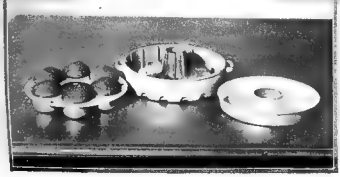
WHEN you go traveling a light folding ironing-board that can be slipped into suitcase or trunk and a small electric iron are great conveniences. You save yourself many a pressing bill, and never have to remove a bureau drawer if you are thus equipped. An unbleached muslin cover is provided with the board. This small board and iron are very useful at home for light ironing and small pieces, and the bachelor girl finds them a good all-the-year-round investment Note the compact little case which is provided for the iron.



MAKE your head save your heels and use a basket to carry your small cleaning equipment from room to room. This one is metal and heavily enameled so that it is easy to clean and is large enough to accommodate your cleaning preparations, cloths, and small brushes.

MANY discriminating coffee drinkers prefer their own grind, preparing only enough at a time for a single meal. If you are planning to buy a mill choose one with care. This coffee-mill makes an evenly ground coffee—coarse, medium, or pulverized, as desired. It can be fastened to the door-jamb or wall and so is always ready to use. The glass hopper holds one pound of beans. The receiving glass is marked by tablespoonfuls.

HERE is an efficient bake-pot that works over any kind of a fire. It has four aluminum pans—two like that which holds the meat loaf shown in the picture, a pie-pan, and a muffin-pan By proper arrangement and a little planning three different dishes may be cooked in it at one time.



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The right way to relieve pain

It doesn't just deaden the nerves—This treatment rouses the natural bodily forces to drive out the cause of the pain

PAIN—whether sharp and acute or dull and insistent—it seems as if you couldn't stand it a minute longer. You'd give anything to be rid of it—but it's so deep down, nothing seems to reach it.

And yet relief is easily at hand. Right among your own neighbors are people who can tell you about it.

Ask your next-door neighbor, or the woman across the street, if she has ever found anything of the kind. About one out of three will tell you of Sloan's Liniment—easily the foremost household remedy in America, as widely used as the telephone, recommended by doctors everywhere.

No matter where the pain is, no matter how deep-down in joints and muscles, it *can be reached* if the natural curative powers *inside* the body are only roused.

When you use Sloan's, it first stimulates the nerves on the skin. They arouse the brain, which in turn causes the blood vessels to expand throughout the painful area, *under* the place where the Liniment has been applied. Rich new blood rushes in.

This new blood coming, freshly purified, from heart and lungs, with all its marvelous germ-destroying, up-building powers brings to sick, pain-ridden tissues just what they need to heal them.

If the pain is rheumatic, it means that disease germs are attacking the aching joints and muscles. In the tide of pure, new blood that is brought straight to the affected spot when you apply Sloan's, are millions and millions of germ-destroyers. So when you send this increased blood supply to the place where the germs are, you also send the very forces that alone have the power to destroy them.*

If the pain is due to over-exertion, to a sprain or a bad bruise—it is because muscle fibres have been stretched to the point of actual injury. The damage must be repaired. The blood supplies the materials out of which the new tissue must be built up—and it washes away the "fatigue poisons" that are produced by over-exercise.

This is the scientifically correct way to relieve pain. It doesn't just deaden the nerves. It gives your own natural bodily defenses the aid they need to drive out the cause of pain. It rouses and reinforces all the natural curative powers of your own body.

Don't wait until you are in actual need. Get a bottle of Sloan's this very day, and have it on hand—35c at all druggists.

Spread it on gently—you don't have to rub it in. It will not stain the clothing. Immediately you will feel a gentle warmth—then a pleasant tingling of the skin—then freedom from pain. There is no burning, no blistering—only quick, lasting relief.

(*) If after one attack has been cured, another comes on, it may be that there is in your body some obscure breeding-place of rheumatism germs—possibly a decayed tooth—which the blood cannot reach in sufficient quantities. In this case, see your doctor.

SLOAN'S Liniment—*Kills Pain*

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Teeth Like Pearls

Don't leave that film-coat on them

Wherever dainty people meet, you see prettier teeth today.

In old days most teeth were film-coated. Now millions use a new-type tooth paste which fights film.

Make this free test, if only for beauty's sake. Ten days will show you what it means to you.

Those cloudy coats

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it. Much of it clings and stays under old-way methods.

Soon that film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That's how teeth lose luster.

Film also causes most tooth troubles, and very few escape them. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

The new-day method

Dental science has found two effective ways to daily fight that film. One acts to disintegrate the film at all stages of formation. The other removes it without harmful scouring.

After many careful tests these methods were embodied in a new-type tooth paste. The name is Pepsodent. Leading dentists the world over began to advise it. Now careful people of some 50 nations employ it every day. And to millions of homes it is bringing a new dental situation.

Other discoveries

A way was also found to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva as well as its starch digestant. Those are Nature's agents for neutralizing acid and digesting starch deposits. Pepsodent with every use gives them manifold effect.

These discoveries are everywhere changing the old methods of teeth cleaning. They have brought a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

A delightful test

We offer here a delightful test which will be a revelation.

Send coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

What you see and feel will very soon convince you. You will learn the way to benefits you want. Cut out coupon now.

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THE SHINING WHITE TRUCK IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED FOR A CHILD CLINIC

A Health Clinic on Wheels

By Ruth Dutilh Jenkins

HOW any of you can stand this noise, I don't see!" and a visiting physician who, with other doctors of the town, had come to inspect the Child-Welfare Special flung himself out of the car and hurried away.

Of course they made a noise. It was their only possible way of protesting against being undressed, dressed again, poked with the rubber pad of a stethoscope, peered at, weighed on wabbling, fearful things called "scales"; lights were flashed down their bald-open little mouths; hands felt of their tiny limbs, tickling fearfully. Who wouldn't protest with all the might of their newly developed lungs?

It was the first visit of the Child-Welfare Special automobile to one of the rural districts of Wisconsin. It was parked in front of the village hall. Just such a car had never been seen before; but those interested in saving the babies of America from the ravages of disease, in teaching young mothers the value of health for their children, in keeping the future of our land—our crop of children—strong and well, hope that every State will be sending out these life-savers in all directions, going where families are not only "ten miles from a lemon," but fifty from the nearest doctor; where mothers suffer the anguish of childbirth with only their trembling, frightened "man" to help them, or a willing but ignorant neighbor to see them through.

"The world of to-morrow is in the hands of the children of to-day," the State of Wisconsin believes, and so the Legislature appropriated money to build, equip, and send out this Special to bring up to the standards of health its citizens of to-morrow.

Handicapped in its work among children of preschool age, the State Board of Health decided to take its work to the children of the State instead of asking them to come to clinics at widely separated points, often difficult to reach and inadequate in quarters; taking the child-welfare work to the very mothers whose isolation makes it difficult for them to reach and secure the attention and help needed to properly rear their families.

Clinics on wheels are not a new thing. The Children's Bureau of Illinois has a similar vehicle, and work has been carried on along these lines in New York, Ohio, Michigan, Vermont, and Connecticut. Wisconsin, in working out her own Child Special, has been able to benefit by the experience of other States. But as her problem is an individual one, she has worked it out in an individual way that will bring the welfare work to hundreds of mothers who, under other conditions, would never have been able to benefit from the far-reaching and splendid work of the Government.

In one year recently Wisconsin lost 4,267 babies under one year of age. The Child Special is going to make a new record for the State, for it is equipped to go out into the rural districts where health-centers can not be established, to travel in all kinds of weather, to offer not only examination of children of preschool age, but to distribute helpful literature, to provide nurses for follow-up work, to advise expectant mothers, to watch for signs of tuberculosis and take steps for the prevention of spreading disease, to begin with the babies, but through the infant work to reach mothers, sisters, brothers, fathers, every family in the great commonwealth, in so far as it can.

The car itself is unique. It is the result of combined designing of engineers, doctors, nurses, and automobile-construction experts. Each one has put into it his or her love of the work it stands for—a trained mind, large experience, and clever inventions that are nothing short of marvelous.

The exterior, shining white, looks much as any other large truck, except that it has windows all along the sides, and the tail-gate lets down, and sides fold out, covered with a top, so that the inside space of the car is greatly enlarged. This rear annex and the chauffeur's cab, in front, are used as dressing-rooms, shut off with sliding doors and linen curtains, giving all possible privacy.

The main body of the truck, on the inside, is spotlessly white, enameled, and as perfectly outfitted as any child-welfare station needs to be, completely equipped for a child clinic. Everything is here and in its appointed place: scales; enameled steel compartments for instruments, pads, or blankets; drawers for files and records; spaces for literature to be distributed; on top, in the smooth enamel, a foot rule to measure the baby by; even toys for the restless child. The windows are high enough for privacy, shaded by awnings, screened from flies, curtained from drafts. Seats are here for the waiting mothers; there is drinking-water in a specially constructed vacuum-bottle, from which water may be drawn without taking the container from its place on the wall; running water comes from the tap above the little corner wash-stand.

A special heating-apparatus has been designed, notable not only because it is the only one of its kind in existence, but wonderful in covering all the needs for which it was designed. One of the State engineers devised a gasoline-burning hot-water plant, which heats all the compartments of the car adequately, keeping them at the proper temperature all the time. Radiators are placed where they do not take up an inch of room needed by the examination; a tiny expansion-tank on the wall shows the level of the water; the three-burner heater is under the car.

The first month's test of the heating-plant showed that it is all that it was hoped to be. As examinations begin each day at nine in the morning, in order to have the temperature at seventy-five degrees F., the mark at which babies may be undressed without exposure, one burner of the three is kept lighted all night. Even in cool weather the car was perfectly heated. This insures covering ground at a time which would be impossible were not the clinic on wheels heated by its own plant.

A WOMAN PHYSICIAN IS IN CHARGE

Not only has the Special its own heating-plant, but it generates its own electricity, and at night, when the automobile makes a longer than one-night stand, a talk is given in a hall, or if that is not possible, with a motion-picture projector run by current from the car. The films tell the story, in picture, of a health conference of a Child Bureau, or the story of a child dying because of lack of care gives the interested audience the idea of the value of health knowledge.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

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America Is Still Short Over One Million Homes
— *Literary Digest*

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Why cover your floors with any artificial composition material, expensive because temporary, when you can have Nature's permanent floors of oak, whose beauty of grain and figure cannot be reproduced. You will be surprised how reasonably you can lay 3/8 inch oak over the present floors—less than the old floors, plus carpet.

Easily laid

The work may be done one room at a time, if desired, disturbing no woodwork except the moulding at the baseboard.

Better health for all the family

Oak floors are sanitary. Children breathe clean air while playing on an oak floor, as there are no cracks to collect dirt and disease germs, while endless sweeping is no longer necessary to keep the floors clean.

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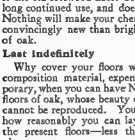

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Bargains in Meat

Learn to Cook Them and You'll Learn to Like Them

By Grace Viall Gray

THE other day in a conversation with my butcher in Chicago the following remark made me realize that few of us women really stop and think when purchasing our meats. This is what the butcher said:

"Women are forever complaining about the high prices of meat. They accuse me of being a robber. They consume much time arguing over the prices of this cut and that cut and saying unkind things about us butchers in general. I do not mind showing them meats and telling them prices, but what disgusts me is the fact that they want only the very best cuts, such as porterhouse steaks and prime rib-roasts. The minute I bring a brisket, a chuck, or a shoulder into sight up go their eyebrows and almost invariably every woman says: 'You needn't show me anything like that; that's tough and I want something tender.' In vain I tell them they can make these cuts tender if they will take a little time and some good seasonings. Back go the brisket, the plate, the rump, the shoulder to the ice-box, and the woman goes out of my shop with a little steak under her arm, grumbling about my prices."

This man is a good butcher; he knows good meat and sells understandingly. As I was leaving the shop he said, as if he had a sudden inspiration:

"Oh, Mrs. Gray, couldn't you come in here once in a while and teach the women how to use these cuts? If every woman who trades with me would buy a pot-roast off the shoulder one day a week and a piece of boiling-meat off the brisket another day every week it would enable me to buy the straight body of beef, and the prices of porterhouse steaks and prime rib-roasts would be much lower than they are."

I believe that the reason why we purchase the expensive cuts is due to the fact that they do not realize how palatable and delicious the other cuts can become if subjected to the right heat in cooking, with the addition of various seasonings. Meat-cooking is fascinating and becomes quite a game if one enters into it in the right spirit. If a woman tries to see how delicious and appetizing she can make a stew or a pot-roast she is playing the game right. If she doesn't want to be bothered with the braizing and casseroling she's a quitter in the meat game. Let's all enter into the game and see what we can do with the cheaper cuts of meat. You are losing nothing in food value by purchasing the tough cuts, as they are usually more nutritious than the tender ones. The tough cuts come from the exercised parts of the animal's body and are full of flavor as well as food value.

To understand meat-cooking properly we should know that meat is composed of protein, fat, mineral salts, and water. It has also lately been discovered that meat contains the valuable vitamins, the elements in foods about which we have been hearing so much these days. All these things are what make meat a good food, and yet after all we really eat it not because of its food value but because we like it.

Meat cooking is very simple. There are just a few things to remember. After you get acquainted with the different cuts you can take the same piece of meat and by various sauces, seasonings, and garnishes make it appear a totally different dish. There are absolutely only the following four methods employed:

1. Broiling or frying.
2. Roasting or baking.
3. Casseroling, braizing, or stewing.
4. Boiling, including soup-making.

All cuts of beef, pork, veal, and lamb may be handled in one of these four ways. It is only necessary to know which cuts are best suited to each preparation—easy enough when you know from which part of the animal the cuts come. The most tender cuts come from those parts which are exercised least on the live animal; that is, along the top of the back. The cuts which need longer, slower cooking come from the parts which are exercised more; that is, the neck, leg, shoulder, and breast.

THIS CHART SHOWS THE COOKING METHODS FOR THE VARIOUS CUTS

So we use the quickest cookery for the most tender cuts—*broiling* or *frying* for the steaks, chops, and smaller cuts. Broiling is done either over or under an open fire; frying is accomplished by the same method in a hot frying-pan. A bit of fat may be used in the pan if there isn't very much on the meat itself; otherwise it will be unnecessary. Neither broiling nor frying should take over ten minutes, unless the meat has been cut unusually thick. A quick fire should be used at first to sear the meat (which means quickly cooking the soluble albumin so that the juices are kept from seeping out), after which the cooking should be a little slower.

In this connection it might be mentioned that in some cases, where the meat is not so tender, it is made suitable for broiling or frying by chopping or grinding it, as in the case of Hamburg or meat cakes, or by scoring it, as in flank steak, round steak, etc.

Roasting or *baking* is a similar process to broiling or frying, but is accomplished by indirect instead of direct heat. The meat is placed in a hot pan in a hot oven, uncovered, and seared for about ten minutes, after which the temperature is lowered, the meat is covered, and the baking or roasting process continues until the meat is done. No water is added. Suitable cuts for this method of cookery are the *rib-roasts, cuts of round of beef, leg of lamb, loin of pork, whole hams, half hams (butt end), leg of veal, boned and rolled shoulder of lamb, fresh hams, fresh pork shoulder, etc.*

Casseroling, braizing, or *stewing* methods are used for those cuts of meat which need a bit longer, slower cooking to develop tenderness and the maximum of flavor. Here, too, the meat is first seared (either the whole piece or smaller pieces, according to the type desired), and then cooked slowly at a low temperature to soften the fibers to a delightfully tender and tasty condition. Vegetables of various kinds and different combinations of them, the use of more than one kind of meat, etc., spur a woman on to experiment to her heart's content with the meat course. In no other method of cookery is there so much chance for originality as in the preparation of meats by these methods. Seasoning is accomplished after the first hour of cooking, since salt draws out the juices of the raw meat. Cuts suitable for this sort of preparation are *chuck, shoulder cuts of beef, pork, veal, and lamb; brisket of beef, breast of lamb and veal, flank steak, lamb shanks, rump of beef, round of beef, etc. These cuts are the best bargains in meat.*

Boiling is the method which is used chiefly for soup-making or for corned or cured pieces of beef. In soup-making it is desirable to extract all the juices possible from the meat to develop pleasing flavors in the stock. For this reason the meat is put over the fire in cold, salted water, brought to a boil, then simmered until tender. The meat which is left after the soup is made is still perfectly good food, and may be appetizingly seasoned with catchup, Worcestershire sauce, curry, or any other such condiment, and made into tasty croquettes, chopped meat on toast, sandwich-fillings, etc.

Corned beef is boiled to extract some of the salt with which it is cured as well as to soften the fibers. When it is used for a boiled dinner care should be taken to add the vegetables just long enough before the meat is done to cook them sufficiently. Many people make the serious mistake of cooking the vegetables too long, when, of course, the vitamin content is appreciably lowered. Since this essential vitamin is especially volatile this point should be watched carefully.

Hams, either whole or shank half, may be boiled to good advantage, putting them on in enough cold water to cover them, bringing them to the boil, then simmering them for about thirty minutes to the pound. They should not be actually *boiled*—no meat should, for that matter—but simmered.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

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Eating for Health

IT is much more important to eat for health than for the mere pleasure and satisfaction of eating. But why not plan your meals for both?

For Easier Digestion

An extended scientific investigation, just completed by high scientific authorities proves that Knox Sparkling Gelatine has a remarkable "colloidal action" which means that it helps natural digestion by softening the food eaten.

For Beneficial Delight

It is so easy to eat for health as well as for pleasure, by often serving for lunch or dinner one of the many delicious desserts and salads, a jellied consommé, or meat, fish and vegetable dishes easily and economically made with

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

And science has gone even further in proving that Knox Gelatine is naturally rich in Lysine—the valuable protein element which promotes healthy growth.

For Child Health

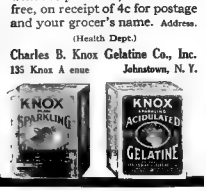
For this reason, Knox Sparkling Gelatine—being a plain, unflavored, edible Gelatine—should be given freely and regularly to the children in their daily diet of pure fruit juices, soups, milk, eggs, cereals, and desserts.

Important Book—FREE

This investigation disclosed so many important facts about the health value of Knox Sparkling Gelatine that they have been recorded in a book, *"The Health Value of Gelatine,"* which everyone should read—especially mothers. This (together with recipe books) will be sent free, on receipt of 4c for postage and your grocer's name. Address,

(Health Dept.)

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
135 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.



Bargains in Meat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

mered If it is desired to finish the cooking of a whole ham by baking it, allow about twenty minutes to the pound for the simmering process, then bake it from one-half to three-quarters of an hour.

While many people do boil leg of lamb, lamb shanks, etc., it is preferable to cook them other ways, since the flavor and quality of the meat are such that it may be done to good advantage.

So, after all, it is quite simple. You pick your piece of meat and then apply the method needed.

For cooking these best meat bargains there are certain cooking-utensils that help tremendously. Since the tough but better-flavored cuts require long cooking, it can be successfully and economically done in a steamer, fireless cooker, Dutch oven, or pressure-cooker The Dutch oven is a flat-bottomed kettle with a cast-iron lid pot that can be cooked in such a kettle over a simmering burner with very little expenditure of fuel, since the tight lid retains the steam. It is especially good for Swiss steak, the round, the heart, or any kind of pot-roast—any sort of meat, in fact, except such as is to be broiled. It makes possible the preparation of an exceedingly palatable meat-dish at one-half to one-fourth the cost of sirloin or porterhouse steak.

A pressure-cooker cooks meat in about one-third the time ordinarily required. The fireless cooker is also a fuel-saver and conserves the palatability of the meat.

The casserole is invaluable for meat-cooking.

Tough meats may be softened by grinding or chopping, by pounding to tear apart the connective tissue, or by the use of acids such as vinegar or lemon-juice. The use of a marinade increases the result. The marinade is prepared by mixing a tablespoonful of vinegar or lemon-juice with two or three tablespoonfuls of salad-oil, either olive-, corn-, or peanut-oil, and adding a light seasoning of salt and pepper. A bit of bay-leaf or onion may be added also. The meat to be treated should be placed in an earthen dish and coated thoroughly with the marinade. It should be turned occasionally to distribute the coating evenly. The amount of dressing is determined by the quantity of meat used. The oil enriches the meat and the acid makes it tender. Chefs in hotels turn tough pieces of meat into very palatable ones by this process.

Cuts You Ought to Know

IN THE beef line the brisket is cheap and good. At the present writing a three-pound piece of good brisket beef at my "cash and carry" market costs unboned about forty-five cents. This three-pound piece of brisket may be boiled or pot-roasted.

The chuck makes a delicious pot-roast, Swiss steak, or stew. The flank may be stuffed or used as a beef-roll, and can be used with very little waste. The plate yields a delightful New England boiled dinner and is also suitable for soup and corned beef. The round is a juicy cut, consisting of about three lean ones and one-sixth bone. This cut can be utilized for beef-rolls, mock duck, or Spanish beef-steak.

The rump contains only one-half lean and one-third fat. It is used for steaks, corning, braizing, and pot-roast. The shoulder chuck is economical because there is practically no waste in it. It is used for steaks and pot-roast. The neck is good for mince-meat, soup, or stewing. The shank is suitable for soups, stews, and Hamburger steak.

When it comes to veal the shank may be used for cutlets and veal neck for pot pie. The shoulder of veal may be braized, jellied veal is delicious, as is veal à la king, made just as chicken à la king is prepared.

In the pork line there is nothing more delicious than baked spareribs with apples, baked ham butt, fried shoulder, fried pork with apples, or fried pork with corn-meal slices.

As far as mutton and lamb are concerned braized neck chops are good, as well as roast shoulder of lamb. The breast of lamb may also be roasted or stewed. The flavor is delicious because of the large amount of extractives in the fore-quarter cuts. Lamb breast makes an especially appetizing stew, since the fat is so tender and mild. The breast may also be used in a casserole with vegetables For rich stew two pounds of lamb or mutton from the neck may be used. For mutton broth the neck, breast, or flank may be used.

Braized Beef

2 Pounds Chuck of Beef
1½ Cupful Diced Carrots
½ Cupful Diced Celery
½ Cupful Sliced Onions
1 Cupful Boiling Water
Salt and Pepper

SEAR the piece of meat well on all sides in a baking-pan in the oven. Add onion, salt and pepper, and the cup of boiling water. Lower heat to moderate oven; cook, covered, one hour. Add the vegetables and another ½ cupful of boiling water. Roast one hour more, covered. Serve on a platter, with vegetables around the meat. Thicken and season the gravy, adding water if necessary.

Dutch Pot-Roast

4 Pounds Chuck of Beef, Cut Up as for Stew
2 Tablespoonfuls Drippings or Bacon Fat
1 Spanish Onion, Cut Fine
2 Green Peppers, Cut in Slivers
1 Cupful Chopped Carrots
¾ Cupful Chopped Celery
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
2 Cupfuls Water
2 Cupfuls Stewed Tomatoes

COVER the beef with flour and brown well in the fat in a hot pan. Place in a pot-roasting kettle or pan with the water and stewed tomatoes and cook on top of stove, covered, about two hours. Add the vegetables, cook another hour. Thicken the gravy left in the pan with flour made into a paste with a little cold water. Let bubble a few minutes before serving.

Steak Braized with Vegetables

SCORE a flank steak, dredge well with flour, sprinkle with dots of butter, and place in an oblong pan. Over this place a thick layer of thinly sliced raw potatoes, then a layer of thinly sliced onions, over the whole pour a cupful of stewed tomatoes. Cover tightly and place in the oven. Cook slowly two and one-half or three hours. One-half hour before the meat is done remove the cover, add a layer of boiled rice, if necessary more moisture, and cook, uncovered, the remaining time. In serving, carefully transfer the steak to a hot platter, preserving the contour of the various layers. Slice down as through a loaf.

Brisket of Beef with Horseradish Sauce

4 Pounds Brisket of Beef
½ Cupful Turnips, Cut in Cubes
1 Large Onion, Cut Fine
2 Thin Slices Fat Salt Pork
Celery-leaves
Salt and Pepper
½ Cupful Carrots, Cut in Cubes

WIPE the beef with a damp cloth, dredge with flour, brown in the fat from frying the salt pork. Place in a large kettle, surround with vegetables, and add 3 cupfuls of boiling water. Cover and cook in a slow oven three hours (a pressure-cooker requires about one-third as long), basting every thirty minutes. Turn the meat twice during the cooking period. Do not pierce with the fork when handling, as this allows the juices to escape.

Horseradish Sauce

2 Tablespoonfuls Grated Horseradish
1 Egg Yolk
½ Teaspoonful Sugar
½ Teaspoonful French Mustard
1½ Tablespoonful White Vinegar
½ Cupful Thickly Whipped Cream
Salt and Pepper

STIR well before adding each new ingredient. Serve this cold sauce over the meat while very hot, and serve on hot plates.

Short Ribs of Beef

WHEN carefully made this dish is delicious. It can be prepared in many different styles, but this is the fundamental recipe. Have your butcher cut the short ribs two and one-half inches wide. Put the ribs in a kettle, well covered with cold water, on a slow fire; let come to a boil. Simmer for forty-five minutes. Drain well, sear in hot drippings to a golden brown, put in a casserole, baking-dish, or Dutch oven with the following vegetables: 4 carrots, 2 turnips, 1 stalk celery, 1 small cabbage, 4 leeks, 2 bay-leaves, 2 peppercorns, and 1 onion stuck with 6 cloves. Do not forget the bay-leaves, peppercorns, and cloves, as they give the necessary aroma. Moisten with some of the liquid in which the meat was cooked. Small potatoes may be browned with the ribs. Let the whole cook twenty minutes or until the vegetables are done. Add salt to taste. Serve the meat on a hot platter garnished with the vegetables.

Pork Pie

2 Pounds Pork Shoulder, Cut in Small Pieces
1 Large or 2 Small Onions
2 Sliced Tomatoes
1 Shredded Green Pepper
4 Potatoes, Cubed
Seasoning of Salt and Pepper
Pie-crust for Top

BROWN the pieces of pork in bacon fat, add water enough to cover, and simmer a few minutes. Place in greased casserole or baking-dish; alternate the sliced onions, tomatoes, and pepper in layers; finish with the diced potatoes; add water enough to barely cover, and bake one and one-half hour. Season. Put the crust over the top of the pan, and finish baking.

FOR all stews allow 2 tablespoonfuls of flour for each pint of water. Mix flour with ½ teaspoonful of salt and ½ teaspoonful of paprika. Blend with cold water, add some of the hot liquid stew, and pour into the stew-pot, stirring constantly until the mixture boils. Onions, parsley, tomatoes, kidney-beans, turnips, potatoes, carrots, kitchen bouquet, 1 bay-leaf, 2 whole cloves, celery-salt, and green peppers all furnish great opportunities for variations in stews.

Something NEW in the jam jar!

HERE'S a new kind of jam—a delicious jam—a jam that is good for the children—because science says it actually promotes healthy growth. You can make up a week's supply and keep it in the jam jar ready for the school lunch or as a spread for that "between-meals filler" of bread or crackers.

It is also delicious on the morning toast or muffins, or with the breakfast cereal. It makes the most delicious cake filling you ever tasted! And besides its appetizing charm, it is a healthy aid to digestion. It's simple and very economical to make with

KNOX
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Mother's Gelatine Spread

2 teaspoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2/3 cupful orange juice
3½ tablespoonfuls juice from orange peel
A few grains of salt
1 cupful Karo Syrup (Red Label) or any crystal clear syrup

Soak gelatine in strained orange juice for five minutes. Set cup containing this in boiling water. When gelatine is dissolved, remove cup from hot water and stir in syrup, salt, and liquid from orange peel, keeping in refrigerator until it congeals or reaches a "spreadable" consistency.

Make the orange peel liquid by shaving off the yellow rind of ½ orange (do not use the inner white part), add 1/3 cupful cold water; cover and boil about ten minutes. Drain and use this liquid as directed above.

A Valuable Book—FREE

Science has discovered some very remarkable facts about Knox Sparkling Gelatine. As a plain, unflavored, edible gelatine it has proved to be one of our most beneficial foods in aiding digestion and in promoting child growth.

Everyone, especially mothers, should read our book,—"The Health Value of Gelatine." It will be sent free, together with the recipe books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," on receipt of 4c for postage and your grocer's name.

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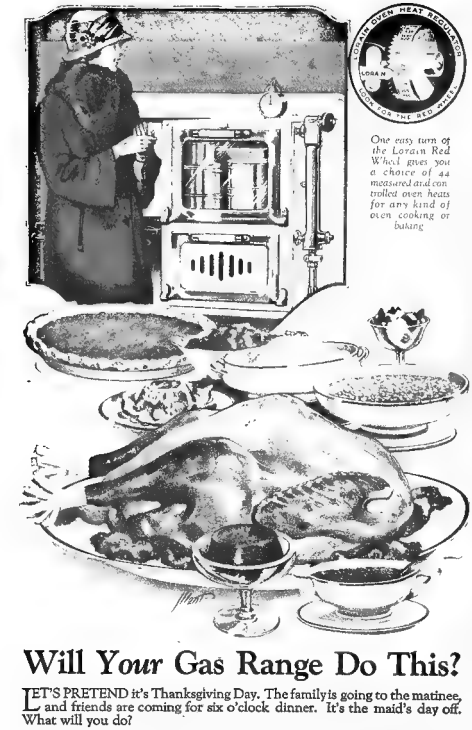

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Will *Your* Gas Range Do This?

LET'S PRETEND it's Thanksgiving Day. The family is going to the matinee, and friends are coming for six o'clock dinner. It's the maid's day off. What will you do?

"Why—there's only one answer", you say, "stay home and cook the dinner." And your answer is quite correct, unless—you own a Gas Range equipped with a Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. You see, women who own Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges can cook a Whole Meal—soup, vegetables, meat and dessert—in the oven *at one time*. While the meal is cooking they can go to the matinee, football game, visiting, or do other work about the house for three, four or five hours.

At the end of the pre-determined time the entire dinner will be found deliciously done and ready to serve—as fine a dinner as you or your friends ever ate and all cooked without spending one minute in the kitchen.

Now will *your* gas range do that? Or will it do any of *these* things? Does it enable you to do all your canning in the oven by the sterilization process—the easiest, surest, quickest and best way to can. And, are you absolutely certain every time you place a pie, a cake, cookies, biscuits or bread in the oven that they'll come out "just right" *every* time?

If you can't do these things with your gas range you should be willing to make most any sacrifice to buy one equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, which makes all these things possible. Why let cooking and meal-getting take up one-third of your time and cause you more worry and hard work than any other task about the home?

Wherever gas is available are dealers who sell these wonderful gas ranges, dealers who'll be glad to explain and demonstrate the remarkable advantages of the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, the device that measures and automatically controls the heat of the oven. Go soon to look and learn for yourself. Then you'll surely purchase a Lorain-equipped Gas Range, just as thousands upon thousands of other women have done in the last few years. Fill in and mail the coupon and we'll gladly send you the Menu and Recipes.

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WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the next satisfactory cooking-fuel provided you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which spell a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

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Direct Action—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, O.

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1923

Tempting First Courses

Behind the Scenes with a Well-Known Woman Caterer

By Mary Rodgers DeMotte

IT SEEMS to me that every single woman who engages a caterer to "do" a dinner or a luncheon for her, when discussing things will say some time in the course of the conversation, "I want the first course to be just as pretty as possible, and I want it to be something different." What she really means is that she wants the guests, the minute they enter the dining-room, to feel that an expert has planned the menu. Of course this is only human. I can understand her feelings perfectly. If the first course is a simple fruit salad in sherbet-glasses, a grapefruit garnished with cherries, or cream-of-tomato soup with a dab of whipped cream, why pay me her good money for it? She could have thought that up herself.

It is because we do know and understand this that we caterers put a great deal of thought on the planning and preparation of our first courses, the canapés, cocktails, soups, etc., striving to make them always attractive and interesting as well as palatable. This is why we choose the glossy-black caviar, the vivid red of pimentoes, paprika, and maraschino cherries; the clear white of hard-cooked eggs. These brilliant colors give us just the contrast that we are looking for.

Fruit is the ideal first course for the luncheon, I think. Baskets made from grapefruit-skins are very pretty to serve the cocktails in. To make them cut a slit around each side of the halves of the fruit about half an inch from the edge, draw the strips together in the center, and tie them with a ribbon that will harmonize with the color scheme. Fill with Malaga grapes, peeled and seeded; strawberries, and sliced bananas. Garnish with whipped cream sprinkled with chopped pistachio-nuts, and top with a whole strawberry, grape, or cherry.

A combination of cantaloup and watermelon balls cut out with a vegetable-scoop and served together in glasses, with a border of fresh mint-leaves around the edge, is another pretty and delicious first course. Or the mint may be chopped. The balls colors mingled with the green mint make an unusually attractive dish.

In season I like very much to serve small cantaloup cut in halves and filled with fresh California cherries. And I sometimes cut through thick slices of ripe watermelon with a fancy cutter, fill the hole in the center with the cherries, and garnish with mint. Serve this on a plate on a lace paper doily a bit larger than the slice of melon.

Cocktails and Salads

VEGETABLE cocktails are being served now at the beginning of a dinner or luncheon, and are deservedly popular, for they seem to give just the zest that is needed for the appetite. All sorts of vegetables may be used, served in glasses or hollowed-out tomatoes, peppers, or lemons. My favorite vegetable cocktail is served on the new glass pie-plate. I put half a lemon, with the pulp removed and filled with thousand-island salad dressing, in the center of each plate, and fill the plate with cracked ice. On one small lettuce-leaf I put a few boiled mushrooms, on another asparagus-tips, on another some diced tomatoes, and on the fourth thin strips of cucumber or celery.

I make a sweetbread cocktail in individual rings of tomato aspic that every one must like, for I am constantly asked how to make it. I learned how to make this some years ago from a woman who came into the establishment one day to see if she couldn't rent some ring molds. I did not have enough of them, so I lent her our wedding-ring ice-cream molds, which were hinged together but cupped out each one would make two rings. You can use doughnut-cutters if the handles are removed. The individual rings are very expensive to buy in sufficient quantity, but the doughnut-cutters are only five or ten cents each. Turn the lined red rings of the tomato aspic out onto beds of watercress, fill the center with cold boiled sweetbreads cut up into tiny pieces, and pour a Russian dressing over the whole. This is very pretty and very delicious.

Many people like to serve the salad for the first course, as they do in California.

For a delicious pear salad use large ripe pears, or canned ones will do. Arrange half a pear on a lettuce-leaf, fill the cavity with chopped olives and pimentoes, and pour over them a French dressing.

Stuff large canned figs with cream cheese mixed with chopped toasted almonds. Place a very thin slice of orange on a lettuce-leaf, then put a fig in the center of each slice. Use French dressing made of orange- and lemon-juice.

Cut an alligator-pear in two and remove the seeds and the thick brown skin. Put into a double cup, the outer one filled with cracked ice, and pour two tablespoonfuls of French dressing into each half.

Mix together two cupfuls of cooked green peas, half a cupful of coarsely chopped walnut meats, and a cucumber cut into cubes. Serve on lettuce with a good French dressing.

Canapés

I USUALLY serve a canapé of some sort for the first course when there are men present. They seem to prefer it to fruit. I use for the foundation white bread cut in quarter-inch slices, then into fancy shapes, and toasted or sautéd in butter. I make one of antipasto that has always been a great favorite. On a slice of toast put either a tiny hothouse tomato or a thick slice from a large one. Put the antipasto on this and pour Russian dressing over the whole. Garnish with watercress, or if you can not get this use the tender tops of celery.

Another popular appetizer is made of a square of toast spread with anchovy paste, with a slice of tomato on top. Cover the tomato with mayonnaise and sprinkle with tiny pearl onions.

A rather elaborate canapé is one called Arkwright relish, from the club where it is frequently served. Use a triangle of toast, and put on top of it a triangle of smoked salmon. Along one side of the triangle put the chopped white of egg, on another side the grated yellow, and along the third caviar. In the center put a stuffed olive.

A much more simple canapé is a little basket made from a hard-boiled egg filled with caviar and served on a round of toast with a piece of lemon and some parsley.

Probably the sardine canapé is the one made oftenest by the novice. To make a rather elaborate one, spread a diamond-shaped piece of toast with any savory butter, then with a layer of finely minced sardines moistened with lemon-juice. On one edge put chopped egg white, on another the grated yolk, along the third finely minced sweet pickles, and on the fourth chopped pickled beets.

In the center of a toasted square of brown bread place a round mound of sweetbreads cut in small pieces. Around this make a circle of diced cucumbers and outside that a larger circle of chopped egg white. Decorate with rosettes of mayonnaise put through a pastry-tube.

All these canapés which I have described are to be served cold. To make a hot one place a few boiled or sautéd mushrooms on a round of hot buttered toast, and on top of this a slice of tomato sprinkled with fine bread-crums. Put it under the broiler until the tomato is hot.

Soup

IF YOU prefer soup for the first course for your dinner make an unusual one if possible. I am very fond of cream of peanut. To make this use a cupful of peanut butter of any well-known make.

1 Cupful Peanut Butter	Thick Slice Onion
2½ Cupfuls Milk	Half a Small Green Pepper
1 Tablespoonful Flour	1 Tablespoonful Seasonings

MIX the peanut butter with some of the milk, and scald the rest with the onion and the green pepper. Strain the butter and the flour, and when smooth and blended add the peanut butter and the hot milk. Remove the onion and pepper, and season with salt and pepper. Serve in cups, with a spoonful of whipped cream on top of each, sprinkled with a few salted peanuts.

Soufflé crackers are perfectly delicious to serve with soups for a change. Split the big common round crackers and soak them in ice-water. Drain, spread with softened butter, and put in a hot oven until they are puffed up and browned.

Another article on catering by Mrs. DeMotte will appear in an early issue.

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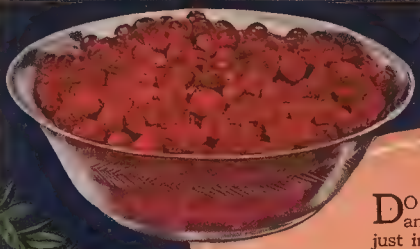

Cranberries-the Every-day Fruit!

DO you realize the number and variety of menu possibilities just in delicious cranberry sauce?

Pies, puddings, tarts, short cake, mousse—all as delicious as they are tempting can be made quickly and easily from cranberry sauce, which you can have ready in ten minutes! Try this recipe—

Ten-Minute Cranberry Sauce

One quart cranberries, two cups boiling water, 1½ to 2 cups sugar. Boil sugar and water together for five minutes; skim; add the cranberries and boil without stirring (five minutes is usually sufficient) until all the skins are broken. Remove from the fire when the popping stops.

Surprise and delight the family with some of these luscious dessert dainties.

And don't forget that cranberry sauce is the best and most appetizing of all relishes with all roast meats and promotes digestion.

The easiest fruit to prepare, the most economical and healthful—for cranberries are rich in vitamines, iron, and carbohydrates, and are necessary to the properly balanced diet.

Always cook cranberries in porcelain-lined, aluminum or enamel vessels.

Send for free recipe folder showing many dainty ways in which cranberries can be served.

American Cranberry Exchange, 90 West Broadway, New York

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A Correspondence Course in Babycraft

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

Rickets—Its Prevention and Cure

PLEASE tell me something about rickets. We hear so much of it now. Some tell me it is a bone-disease, others that it affects the muscles. I have four little children and should like to know just what to do to prevent rickets, or cure it if they have this disease.—A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.

You naturally hear much about rickets now because we have done a good deal of work on this disease within the last few years and have made some important discoveries regarding it. As it is a chronic disease of nutrition and as its prevention and cure lie in correct feeding, sunshine, and fresh air it is quite important that mothers should be taught about the disease.

It is through the hearty co-operation of mothers that doctors may hope to prevent new cases from developing and to cure those already in existence.

In rickets the bones show the most marked symptoms, but it is a disease that affects every part of the child's body to a greater or less extent. The muscles, the ligaments, the nervous system, as well as the bones, may all be involved in a case of rickets. So lowered is the child's vitality that he has much less resistence to other usual diseases of infancy and childhood. This is especially true of diseases like whooping-cough, measles, bronchitis, and pneumonia, all of which are more serious when a child also has rickets than if he were a normal, well-developed child.

Country children are less likely to have rickets than city children because they have better surroundings, more fresh air and sunshine, and many of them are nursed by their mothers. When incorrectly fed or cared for, however, it is altogether possible for them to develop rickets too. Some races are more apt to have rickets than others; the Italians and negroes develop this disease very frequently.

Every one has seen little children with bowlegs and knock knees, rather dwarfed in stature, sometimes pale and flabby, who walk late, cut the teeth late, and are generally backward in development, who take cold on the slightest provocation, often are very restless sleepers, have sudden rises of temperature, and frequently head-sweating. These children also have a large abdomen, or "potbelly," a narrow chest, with little knobs along the ribs, called "beads." Their second set of teeth usually decay early. One of the most serious results of rickets in adult life is that of a contracted pelvis in women, which makes childbirth difficult. During the Great War many of the soldiers were considered unfit for active service because of some marked symptom of rickets that still remained.

When we consider all of the foregoing symptoms, it can be seen how very careful mothers should be to feed and care for their children correctly while they are young.

The disease is most frequently seen between the ages of six months and two years. In the Winter and Spring more cases are found than in the Fall and Summer. This is because babies are more apt to be kept housed in crowded quarters during cold weather. The fresh air and sunshine of the warmer months are the greatest preventives and cures of rickets.

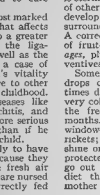
Breast-feeding of infants is a most important preventive of rickets. Every mother should feel it her duty to nurse her infant if possible. Breast-feeding, however, should not be prolonged after the milk provides no further nourishment. If a child is nursed until he is fifteen or eighteen months old rickets may develop simply from lack of the right nourishment. Breast-feeding should be stopped at one year of age at the latest; in many cases nine or ten months. A mixed diet is needed by this time. Even breast-fed babies must have their share of fresh air, sunshine, and right hygienic surroundings if rickets is to be prevented.

Bottle-fed babies develop rickets when their feeding-formulas do not contain the right proportions of fat, protein, and carbohydrates, or sometimes when the milk is sterilized or boiled without the addition of other foods at the right time. They also develop rickets because of poor hygienic surroundings and lack of sun and fresh air. A correct food formula, with the addition of fruit-juices and vegetables *at the right ages*, plus sun and fresh air, are the preventives of rickets for a bottle-fed baby.

Some infant specialists recommend a few drops of plain cod-liver oil given three times daily to all infants who are born in very cold weather and can not go out into the fresh air and sunshine for several months. Sun that comes in through a window-glass is not enough to prevent rickets; the direct rays of the sun must shine on the child, his eyes being carefully protected, of course. When the baby can go out and additions can be made to his diet the oil may be discontinued. No mother should give this cod-liver oil on her own responsibility; her doctor should always be consulted first. No mother should attempt to diagnose rickets by herself; the symptoms described here are only warnings which a mother should take note of, and if they are found she should at once have her baby thoroughly examined by a good doctor, in his office if she can afford it, or at some clinic or hospital if she can not.

At least twice yearly, oftener if possible, every baby and child should have a thorough physical examination, made by a doctor who understands children. This is possible in most places now, thanks to the work being done for rural mothers. It is worth a long journey if necessary, for preventive medical work among babies and children is one of the most important necessities in the world.

If a child has already developed rickets the doctor who has made the diagnosis will usually give the mother full instructions about the diet and any needed medicine. It is the mother's part to be faithful in carrying out this medical instruction. Generally such a child is fed semisolids and solids at an earlier age than if he were normal. Fruit-juices and stewed fruits are begun rather early; vegetable soups and strained vegetable pulp are added to his diet and fresh milk and eggs as soon as it is felt he can digest these. Foods containing plenty of vitamins are most essential to children with rickets; fruits and green vegetables, being such, are valuable in treating this disease, and also help to overcome constipation.

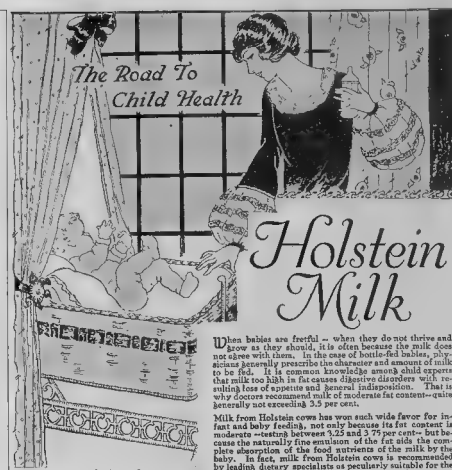


ALL FOR A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOP

IF YOU have a baby under six months of age you may join our special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, receiving monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send in the baby's name and age with your self-addressed, stamped envelop, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of twelve, the self-addressed, stamped envelop will bring you a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class. Always state the child's age and ask for what you want. In both courses we have very valuable leaflets as to food, clothes, baths, and general hygiene. No medicines will be prescribed or diseases treated by mail. These classes are to help you keep the children well.

Letters which do not contain the self-addressed, stamped envelop will not be answered. Address all letters to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and 39th Street, New York City.



Holstein Milk

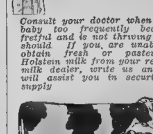
When babies are fretful — when they do not thrive and grow as they should, it is often because the milk does not agree with them. In the case of bottle-fed babies, physicians generally prescribe the character and amount of milk to be fed. It is common knowledge among child experts that milk too high in fat causes digestive disorders with resulting loss of appetite and general indisposition. That is why doctors recommend milk of moderate fat content—quite generally not exceeding 3.5 per cent.

Milk from Holstein cows has won such wide favor for infant and baby feeding, not only because its fat content is moderate—testing between 3.25 and 3.75 per cent—but because the naturally fine emulsion of the fat aids the complete absorption of the food nutrients of the milk by the baby. In fact, milk from Holstein cows is recommended by leading dietary specialists as peculiarly suitable for the feeding of infants, children, invalids and convalescents.

Holstein milk is distinctively pleasing to the taste. It is naturally light in color. The big black and white animals producing it are noted for their size and vigor in the live stock world.

Consult your doctor when your baby too frequently becomes fretful and is not thriving as it should. If you are unable to obtain fresh or pasteurized Holstein milk from your regular milk dealer, write us and we will assist you to securing a supply

Send for our booklet, "The Milk Road to Child Health," sent prepaid to any address.



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Ideal for outdoor sleeping, touring or camping.

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are made of *our hygienic fabric*, knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from *unbleached* cotton, with some soft wool.

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and also the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give the unique *Soft-Knit* feeling.

The hygienic qualities are spun and knit into Dr. Denton fabric.

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. *Our washing process avoids stretching.* **Dentons do not shrink** but keep their original shape.

Body, feet and hands are covered, protecting the child, even if bed coverings are thrown off.

Our patented, extra-full seat provides ample room in seat and crotch.

Elastic outside seams, collars double thickness, strong button holes, facings all stayed. Fabric is a mottled, light-gray color that does not readily show soil. *Each size is amply proportioned.*

Made for children up to fourteen years old. *Prices low for the quality.*

Insist on genuine Dentons. Name is on neck hanger. Our trade mark is on tag attached to each garment. Sold in over 5,000 Dry Goods Stores.

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No matter what your taste in hosiery, there is an ***"Onyx Pointex"*** stocking made especially to please you.

We make hose of every kind—all silk, lisle top, slender, stout, heavy weight or of gossamer sheerness.

For example, our famous 'Fifty Five grade of ***"Onyx Pointex,"*** a silk stocking with mercerized lisle garter top and sole, is made in two weights as shown at the right. No. 255 is a medium weight stocking, which is sold in most department stores at around $2.25. No. 355 is the same excellent stocking in a sheer weight, but possessing the same sturdy strength. It usually sells at about $2.50.

There are hundreds of other ***"Onyx"*** patterns in silk, in wool, in lisle and in mixed fabrics. If you are uncertain where to obtain them we should be glad to tell you and at the same time to send you our little folder "How to care for Silk Hosiery."

"Onyx" Hosiery Inc. ***Wholesale*** ***New York***

No. 255 above, and No. 355 at the left are only two of the many varieties of "Onyx Pointex".

"Pointex"

Reg U.S. Pat. Office

"Onyx" Hosiery

Reg U.S Pat Office

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Gossard
Corsets and Brassieres

6000 years ago smart women watched their figures

BUT then only queens, princesses and other ladies of nobility were able to afford the luxuries which kept women beautiful. We see pictures of slim aristocrats and dowdy followers.

Today Gossard Corsets and Brassieres enable all women to keep their figures youthful. Gossards smooth the figure into long, graceful lines, and do so without discomfort or restriction.

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Moderation in corsetry is as important to a youthful figure as moderation in diet. For the average woman to go uncorseted is careless. For her to go too much corseted is unwise. To wear correctly fitted Gossards is the part of wisdom and good taste. Gossard lines, both back and front, are beautiful—but Gossards do not impose restrictions over digestive organs.

Ask your own corsetiere for Jane Hill's booklet "The Gentle Art of Looking Your Best," or if she is out of copies write The H. W. Gossard Co., 1006 Michigan Ave. Chicago—originators of front lacing corsetry.

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GOSSARD CORSETS AND BRASSIERES ARE MOST APPRECIATED BY WOMEN WHO HAVE MOST PRIDE IN THEIR APPEARANCE

Two Evenings of Fun

Showers for Grooms

By Ella B. Dill

IN MY hearing one day a soon-to-be bridegroom said jokingly to a newly wed, "Well, Jack, did any one give you anything? Seems to me all the fuss is for the bride." Now, Nance has been given a boxful of things, and I—well, some one ought to look out for the poor bridegroom and see that *he* gets a little fun out of it!"

That moment was born my brilliant idea. Nance was being given hosts of showers. Why not give one to poor Billy? I took Nance into *my* confidence, and she nearly bubbled over with the secret. All the rest of the crowd were delighted with the idea. The men *had* been left out of all the prewedding fun. Billy suspected absolutely nothing. He and Nance were invited to the party just like every one else.

That night as the guests arrived they smuggled their packages into the coat-closet, while coats were relegated to the guest-room. We played several games before the real fun began. First we had a miniature rifle-range, and each girl "brought down her man" with a ten-cent gun which shot wooden bullets at soldier targets. Then each man made himself a bride after his own fashion and each girl a bridegroom, using clothes-pins, black-and-white crêpe paper, some scraps of white net, artificial flowers, paint, glue, and paste. We spread our materials over newspapers on the long dining-room table. The results were screamingly funny; altho Billy himself said that if Nance didn't look as pretty as his clothes-pin model he would desert her at the altar and wed his "Woodenhead."

Then I announced that we were going to try a stunt called "April rain!" I chose Billy and Jack for "its." We sent them to the dining-room and shut the door. Then at the end of the living-room we placed a big chair, and around it on the floor piled the gifts for Billy. On the portière directly opposite the chair we pinned up this verse, which the artist of the crowd had printed and illuminated on heavy paper:

How strange a thing is love!
It cometh from above
And lighteth as a dove
On some.

But some it never hits
But that it gives them fits
And scatters all their wits.
Ho! Hum!

Then I blindfolded Billy and told him that Jack would lead him to a chair, where he was to read our minds. We kept perfectly still until he was seated; then I counted three. As I said "Three" we all shouted, and Jack removed the bandage.

I never saw any one quite so flabbergasted as Billy when he saw the packages. He wouldn't understand that they were for him until I explained that "April rain" and showers were the same thing and that this was a shower for him.

We had great fun watching him open the packages. The guests had been told to bring things that only Billy could use. They brought socks, ties, handkerchiefs, tools of various sorts, a waste-basket, and key-holder, but the prize-package was one containing a dish-washing apron with Billy's monogram and a set of dish-cloths and dish-towels! In the midst of the excitement an alarm-clock went off under Billy's chair! The giver had set it for twenty minutes of ten!

Each gift contained an appropriate jingle. The last gift of all was presented to Nance by one of the men, who said that he was presenting to her the symbol of her sovereignty in the kitchen—and handed her a small broom tied with a blue bow!

After refreshments—the usual ice-cream, cakes, nuts, and mints, served buffet style from a table where a kewpie bride and groom presided—we each wrote bits of advice to Billy and Nance, which were very amusing when read aloud.

When Billy and Nance left with the waste-basket filled to overflowing with other things, one of the men was heard to say, "Well, that is the last time any of these brides will get ahead of us men. Will you give me one of those showers when I get married?"

And I promised him I would, if he would be surprized!

A Paper-Bag Party

By Ada Lorraine Jex

KATE is just a little bit different from most people and so are her parties, hence my delight when in looking through the morning's mail I discovered the following invitation printed upon a small brown paper bag.

Please come to my house
Next Wednesday at eight.
I'm anxious to see you—
Scarcely can wait!

A paper-bag party
Is really brand-new!
I hope you will like it
And all my friends too!

A paper-bag party! Such an idea! The suggestion from any one else might have sounded like the wildest sort of a proposition, but Kate had a reputation to live up to in the way of parties, and I felt sure that she wouldn't fail.

When the appointed evening arrived—an evening as warm as one in mid-summer—the grounds and porch of Kate's pretty up-to-date bungalow looked more than usually attractive, hung as they were with many-hued Japanese lanterns

After we had laid aside our wraps our hostess's little sister handed each guest a good-sized paper bag bearing either the initial A or B. All the A's were to congregate in the living-room and all the B's on the porch. Kate then explained that each side in turn would produce a moving-picture play—the stage properties of which were contained in the bags.

Hastily we parked their contents and found in taking stock a miscellaneous collection of apparel such as old hats, a shawl, galoshes; automobile-goggles; in fact such a varied assortment of cast-off finery as would put any self-respecting white-elephant out of business.

The A's consulted with one another feverishly and decided to dramatize "If Winter Comes." Our spokesman announced that a much-talked-of novel was about to be immortalized as a "movie" and that it was up to the audience to guess the novel's name. He continued by saying that first we would give a series of rapid moving pictures illustrative of the title. If these did not prove illuminative enough "Mary Pickford," "Charlie Chaplin," and various other screen favorites would present a series of incidents from the book itself.

Then the glass windows opening on the porch were thrown back. Two of the men and three of the women on our side entered and dressed in warm clothes and apparently shivering with cold. They crossed to the fireplace and pretended to build a roaring fire and warm themselves by its saving heat. The audience failing to guess this, other reels followed, illustrative of the actors' version of "If Winter Comes," if not that of the author.

However, it was not until Jack Lyall with two other guests, taking the parts of "Igh" and "Low," acted the bicycle scene upon the front lawn that the right title was given. At this point several of the watchers called out in chorus "If Winter Comes."

It was then the B's turn to stage a production, while the A's cooled off and acted as audience.

It's a curious quirk of nature that grown-ups as well as children like to dress up and pretend, and as the "movie" game was played several times, but not long enough to prove tiresome. It had been somewhat strenuous, however, and we were all just as glad that the next game proved to be a sitting-down one.

Numbers cut from old calendars were passed, and we were asked to draw and to find corresponding numerals at small tables which had been set up. We played partners, four persons at each table, each two having a paper bag between them. The bags contained puzzle-pictures, and a prize was given to each of the winners whose picture was first pieced together. The puzzles proved to be photos which Kate had taken herself, then colored and mounted on stiff bristol-board. Later they had been cut into sections by means of a jig-saw. For Kate's home-town friends there were familiar views—a gay skating

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

HAVE THE CHILDREN TOSSED OFF THE COVERS?

An Eveready Flashlight tells you without breaking their sleep.

A touch of your thumb! Instant light right where you want it *and nowhere else.*

Flameless. Cannot set fire to anything.

A kindly light too in the sick room. Keeps light out of the sick one's eyes, and protects much needed rest. Every mother should have an Eveready Flashlight. The cost is so small—65 cents to $4.50, complete with batteries.

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FLASHLIGHTS
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–they last longer

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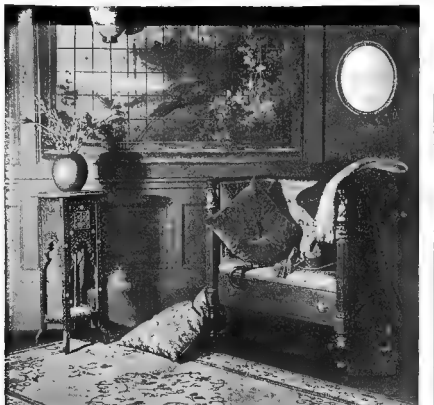

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Look for the name WHITTALL woven in back of every rug

May we send you an interesting book, without charge, telling how rugs are made?

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The Excitement-Eaters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"Call Tanky a rest?" Jerry inquired.

"I don't know what I'd do without him!" Overemphasis almost blurred Cora's words. "I've certainly felt sorry for Elsie lately. She has absolutely no one to keep up her morale when Tracy is sousing himself around. Poor girl—she never could seem to hold a man. Tracy was the only real chance she ever got, and he never did care what happened to him, so long as no one bothered him about his drinking. That was the way Elsie got him, because she always let him drink. She worked that out as the best method and went ahead."

"Humph!" said Jerry. She thought she heard the sound of a car on the drive. "I think she cares for him a lot."

"Oh, cares for him!" Cora became fretful. "How far does that get you? He doesn't stop drinking because of it. Tanky says that Tracy absolutely never will be able to stop—and, believe me, Tanky ought to know."

"Ought to know what?" boomed a voice at the screen door.

"I thought I heard a car on the drive!" said Jerry, and went into the hall to behold Tanky Delabarre draping his languid form on the door-step.

"H'lo, Jerry," he said, scarcely bothering to lift his eyes from contemplation of his cane. "Did I hear Cora's voice whispering sweet nothings about me?"

Cora had strolled after Jerry. She greeted him without her usual warmth, in a more take-it-for-granted manner.

"Hope you don't mind Tanky's coming here for me, Jerry," she said; "you're the only one who doesn't repeat things, and we're always running into Fred at home; and if we meet somewhere else, some one always passes a remark. I don't know what's getting into people; every one's so on edge since the old ones started on their rampage."

"'Tis so, Cora; we've been getting on every one's nerves lately," said Tanky, and Jerry felt a quick shock of alarm at the look he bent on Cora's painted face. "The only thing to do is to remove ourselves from the midst of the population and enjoy ourselves in some quiet spot."

"Like Winona Inn?" Jerry suggested.

Cora shook her head. "I don't feel like going there to-night. It's too near Eastport—too many people that we know liable to hang in. I vote for Mayflower Arms—that place up along the State highway 'way past that long, clear stretch we so enjoy in your car, Tanky, dear."

She nodded to Jerry.

"Sorry I couldn't have stayed longer, Jerry, but Tanky came earlier than I told him to."

"Over the river, Jerry," Tanky drawled, and turned to Cora again with a queer light bulging his bloodshot eyes. Jerry watched them with a less of apprehension. There was something different in their attitude toward each other—different and subtly menacing.

"I wish you two'd wait till Phil gets back from golf," she said, hiding her nervousness beneath a casual air. "Then we could all go—Little Eva, and Johnnie, too."

"No, thanks," said Tanky firmly, before Cora could speak. "Didn't you just hear me drawling words around about how we wanted some quiet spot, far from the midst of the population? Not that we object to you, Jerry, but—"

"But," Cora filled in neatly as Tanky hesitated, "if we want to do that stretch of good race-track we've got to get along right now. It's a fair thirty miles from here, and I've got to hit home some time to-night, if only to make Fred cross by waking him up. He does so hate to lose his sleep." She laughed without zest. "It puts him off his game!"

Jerry looked at the two, her face betraying her consternation. Two weeks ago they had asked her to go along with them, tho not enthusiastically. Well, she had done what she could. She shrugged and looked full in their defiant faces.

"All right, go ahead," she said quietly, and left them. She was about a minute she heard the car roll out of the drive.

JERRY awoke that night with the consciousness that Phil was shaking her. It was black everywhere—a still, solemn blackness that tortured the eyes.

"What's the——" she began.

"Listen, Jerry." Phil was speaking rapidly, urgently. "Fred White's on the phone. He wanted to know if you have any idea where Cora might be. Their baby is sick—very sick. He's called up several people, and nobody knows where she is."

Jerry sat up in bed and replied swiftly:

"She was here this afternoon with Tanky. They—tell him they were going to the Mayflower Arms. Ask if there's anything we can do."

She waited until Phil came back.

"Mind the light?" he inquired, and switched it on. "This is a bit stiff, Jerry. The baby has cholera infantum—one of those swift seizures. Nurse has been feeding it something wrong, I guess, and the poor little kid had an acute attack to-night. Fred thanked me and said there was nothing we could do as he had two doctor's there. He was going to call up Mayflower Arms. The baby's dying—that's what cholera infantum amounts to."

"And Cora out on a regular loop and a bender!" Jerry cried. "I can't believe that it's real. It knocks me out so." She sat up in bed. "Seems as if there ought to be something we could do," she mourned. "Can't you think of something we could do?" He shook his head.

"Fred had to call up several people to find out where his wife was—at this hour of night! It's their climax—the climax of all of them—and oh, Jerry, the supreme idiocy of it all!"

She stared at him. He had never before expressed himself so vehemently about her circle; indeed, his tolerance had often surprized and baffled her.

"What time is it?" she asked, mechanically.

He consulted his watch on the bureau.

"One-fifteen."

"Oh!" Jerry shrugged her shoulders. "They may not have started back yet." Sharp on the heels of that prophecy came the jab of the telephone-bell. Phil went into the hall to answer it. His return was almost immediate.

"Fred's tried the Mayflower Arms and they aren't there. He wants to know if you can think of anywhere else they might have gone."

JERRY felt herself growing cold. Cora's words came back in sudden significance: "That good stretch of race-track." "Oh, Phil!" she gasped, and remained for a moment without words.

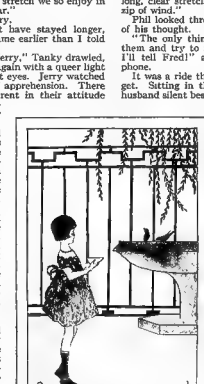
"What is it?" he demanded impatiently. "If it's something you don't want Fred to know, remember that he must!"

"Oh, Phil! I don't know," she burst out; "but they were counting on making that long, clear stretch past Stony Brook on a zip of wind."

Phil looked through her in the intensity of his thought.

"The only thing for us to do is follow them and try to find them. Get dressed. I'll tell Fred!" and he stumbled to the phone.

It was a ride that Jerry could never forget. Sitting in the rush of darkness, her husband silent beside her, the world seemed ridiculously fantastic and unreal. The Eastport civil warfare merged into the pettiness of make-believe. The people with whom she had been thrown, the vortex that was her circle, danced far away from her in seething unrest.



It was not until fifteen miles had pounded by that she spoke.

"We've left Eva all alone in the house," she said.

"She'll live till we get back," Phil responded; and again they were silent.

Evadne, too, seemed unreal in the horror of the night. Nothing was right. The world was criss-cross. A world where every one wasted his energies: Fred over golf; Cora over Tanky; Jerry over Lace; Tracy over drinking; Elsie over herself. As Phil had said—"the supreme idiocy of it all!" How could such things be when their consequences were so inevitable? But it was easier to see consequences than causes.

It was twenty-five miles to the long stretch of road that was Cora's delight. They ran it slowly, keeping a watch on both sides. The stretch ended in a sharp turn, and it was there that they came on a sight that was a fitting complement to the nightmare of their ride.

A cheerful arc-light winked down upon a car motionless by the side of the road—Tanky's car, which seemed to have stopped irresolutely and hung back in the corner of the curve, as if against its will. In the car Cora and Tanky made a hilarious party of two—Cora and Tanky, who shrieked and waved at Jerry and Phil as they left their car and rushed over to them—Cora and Tanky laughing in hectic, hurried fashion which did not abate when they recognized the Lancasters.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

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The Question we asked

How Do You Serve Crushed (or Grated) Hawaiian Pineapple?

□ In Pies? □ In Cakes? □ In Salads? □ In Puddings?

□ Or as "Pineapple Sauce"—just as it comes from the can—for breakfast or with meat?

The Answer we got

20,475 Women Say They Use Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple in 169 Different Ways

We knew Hawaii's favorite uses for golden, luscious, full-ripe *Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple.*

We knew how famous chefs, domestic science authorities and food experts served it.

But we wanted to know how *you* liked it best. So we asked you—in a recent advertisement.

And here's the answer you gave:

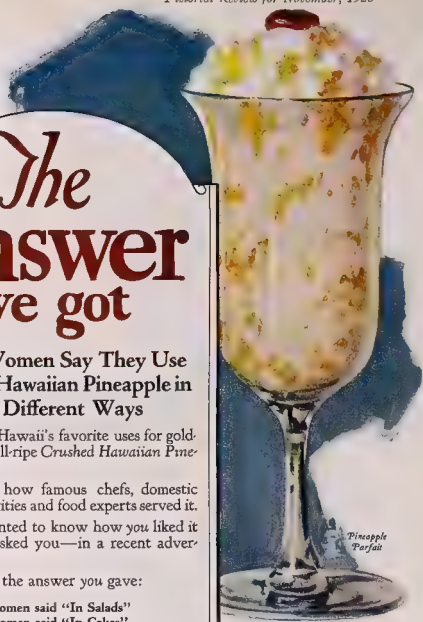
6,300 women said "In Salads"
4,300 women said "In Cakes"
3,500 women said "In Pies"
2,800 women said "From the Can"
2,600 women said "In Puddings"
and 975 gave other ways.

We appreciate this overwhelming vote. We feel sure that we have your permission to make the result public, in the hope that it may be of service to some women who do not serve Hawaiian Pineapple—or who have not yet learned the economy and the convenience of buying it in ready-to-use *Crushed* form.

Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, of course, is exactly the same in quality and flavor as the Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple that you use so often and like so well. It is the same tempting, sun-sugared fruit—packed in the same model canneries—simply *crushed.* It is better that way, for hundreds of culinary uses.

Serve it often—all year round in tempting, "second-helping" dishes like those illustrated here. Just say *Crushed (or Grated) Hawaiian Pineapple* to your grocer.

ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CANNERS
451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco



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Try These Proven Recipes

GRAPEFRUIT HAWAIIAN: Remove center membrane from 2 halves grapefruit and loosen sections. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and fill the center with Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Chill before serving.

PINEAPPLE-PIMIENTO SALAD: Thoroughly drain 2 cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Add 1 cup diced celery and 2 chopped red pimientos. Mix with mayonnaise and serve on lettuce.

OLD-FASHIONED BAKED APPLES: Wash and core 6 apples. Fill the centers with Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Place in a greased baking dish and pour in ½ inch water. Add ½ cup sugar and 1½ teaspoons cinnamon drops to the water. Bake until the apples are tender, add more water if necessary and basting frequently with the syrup. Just before serving, heap the centers with additional pineapple.

HAWAIIAN CREAM PIE: Cream together ½ cup butter and 1½ cups sugar. Add beaten yolks of 2 eggs and 1 cup juice drained from Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Mix and sift 2½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt and 3 teaspoons baking powder and gradually add to the mixture, beating constantly. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and pour in 2 greased and floured layer cake pans. Bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. When the cake is done put together with a thick layer of well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, sprinkled with powdered sugar, and on the top layer spread a meringue. Brown quickly in a hot oven and serve with cold custard sauce.

PINEAPPLE PARFAIT: Mix 1 cup each of sugar and water and boil 5 minutes. Pour onto 3 eggs that have been beaten until light. Cook in double boiler until eggs thicken the mixture or about 3 minutes. Chill, add 2 cups cream, whipped, 1 cup Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Mix thoroughly and pour into a mold. Cover tightly and pack in equal parts of ice and salt for 4 hours.

PINEAPPLE COCOANUT MERINGUE PIE: Heat 1½ cups milk. Mix 4 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, add the hot milk and cook in double boiler about 10 minutes or until mixture is thick and flour thoroughly cooked. Pour onto 4 egg yolks, return to double boiler and cook until eggs thicken or about 3 minutes. Cool, add 1 cup well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, ½ cup shredded cocoanut and ½ teaspoon vanilla and pour into baked pie crust. Add 4 tablespoons powdered sugar to stiffly beaten egg whites and spread on top. Sprinkle with cocoanut and brown quickly in a hot oven.

WAIKIKI PUNCH: Mix 2 cups syrup drained from Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple, 2 cups ice water and 2 cups grape juice. Serve with crushed ice.

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The Excitement-Eaters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

"We've been waiting and waiting for a car to stop!" Tanky cried. "They all go by so quick, they don't notice us!"

"Or else they think we paused here for a good time, just because we improve the glassy hour!" Cora chimed in.

"What did you stop for?" Phil asked quietly as he observed more minutely the bubbling pair.

"Gas!" said Tanky lugubriously. "Never got caught without it before, but we wangled a good time out of it."

"Tanky's a dopeless fool," Cora, still merry, went on. "Car stopped, never started again, and it took him half an hour to discount the other possibilities and remember the gasoline-tank! Best joke! I haven't stopped laughing yet!"

Phil interrupted her quietly. "Come on home with us, Cora. Hurry up. Your baby's very ill. Fred sent us out here to get you."

The gay black-and-white figure wavered and caught at her companion for support.

"What did you say? My baby? *My baby?*"

"Cora," cried Tanky, "I almost forgot you had one."

He helped her out of his car; she seemed to be suddenly stricken dumb. While Phil and Jerry guided her to their car Phil spoke to Tanky, who seemed to have the idea that he also was to be included in the home-going. "I'll send some men back from the nearest garage."

As they left Tanky standing stupidly in the road, Cora cried:

"Phil, you're not going to stop at any garage. You're not going to stop for anything — no, not until you get me home!"

Speed was justifiable, but Phil remained a careful driver until his precautions after Tanky's rate of locomotion agonized Cora. She sat huddled in a corner, bombarding them with questions, most of which they were unable to answer. They did not know how long the baby had been sick. They were ignorant of all the details that Cora suddenly wanted to hear. Jerry had never even seen the baby.

It was a ride that Jerry felt she would not care to duplicate often. Cora with her hat blown on one side, her hair flying, her aspect frantic, and her nervous twitchings! It seemed impossible that she could be a mother—have been given the privilege that so many others longed for and were denied.

Her house was blazing with lights. They escorted her to the door. Some one watching at the window had hurried away as the car turned in at the drive. Cora searched in her black-and-white-bead bag for her latchkey, searched with purposeless, flaccid fingers. Suddenly the door was flung open and Fred stood on the threshold, just as Cora's silver flask tumbled from her bag and hit the piazza with a hollow sound.

His face was as colorless as skim-milk, but he was very calm as he stood regarding Cora curiously, as if she were some stranger asking admission.

"Where is my baby?" cried Cora, and brushed past her husband. She was gone, and Fred turned to Phil.

"Where did you find her?" he asked in a toneless voice.

"The stretch near Stony Brook. They were out of gas."

Phil attempted to make it all a matter of course.

"How—is—the baby?" Jerry implored.

Fred thanked them for their concern. The child's condition had not changed. Incorrect feeding was responsible for the seizure. The nurse had probably given him something he should not have had. Fred said that he knew very little about such things; he left them to Cora.

Phil and Jerry stopped at an all-night garage to send relief to Tanky, then they drove home soberly and in silence.

The next morning Little Eva, who had of late been coming down for breakfast, looked at their weary faces with interest.

"What happened in the night?" she inquired. "I heard a lot of rumpus, but I was too busy sleeping to pay much attention."

They told her that the White baby had been taken ill and that they had gone over to see if they could help. She looked thoughtful for a minute and then ran out to meet the postman. Ever since she had been in Eastport her mail had been quite huge, but until a week ago she had shown only a normal interest in its delivery.

"Phil," said Jerry, "I'm really worried about Eva. She looks awfully green around the gills these days."

But Phil could not be driven to view Little Eva with alarm, and in the heat of their discussion they did not see her slip past the dining room door and fly up-stairs, a letter clutched in her hands.

Little Eva thought that she knew her way about New York. She could coast around the more expensive shopping-districts, travel in a taxi to theaters and cabarets, and was at home in Greenwich Village. More could hardly be expected of a Boston débutante.

But the address that she held in her mind as she came out of the Grand Central and looked helplessly at the row of taxis was odd. It spoke of the West Hundreds and struck no responsive chord in Eva's memory.

A taxi-driver approached her, and she was just about to step inside his car when a sudden thought held her back. Timothy was poor. Poor people rode on subways. Well, then, she would

She looked appealingly at the driver, and in her sweetest baby voice trilled forth:

"Oh, sir—can you tell me, please, where the subway is?"

The driver surveyed her with a weary eye and gave answer from the corner of his mouth:

"Right back where you come from, dearie."

Civility and the deference due youth and beauty were things of the past. Evadne retraced her steps and found several courses of action open in the Grand Central subway station. Pitiful attack followed counter-attack, until a kind old gentleman tried to teach her how to shuttle. She followed the green line, then she followed the black line. Utterly confused, she looked about for a bench upon which to rest, but the only prospect was a closed rubbish-can. So she hoisted herself onto its top and sat there ruminating. The crowd ignored her completely.

She wanted a moment's peace and quiet in which to reread the letter that quaked in her hand, and the only unmolested place she could find was this ignominous pedestal.

First she read her letter in a glory of triumph. He loved her! He had told her—had written it, so she could be sure of it. Gone and forgotten was a little verse that she had once composed:

Breathes there any man with soul so dead
That he'd put in a letter what he should'n said?

The second reading brought only more exultation. It was wonderful. All her agonies of suspense were over; her end was accomplished. Everything else was comparatively simple.

The third and the fourth reading—well, he seemed rather final—retreating because he was in no position to say anything now and not asking even a response from her. But he had put his address on the envelop! In framing her reply Little Eva had spent many sheets of her nicest monogrammed stationery. Then she had pulled some wrapping-paper out of the waste-basket on which she had written long drafts. But there was no use trifling with pen and ink. Direct contact, Little Eva's feminine instinct told her, was what she should rely on.

What followed had been obvious. Evadne had donned her city clothes and, taking advantage of the fact that Jerry was out, had left the house unobserved. Not that Cousin Jerry would object to one's doing errands in town, but lifelong experience with a nervous mother had made Little Eva wary.

So, already slightly wearied with her trip, she sat on the rubbish-can and contemplated her next move.

A GUARD, who had been obscured by the crowd, now came forward and surveyed her unsympathetically.

"Here, what you doin' on topa that rubbage-can, young lady?"

Little Eva opened wide her eyes and looked at him fragilely.

"I was not thinking of stealing it," she said, after a pause in which they had unwinkingly surveyed each other.

"Well, what are you doing?" said a lazy voice. "Throwing yourself away?"

It was Willie—his eyes pale and beaming, his face without expression—Willie Pryde, cool and beautifully arrayed! Little Eva gripped the rubbish-can and spoke weakly.

"My baby's perambulator!"

"You're reverting to type, I suppose," said Willie thoughtfully. He turned to the thunderstruck guard. "I'll get her down from there—it'll take time, that's all."

Evadne watched dazedly as the guard was swept away in the crowd.

'Oh, how dare he leave us!" she cried. "You might be trying to kidnap her for all he knows!"

"That is exactly what I am going to do," said Willie, quickly.

Eva forgot to preserve the baby expression in the rush of emotion that followed this declaration.

"Now, listen here, Willie Pryde, I don't know how you got here, but until you leave the same way, I stay on this can!"

"How perfectly lovely!" said Willie in silky tones. "I shall sit at your feet and charge admission if any one stops to look

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

"There—
that's what I want
for Christmas"

"MAKE a note of it, Bob—it's an Armstrong Table Stove," says the host.

"You'll love it, Helen," adds the hostess, "this was the most useful present I got last Christmas. I've had such fun with it and saved such a lot of time and bother! I can easily prepare a whole meal right at the table, because it *cooks three things all at once.* I always get breakfast on it, and Sunday mornings Tom eats at least a dozen waffles—they're so crisp and tender!"

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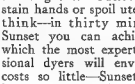

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The Excitement-Eaters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

at us. You can go on reading your letter all day I've nothing else to turn my hand to."

"My letter!" stormed Evadne.

"I watched you reading it all the way in on the train," Willie mourned.

It was hard to register strong feeling on top of a rubbish-can. Little Eva waved her legs furiously.

"Following me up to the city! Of all hot-day occupations!"

"Following things up," Willie drawled, "is a little specialty of mine." Suddenly his eyes woke up and his face took on a grim expression. Little Eva gaped in fascination. After all, Willie was the only young man she knew who did the unexpected.

"Evadne," said Willie in measured tones, "your affair with Timothy Lane has just about run its course. I've changed my mind about hanging around this rubbish-can with you; I've just thought of some people I'd like to call up on the phone. But first I'd like to point out something."

"You're always pointing out something," Eva retorted and grew attentive.

"If you have a bit of romance left in you, you will not see Tim Lane again." Willie looked off into the hurrying crowds. "He gave you a thrill because he seemed to be different, but he won't be different this time—he'll be like all the rest. Why? Because you've reduced him to his lowest terms. The whole affair has reached a climax, at which point you can either leave it and have a little idyl to sigh over after you've married me, or follow through with it and destroy the idyl and never have any might-have-beens to dangle before my eyes."

"You are the least intelligent man I know," said Little Eva weakly.

Tim reduced to his lowest terms! Tim get boring as had all her past adorers when their uncertainties had been exhausted. The idea was not so absurd as it was terrifying. She turned a defiant glare upon Willie and was appalled to see his amber eyes bent upon her with that never-failing perception. He spoke softly.

"You're finished with Tim, Eva. You know when the gong rings. Its echoes are still confusing you, that's all. And I am just about five and a half times more in love with you than making a fool of yourself over him. It shows how much you think of love. Tim's not the only one who thinks you've got ideals. You're the only one who knows and loves the real you—your impudence, your sophistication, your funny straight little mind, your underlying childishness, and the woman that you are going to be. I don't love any faultless fairy princess, Eva, and living up to such a misconception would sooner or later turn you into a little devil."

Evadne's head was swimming. She looked helplessly into Willie's compelling eyes. The monotonous swirl of hurrying humanity, the distant grind of the shuttle, and Willie's voice beating through it all. What was happening to her? Was she going to be forced to live through another of the anti-climaxes that Willie always was bringing upon her?

"Will you please go away, so that I can get down off this can?" she demanded.

For answer Willie shrugged his shoulders and sat down in front of her, from which incredible position he looked up blandly into her face, his legs and arms crossed, his amber eyes shining.

"Here," he said lazily, "is Old Dog Tray—always following—always patient and faithful."

Little Eva was driven to exasperation. The crowds no longer hurried by. They stopped and craned their necks. Oh, it was dreadful, and loud curses stopped in Little Eva's throat.

It was more than human will could bear. She bounced from the rubbish-can and started to run away. She didn't care where if she could only leave Willie and the role of seeking Timothy were cast aside. She could find him any time.

WILLIE dashed by her, seized her hand in passing, and whirled her in his wake.

"Hurry!" he cried above the roar of the subway and the rustle of the crowds. "We've got to make that train!"

His voice cleared an alleyway for them. He flung her on top of the mass of people. The door banged shut and molded them into the crowd. But Willie neither relaxed his iron grip on her hand nor ceased talking.

"If we miss this train we'll have to take a poky local, but we'll make it, Eva, and I'll show you how I snatch things from the jaws of death!"

Evadne, red with fury, only glared an answer. The train had lurched to its destination; the doors flew open and sent them spinning on their way.

"Right back where I started from!" Evadne gasped as they raced along. "Let me go, Willie, or I'll die—I truly will!"

The guard was just about to close the gate, but held it open with a smile, and Little Eva found herself collapsed on the rear seat of a train that was leaving New York —leaving New York and Timothy Lane.

Willie looked at her gently, tucked in a few sand-colored strands of hair, and righted her shiny black hat.

"Eva," he said, "I love you and you're going to love me when you get your breath."

Completely disorganized, Evadne met his eyes with a strange stare Something of a woman flashed from it -the woman that Willie had foreseen.

"Oh, Willie!" she cried, but her next words were strangled upon her lips by a sudden kiss. He was holding her hand, that same poor hand that he had caught in a vise-like grip, but this was somehow different. Neither spoke because a quarrel seemed inevitable and this was no time for quarreling. It was a symbol that thrilled and promised.

So hand in hand they rode back to a town still in the thick of its civil war, to a community piling up distresses. Elsie had lost all her jewelry shaking bones. Tracy, in his cups, had insulted an older member of the club and had been requested to resign. Cora's baby was no better; Cora and Fred had squandered over the civil night and all day, still estranged. Johnnie Overton was literally tearing his hair from unrequited love and his old cronies knew him not.

Little Eva sighed in pity for her friends.

"Willie," she said contentedly, "Willie, we've got to do something about all the mess that every one is stewing in."

"I was thinking of that," said Willie, "and I'm going to do my darnedest. Caring for you, Eva, has made me almost noble. Suppose we elect ourselves a committee on ways and means and agitate a bit? This righting-the-wrong-stuff is a specialty of mine."

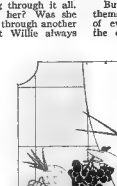
"Everything's a specialty of yours!" Little Eva complained.

But her hand stayed fast in his while the train rocked on toward Eastport and they discussed ways and means of social uplift.

TRACY was on the wagon. He had been hanging his feet over the sides and gazing wistfully at the broad highway for three days.

It had taken combined catastrophe to do it. The affair at the club was one. He had never before reached a condition in which he had lost command of his words. Celebration of what he had said and done was forced upon him as the fog lifted its corners; and the fact that Elsie had taken advantage of his condition and was gambling again, when they had no ready cash, was another thing that brought him to his decision. He had mounted the wagon before, but he had always fallen off with ease and dexterity. Now a week had passed since the catastrophe and he had made up his mind to stop drinking. The Villiers cellar was empty for lack of funds, so Tracy determined to stay on the wagon—for a few days anyway, until things adjusted themselves.

But just how things were going to adjust themselves he did not really know. Back of every crumbling resolve there was the certainty that the old man would not hold out much longer. Meanwhile he had made another attempt to get a job. Entirely sober, he had gone to town and called on his college friends who were in the broker business. With his buoyant tongue and numerous acquaintances, stocks and bonds, he thought, were quite in his line. But business was bad at present. His friends hailed him with joy, but threw cold water on his prospects. There was nothing wiggling. They'd tell him when there was.



Tracy belonged to that class of young men who are companionable and joyous in their cups, who do not consider that their steady drinking makes drunkards of them, and particularly pride themselves on "never having been known to pass out." "To pass out" meant not only a perfectly sodden state of body, but a prolonged state of mind in which one's personal volition disappears.

So Tracy was on the wagon. And his one-time jovial fellowship was now steeped in gloom. Gone were his verve, his easy friendship, his ready tongue; and he viewed their disappearance with helpless alarm. He was at outs with his world.

Elsie had to bear the brunt of his ill temper. She was around as much of the time. When one was married, no matter how much trouble one took to avoid one's lawful mate, somehow she was there steady bobbing up. The inevitability of being together became very depressing.

Elsie, too, was depressed, and her depression ran much deeper than Tracy's, for she could see beyond the present into a future that offered nothing.

Her jewelry was gone. She had gambled it away.

She wondered weakly at a crap game's fascination.

The fever had spread in the meringue-top of society's lemon pie. Even in jewelry-stores, one saw displayed diamond-studded

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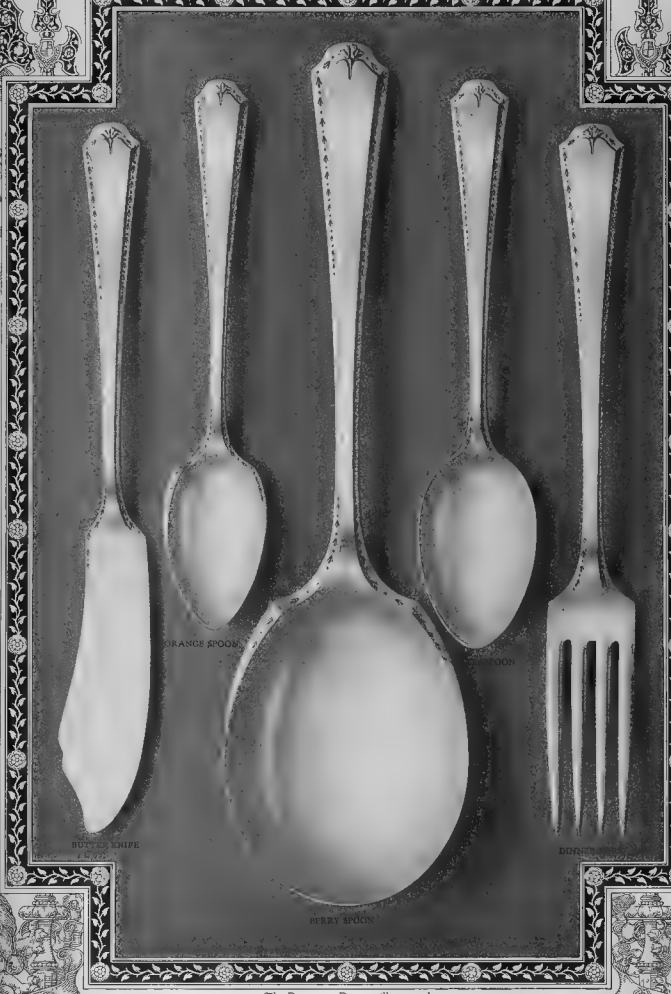

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The Excitement-Eaters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

amber dice and toddle-tops of painted porcelain. Flappers shook or spun with their young men friends. Chance settled each turn of affairs. Any one who was anybody carried some instrument of fate, armed for any emergency.

To gamble was the thing. But why did her crowd discourage her from doing it? Not that they said anything, but she could tell. If she arrived when they were playing, other devices were soon suggested. Just as if they expected her to lose, when she nearly always won!

So in order to gamble she had to resort to another group of young people. A wealthy young married crowd that didn't belong to her own set. She and Tracy one evening had chanced to drop in upon them.

As she looked back upon it, it all seemed like an ugly pervasive dream. They had kept the dice rolling from eleven in the evening until three-thirty in the morning. Tracy and another boy sprawled on a davenport—the bright lights glaring in their faces—in drunken sleep.

And the news had traveled the length and breadth of Eastport's upper strata. Of course it must have reached their parents' ears. Elsie had played until her short stock of ready cash was gone, and all her jewelry but her wedding- and engagement-rings, which Tracy had elaborately thanked her for saving.

"We may need 'em yet, old girl," he said.

They nearly were getting on each other's nerves in agonizing fashion.

Elsie did not believe for a minute that Tracy could stop his drinking and she had told him so. At which he grew defiant—because she was his wife, therefore entitled to speak unpleasant truths—and alarmed because he feared the truths she spoke.

While he had been drinking he had felt that he could save any time. But now he had stopped blue devils reigned and the air was full of gloom. It had been only three days.

In the thick pitch of his despondency Willie Pryde rang up. His message brought cheer, diversion, and excitement. He was calling a meeting of the bunch at Johnnie Overton's house—a mass-meeting, a meeting of protest. This thing—this persecution by the older set—had gone on long enough.

"It's serious with me," said Willie plaintively. "I've got to earn my own living, and until they loosen up I can't."

"Me the same way," said Tracy; "we'll be with you, all right."

And after the usual "Why-did-you-accept-any-invitation-without-consulting-me," Elsie agreed to go too.

"It'll get you out anyway," she said sweetly. "I do hate a man around the house."

Tracy did not like being around the house himself and told her so in no mean terms.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "I wish you'd go back to drinking. You're so unpleasant when you're sober!"

He glared at her, and there was in his brown eyes the pitiful look of an animal badgered beyond endurance. If she only knew how everything she said scraped his taut nerves.

"Get some one to call for you," he told her shortly. "I'm going on ahead and stop at father's."

"Better save gasoline," she retorted with wifely foolishness. Surely now Tracy could not understand that Mr. Villiers was a man of adamantine will. She had found it out at the first family dinner. But Tracy had only glared and left.

Without what had been his daily food of late years, Tracy was like something trapped. For the hundredth time Elsie thought, "What is to become of us?" and then put herself together with enthusiasm for the afternoon's meeting. One must always look well; it was good for one's morale.

IN THE third day of his illness the White baby had definitely recovered. Cholera infantum had been known to drag along through a whole Summer, or to end quickly in a pitiful death, but by some undeserved luck their child rapidly recovered, leaving the parents nerve-racked, spent, and almost alienated.

During the baby's illness they had not come together for strength. Rather they had kept apart, silent, from the secret pain of injury that each sustained against the other. And now that there was no cause for further anxiety, they turned each other as tensely hostile and bristling as two chickens before a barnyard battle.

It is at such moments as these that divorce trembles in the background, insinuating itself into every situation until the intolerant couple are enveloped by its insistent presence.

Fred's point of view was simple and to him absolutely justifiable. He did not doubt for a moment that Cora had been faithful to him. Nevertheless he considered that she had broken her marriage vows. She had sworn to love, honor, and cherish him. She had not. To be a wife was to keep a home, or to see that it was kept; she had made a horrible failure of that. And he was tired watching her flirt with Tanky Delahaare. Every one took them for granted and expected him to do so too. But beneath his pretended tolerance a wound had festered. The neglect of her duty as a wife was one thing; far worse was the neglect of her duty as a mother. The escapade on the night of the baby's illness was the last offense.

Something of this he had intimated one evening to Cora in slow, cold words, to which she had swiftly retaliated, reminding him of his behavior at the cemetery saturnalia, of his golf mania, and of other little shortcomings.

"And as far as I can see, Fred White, it's dog eat dog with us," she finished. "What are you going to do about it? We can't go on like this."

So the same old sullen silence fell between them and things had tensed themselves along until the afternoon that Willie telephoned. Somehow Willie always struck a cheery note. If there were any way to propitiate the older set it was worth considering. The younger people had been suffering from gloom and boredom; and then there was the galling question of the new country club. So they welcomed Willie's project; and when Elsie called to ask if she could go with them they became almost amiable to each other.

Jerry, too, welcomed Willie's suggestion. Its possibilities interested her. Was Willie at last going to follow her advice and come out in the open with some of his opinions? The situation was spicy. Then, too, she was glad of an opportunity to get together with the others and talk things out. The turmoil had been wearing on Phil's nerves as well as her own. So she waited for Phil to come home, and the two Lancasters, together with Little Eva, who was strangely enthusiastic over Willie's idea, went to join the conclave.

Willie and Little Eva had been disconcertingly intimate of late. Jerry had observed, but when she reported these observations to Phil he only chuckled.

"They don't matter, my dear better," she had objected. "Everything goes wrong in love-affairs, Phil. Look at Ruth Taylor and Steve Mitchell!"

"Ruth and Little Eva are extremes," he said thoughtfully. "Ruth builds on the past and can not adjust her principles to any present-day basis. She closes her eyes on the world, deplores modern conditions, but does nothing to help them in any way. Little Eva has her eyes open and her fingers crossed. She knows her way about; she knows what she wants and she gets it. If she wants Willie she stands more of a chance than Ruth of being happy in today's world. Eva promises to be a useful member of society now that she is quieting down."

"Where do I come in on this category?" Jerry demanded.

"You! You don't belong in any category." And he was abruptly silent.

THE day had not cooled off sufficiently for them to hold their meeting on the Overton terrace, so the crowd assembled in the music-room, about an electric fan that sighed complaint over its ministrations. Attendance was a hundred per cent., or promised to be, for Elsie had reported that Tracy, the only missing member, was on the way.

Johnnie, the host, wore a chastened air on his impertinent face. The crowd knew why and they were sorry. Little Eva had turned him down—definitely. Johnnie had not been trained to consider that any one would ever cross him. He was a marvelous matrimonial prospect, but he had never been anything but a prospect to the unhappy debs that had struggled to capture him. Finally he had succumbed to Little Eva, and she had told him that there was absolutely nothing within him to bring forth an answering spark.

Johnnie was disillusioned; but the unexpected rebuff might dispel his cynicism. Cynicism was a malady of the youth of the day, and Johnnie's case was fully developed.

Little Eva had seated herself in a corner far away from him, near Janet and Andy Clarke, upon whom her baby eyes rested speculatively. Janet was exhibiting a new step where you wiggled one knee and kept the other still. Andy was announcing a scheme to send one of his unattached young men to England to take a course in biochemistry whereby one became an expert on home brew.

Tanky sat silently apart from the rest. He had not been seen with Cora lately. The affair of the gasless ride had not helped his cause. Life was always getting boring. He sat and mingled the Scotch on his breath with the English of his cigarets.

Little Eva watched them all with impassive face. They bored her. All this sort of thing had been boring her for so much longer than she had realized. Timothy's view of them had given her new perception and inspiration, which was finding realization in Willie—Willie, who had always been trying to change her point of view, but without success until Timothy had waked her up.

So side by side Little Eva and Willie had surveyed their group and mapped out a course of action. Side by side they intended to survey life, and so far the prospect was alluring. They were in that exalted mood in which one expects to reform the world, and the natural starting-point for experiment was their own crowd.

"We might as well begin and not wait for Tracy," said Willie, who actually was looking alert. He pulled a card-table in front

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DELICE RAISIN CAKE: ½ cup butter or shortening; 1¾ cups granulated sugar; 2 eggs; ¼ teaspoon salt; 3 teaspoons baking powder; 2¼ cups flour; ⅔ cup milk; ½ cup Sun-Maid Raisins; 1 teaspoon vanilla

RAISINS are dried in the sun in beautiful clusters, just as they come from the vine. For your convenience they are then stripped from the stems and packed, seeded or seedless, in cartons, ready for use

They add to old familiar foods a bit of stored-up sunshine

IN golden California, in the fertile valleys of San Joaquin and Sacramento, the vineyards grow heavy with clusters of wonderful grapes.

At the moment of perfect ripeness they are cut from the vines and placed on trays in the sun.

And then the sun, which has stored within their delicate skins so much of health and fruity goodness, completes its work—and gives us Sun-Maid Raisins.

They make it easy to give the good old foods NEW *goodness*

Have you learned what magic you can work in the daily menu with this delicate fruit?

Do you know how easy is the way to please and benefit your family by simply adding raisins to the old, substantial foods like good white bread, oatmeal, Cream of Wheat, cup custard, and famous old B. P.?

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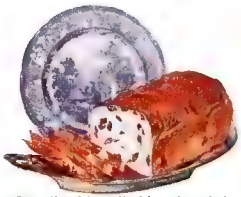
Raisins offer, too, so much besides their tempting goodness. As the sun is rich in health, so are raisins. They



Because it's good, because it's wholesome, because it gives variety to the daily menu—serve raisin bread often!

are high in fruit energy units in a form practically predigested by the sun. Their fibre forms a "roughage" which helps to make laxatives unnecessary. Their iron and other valuable minerals supply urgent bodily needs.

Here for once, we are urged by those who know to eat more of a food we really love—a food delightful as well as healthful and nutritious! And that is why, today, we are using *more than twice as many* raisins as we did ten years ago.

Once we all bought raisins largely on blind chance. Now, twelve years of effort on the part of thousands of California growers has changed all that, has given us a guide to all that is best in raisins—the name Sun-Maid.

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In every community you will find a few women who understand the art of leading a beautiful, domestic and social life

THOSE who have enjoyed the hospitality of such a woman—which is ever the same, in the big house or the little one—soon learn that the secret of her gracious charm is this: she has cultivated the gift for human relationships.

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She knows much social misery is caused by the mistaken idea that it is easy to make a party "go" if there is plenty to eat. She knows it is better to have one or two new dishes, or none at all, than a dozen of the ordinary, tiresome kind.

An elegant table, with a handsome and brilliant company about it, is a common event in her home. When the last rubber has been played, her guests know a rare joy awaits them.

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Premier Salad Dressing

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The Excitement-Eaters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

of the fireplace, put pencil and papers on it, and faced every one. This move drew a drawl from Tanky.

"Say, what's this all in favor of? We goin' to elect ourselves into a new club, or what?"

"It's a scheme I'll tell you about," said Willie patiently. "But in the first place there's one thing that's got to be understood: we're all going to be frank. We've got to be. And if we are, every one must agree not to get sore. When you get sore you lose your sense of proportion. And we surely need it in a case like this."

"Of course we won't get sore," said Cora languidly. "My capacity in that direction's about worn out."

"Why should we get sore!" said Janet with a laugh. "We're among friends."

"Open up," said Tanky lethargically; "we're always frank, so why all this preliminary twitter?"

"Well," Willie drew a chair out to the table and sat down, "we are all tired of this bulldozing and browbeating that's been given us by the older members of this town. Aren't we?"

"That's what," Johnnie approved, and violent nods around the room indorsed his statement.

JERRY looked at Phil and felt the incongruity of his presence there. Save for her he would not be a part of this conclave, might even be among the older censors. No—maybe not! Swiftly she changed her mind. His place was with them, to watch with his understanding, to wait until they should turn to him for counsel.

"All right, we admit the thing has gone too far," Willie was continuing, "*too far on both sides.* Thus is a meeting of protest; and I propose that we draw up the protest in written form and submit it to one of the ringleaders in the activities against us, which ringleader may be determined by vote."

This proposition was received without objection.

"You sound so legal, Willie," Elsie murmured; "like the head of a Sunday-school or something."

"Go on!" said Evadne from her corner.

"All right," said Willie. "I've noticed, in most of our objections to our ostracism, a lot of comment on the behavior of the older set. I propose that we put down on one side of the paper the things about ourselves that might be criticized and on the other side the things about the older set that we don't approve of."

This suggestion was received with ovation. Willie had a stroke of genius.

"That's putting it up to 'em fair and square," Tanky approved, while Janet exulted:

"Oh, the things I've wanted to say to 'em!"

And Johnnie approved:

"Willie, you've struck bed-rock now. Drill on!"

"Then," said Willie enjoyably, "we'll send 'em the whole thing and put it up to their sense of justice. Now let's see how'll we start about it."

"Make two columns," said Phil, who was looking amused, Jerry noticed. "First put us down, then them. Do both at the same time. If you start with one column alone we'll never get home for dinner."

"Every one's staying here for dinner," said Johnnie firmly. "But about the plan; that's good dope about putting first us and then them."

Having decided the business details, the floor was open for ideas.

"What do we admit about ourselves that might give them grounds for peevishness?" Willie inquired gently.

"Crap-shooting!" said Cora, with a quick glance at Elsie. "We've got to admit that stunt is a little too swift at present."

Elsie flushed and quickly took the floor.

"And get down flirting with men other than one's husband, too!" she said with a short laugh. "We admit we do that!"

Cora and Elsie looked and the two glared at each other.

"Now, look here," said Willie mildly, "this is no free-for-all controversy. I've put down crap-shooting. We all admit that. The next I will not put down unless more people than one back up the statement."

It was Little Eva who leaped into the awkward silence that followed.

"I want to say something," her baby voice proclaimed. "I've been thinking about this whole mess. And I know what's the matter."

Irony greeted her.

"You do?"

"Give us the light, Eva; give us the light!"

"Well, it's this. The older people are maddest about the younger married set, aren't they? Well, do you know what I think about the younger married people? You're like an old maid before she quits struggling—you're overdoing things. You're so afraid the younger unmarried bunch will think you're out of pep—losing your grip—that you even go beyond us, trying to show us you haven't.

"What's the use?" Her platinum tones resounded through the startled silence. "Good night! What did you get *married* for? People expect people to be *different* after they're married! People expect a little—sort of settling down!" cried Little Eva, a natural flush springing to her cheeks, her eyes shining.

Quiet greeted her remarks. Then Fred spoke solemnly.

"Eva, you said a lot."

Jerry cleared her throat.

"Willie," she said, "why not put down under the craps that we married ones admit that we—we haven't gotten used to the responsibilities of being married yet. That puts it in a nutshell, I think."

Cora scowled and stole a glance at Fred, who would not look at her.

"Good night!" Tanky bleated, alarmed. "This is beginning to sound too darn moral, or introspective, or something!"

"If you want to be a swine while the pearls are being cast, all right, go ahead and grunt," said Willie. "You hit it that time, Jerry. It's about time we thought of something to put on the other side about the older set, tho."

"They're always crabbing!" said Johnnie promptly.

"And taking the joy out of our sweet, childish lives!" cried Janet.

"They don't realize," said Tanky, "that they're out of date, that things are different nowadays, that there's no use—er—stemming the march of civilization."

"What's the march of civilization?" Willie shot at him swiftly. "Crap-shooting! Sitting around drinking all day while other people work to keep you in booze? Listen here, Tank—and Johnnie, too—and I wish some flappers were here—I'm resigning from the Useless Club, with a proposition that it be disbanded."

"What!" uttered Johnnie.

"What do you mean, disbanded?" Tanky demanded.

"I mean disbanded! What's the use? Moreover, I think most of those here are Useless Clubbers, whether they belong or not. I think that's the trouble with the whole bunch of us."

Both comment and question were being poured upon him from all sides.

"What do you mean? What's the trouble?"

"What do you mean, Willie?"

"I'll ask you all a question," said Willie. "When were you the happiest in your lives? And don't you have acknowledged it at one time or other. It was in war-time, wasn't it?"

They all nodded silently.

"You see! And you know why, too! Because war-time hit us all at the right age. We all went into the service, in some way or other, and worked. We felt that we were needed—some use in the world! When the armistice came we all had a grand let-down, left the service, since when we've gotten into all sorts of trouble being as useless as possible!"

AT THIS point Phil had something to say. He spoke with sudden, swift urgency. His turn had come; and the others listened with startled interest. Few besides Willie and Jerry realized that they were really listening to him for the first time.

"You've hit the cause of it, all of you!" he said rapidly. "It's what I've stated all along—a malady too serious to be called post-war manifesto and let go at that. It's a malady that finds its parallel in history just a hundred years ago. It came after the Napoleonic wars. The children of that day were brought up to the roll of the drum, to the echo of marching feet. They were the fulfillers of destiny; the whole world moved for them, because war, the work of the world, was theirs. It ended; and there came over the country's youth a great restlessness that was recognized and defined as the sickness of the times—*mal du siècle.* It is mentioned by all writers of the period. Small wonder now that this malady is loose again when the grave, momentous work that was given children for two whole years —years packed full of living—was snatched away from them."

He paused for breath, surveying their still faces.

"The reins of the world are back again in the hands of the older people. All we should ask of them is understanding of the situation—that is what they need. But what do we need?"

Elsie here interrupted him.

"Well, I admit there's something in what you say. I never was so happy as when I was working in the motor corps. But we can't go back to those times, Phil. What can we do?"

"I don't like the way things are turning out at all," Janet fretfully.

Cora turned to Phil.

"If there's any way out of all our mess I'd be glad to take it. But we just can't say—haven't I thought about it? What can we do?"

"What do we need? What can we do?" repeated Willie. "That's for us to decide to-day. That's why I called the meeting. Look at the tables!" He waved his scribbles before them. "A column already on our debit side. And nothing definite against the older set except the well-known fact that they're narrow-minded and crabby! What are we going to do? It's as plain as the face that we're most of us thirsty and don't dare mention a drink in this uplifted moment!"

Jerry winced, and the others laughed. Willie leaped into their laughter.

"Jerry has been the one to show us what

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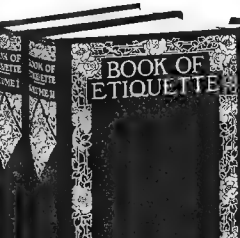
A Social Secretary —for Life!



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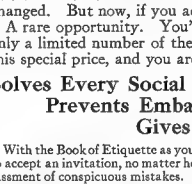

What to Do—

It is rather late and she does not know whether she should invite him into the house or not. He does not know whether he should ask permission to call, or wait until he is invited.

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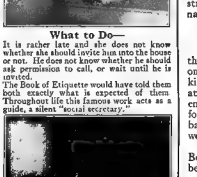

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They are attending the opera for the first time. With what trepidation they enter—fearful that they may have made some error in dress! The Book of Etiquette would have told them exactly what is correct—just as it tells what is correct to wear on all other occasions. A social secretary for life! Be sure to grasp the rare opportunity explained on the right.

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The Excitement-Eaters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

we can do, and we were blithe young dumbbells enough to take it as a joke. Work! Be some use—take some attitude of responsibility toward the whirl of life instead of wasting ourselves [in the mad rush for pleasure."

"Listen to Willie!" blared Tanky in pitiful amazement. Willie ignored him and continued, while Jerry watched him, fascinated at the change in him.

"We seem 'way off the track of our ostracism, but we're getting to the good old root of the problem. Everything's simple now—if you look at it that way. All we've got to do is find jobs for Johnnie and Tanky and me, make Elsie fire her cook and work around the house; get Cora to dish her nurse and take care of her baby—"

Silence warned him that he had become too concrete. Johnnie was looking distinctly upset; Tanky had every appearance of working himself up into an alcoholic temper; Elsie was scowling thunderously, while Cora and Fred sat rigid.

"I wish Tracy'd hurry his jolly self," he said. "Where is he, anyway?"

TRACY had gone to his father's house with a sanguine heart. Without knowing it, Elsie had maddened his already frenzied nerves past endurance. He was in no condition to be toyed with; but he felt that everything would be smoothed out after seeing the old parent who had always eased his way.

Mr. Villiers was a widower and rich. Tracy had passed a gilded, untrammeled youth, and marriage was made easy for him at a time when most young men do not dare even to think of it. His first blow had been his salary, which was much too small, he thought, everything considered. His father had believed he was not yet worth much to the firm and that young married couples should start out in a small way and work up. All of which had made no impression upon Tracy's consciousness. He had not saved any of his salary, Elsie had spent whatever he had, tried on eyes in his resolute moments, and they had both wasted their wedding-present money. It was the psychological moment for the old parent to step in. Instead of which he had stepped out—but only temporarily, Tracy was convinced.

It had been a long time since his father had seen him entirely sober, and Tracy did not realize that sober he was a pitiful sight. The light had gone from his face, the smile from his lips. Only an echo, a sad echo, of Tracy's loveableness remained.

He found Mr. Villiers in his den, in contemplation over a pipe.

"Hello, Dad," he said with an attempt at geniality.

The old parent looked at him.

"Hello, Tracy. You're looking a bit off your feed."

"I'm on the wagon; that's why," said Tracy. He had meant to say it with simple effectiveness, but he could not help it if some bitterness crept in.

His father frowned.

"Why don't you drink like a gentleman—take it or leave it with equal comfort? I can't understand you. Your forbears came from France. In that country they drink gracefully—they don't swill around like pigs in a trough. What's the matter with our young men? Why can't they drink like gentlemen?"

Tracy heard him to the end with boredom. It was a favorite subject of his father's. Tracy himself had his doubts about the gentleman who took it or left it with equal comfort. When his father finally fell silent and regarded him with a fishy, questioning eye he hinged directly into his subject. He had come to find out—to ask—well, to find out if—what his father intended to do.

Mr. Villiers looked inquiringly.

"Do? My dear fellow, I was under the impression that the doing was up to you!"

Then he delivered a most disagreeable harangue, to which Tracy listened with injury and indignation. Several sentences held permanent prick.

"Your connection with my firm is over—over, you hear!—until you have made good with some other firm, shown me what you can do. I gave you your chance. You fooled it away, coming into the office only when you felt like it—never sober. The sooner you understand that I mean all I say, the better."

And so on in a dreary refrain. Tracy put in a word once when his father stopped for breath.

"Things are different after you're married, sir."

"Married!" Mr. Villiers glared. "Don't bring that up, in Heaven's name. I thought that marriage would stiffen you, give you backbone; that's why I let you marry. When your mother and I married we started on—well, no matter; what your parents did has ceased to make any impress on you young people at all. What will your children be? Will they turn out as much worse than you as you are than we? Not that you show any evidence of having children. It might brace you up if you did. Something's got to—"

Tracy felt that he had to get out, or he would scream and throw the inkstand at his father. He retreated to the door, savagely muttering that he had been trying to get a job but couldn't.

"You won't starve," said his father pleasantly. "I'll allow you a charge-account at the provision-stores up to a certain amount. Elsie's father has provided the home over your heads. I will give you your food, but not your drink, my boy. As for the rest, it is up to you. I have nothing further to do with it. You must understand that. Going, are you? I hope you have not forgotten that you can no longer go to the club. Well, good-by!"

TRACY flung himself away in the black rage of unbalanced nerves. That last stab about the country club had set him into a fury. His father sitting there so calmly, pipe in mouth, dispensing words as if they were favors, seemed to have taken on the aspect of a demon.

Tracy scarcely realized that he was driving to the Overton house; he had forgotten why he was on his way to Johnnie's.

The buoyant world of good-fellowship, with its golden pathway down which he had so often slid or loitered, was gone. In its place was left nothing but gray ugliness, no joy, nothing but dreariness. His father was idiotic, cruel, unreasonable. He'd show him. Somehow—some way.

He parked his car back of others on the drive. A maid who admitted him reported that the crowd were all in the music-room and that he was to go right in.

He had forgotten that there were to be others besides Elsie. He did not like seeing a mob. Why was there any one else there, anyway?

He stood scowling with indecision, and the maid, who knew him, left. She had other business than watching Mr. Tracy. To her he looked to be in his usual intoxicated state. The quite sober, in reality he was much wilder than he had ever been.

He loitered through the Overton halls and into the trophy-room. Johnnie's guns and revolvers, clean and shining, were arrayed in one corner; fossiles hanging on the wall, relics of the chase, mounted duck, a stuffed trout enclosed in a glass, Johnnie's polo-cup gleaming on the mantel. A moose-head from across the room confronted Tracy with so lifelike a stare that he addressed it querulously.

"Johnnie's got all this just because his father happens to be dead. No complications. He can do anything he wants to because he's got the cash and no family. He can get stewed or anything—no one says a word."

The moose looked at him suspiciously.

"I tell you it's true, you fool!" Tracy insisted, his voice rising. "Same way with Tanky. He's twice the souse I am. Every one admits it. But does any one think anything of it? No, because he's got the cash and no family to bother him."

The moose seemed to wink, and Tracy with difficulty restrained himself from bursting into tears.

"All right for you!" he cried, and backed out of the room. He would give the group a look. If he liked their noise he would go in; if not, he would stay away.

The flow of voices from the music-room caught him within a few feet of the door. He stopped and listened.

"They've got a right to object when a person gets to blotting up the wet the way that Tracy does."

This was from Johnnie in a righteous tone. Tracy breathed hard and went nearer. Johnnie had some crust—*Johnnie!*

Elsie's voice came in sharply.

"He's on the wagon, Johnnie Overton, which is more than you can say about yourself!"

Elsie made him sick. Why couldn't she talk like that to him instead of saving it for others?

Tanky's laugh broke in here—a superior, hateful laugh.

"Tracy on the wagon! We know how long he'll stay there. I tell you he can't do it, Elsie, and I wouldn't let him try if I were you. It can't possibly come through, now he's gotten so soaked in it."

Tracy heard no more. Blind with unreasoning rage, he turned and stumbled back down the hall—back to his unsympathetic listener. The world was strange and distorted; dark shapes of desperate fancies hovered about him. All around were horrid fantoms that raved at him and pointed jeering fingers.

"You heard them!" he cried to the moose-head. "You heard them—my friends —all my friends!" He was sobbing with great, terrible sobs that seemed to be tearing him apart and yet brought forth no noise. "My friends—my father—everybody—I'll show them—I'll make them sorry!"

Then Tracy thought that the moose opened its grim lips. It seemed to speak to him in a thick, jeering voice.

"How will you make them sorry? You're only talking as usual—fool!"

The faces around Tracy whirled and pointed, but they were not pointing at him any longer. They were pointing at something else, all of them. Tracy looked and saw—the gun-rack. Each ghastly forefinger pointed, and all at one revolver; a shining, neat revolver on the right-hand side. The thick, jeering voice spoke again; this time behind him.

"There's your chance—fool!"

THE shot came down the hall and thundered into the music-room. A first confused moment. Then—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

When he says goodnight

EVERY evening, no matter how wonderful, must come to an end.

And when he leaves you, he is going to carry away with him a mind's-eye picture of you as he last saw you.

Perhaps the one thing that can leave the greatest impression of any woman's loveliness is her hair.

And thousands of women have learned the way to lovely hair with Wildroot Hair Tonic. They know it keeps hair always soft, fluffy and attractively wavy.

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"Nothing so refreshes the face and takes away the tired, strained look as Mineralava."
—MAE MURRAY

A Youth and Beauty Talk by Hector Fuller

IT would do your heart good to see the happy smiling faces of the notable motion-picture stars as they pass to and from their studios. Most of them are enthusiastic users of MINERALAVA and MINERALAVA Face Finish, two products that have worked a revolution in the youthful beauty of the women of America.

The time to look after your Youth and Beauty is now—no matter what your age. The human skin needs nourishment and stimulation, else it falls into a dull, flabby condition, lacking vitality, and becomes an easy prey to sagging muscles, premature wrinkles, pimples, blackheads, and the things that make for age.

After all age is not a question of years. A young girl or boy with a pimply face, colorless, lacking luster and vitality looks old. On the other hand, there are grey-haired women whose skin is sparkling with health, whose contour is firm and well moulded, who have not the sagging jowls, and unnecessary wrinkles, who look young and sprightly, in spite of the march of the years.

MINERALAVA and MINERALAVA Face Finish have retained this glorious illusion of Youth in the faces of thousands of women.

The beauty clay with twenty-four years' reputation

For twenty-four years MINERALAVA and MINERALAVA Face Finish have been at the service of the World. At first the use of these wonderful preparations was confined to the exclusive beauty shops.

But the striking merits of this marvelous MINERALAVA carried its own reputation far and wide. To-day it is on sale in over 30,000 drug stores in the United States and practically every Department store in the country finds that it is the one toilet preparation that gives universal satisfaction.

Ideal preparations for home treatment

MINERALAVA and MINERALAVA Face Finish are equally appealing to men and women, to youth as to middle age. The Terminal Barber Shops, catering to over 40,000 men daily in New York, and leading barber shops everywhere, make a specialty of MINERALAVA facials simply because when men have used it once the results are so gratifying they become constant users.

Read here what skin malnutrition is, and how surely MINERALAVA corrects it

SIR Erasmus Wilson, the famous London surgeon, declared that Skin Malnutrition was that dull condition of the human skin caused by the need for nourishment and stimulation. To correct it the skin needs a food, a tonic, thorough cleansing, clear through the pores so that they may be opened and have a chance to breathe. Also, the skin needs healthy stimulation. All of this needed is supplied by MINERALAVA and MINERALAVA Face Finish.

Pimples, Blackheads and Large Pores

Soot and dirt cause blackheads and pimples.

These are caused directly through lack of nutrition in the skin. The skin flabby and inert has not power enough in itself to throw them off. The very first application of MINERALAVA corrects this condition.

The pores will be opened so that they may breathe in health, and the skin is given strength enough to prevent these impurities from gaining headway. The Mineralava Face Finish is readily absorbed by the skin and gently closes, without clogging, the pores.

Sagging Muscles, Lines and Wrinkles

When muscles become saggy and the skin becomes loose, wrinkles follow.

The greatest sign of a skin that lacks health is when it gets flabby and loose and the face loses its fine contour.

The slightest suspicion of a jowl shows that your skin is not functioning properly; for around the chin and neck the skin should be firm and smooth, and full of vitality.

Nothing so aids the skin in this respect as frequent applications of MINERALAVA, and MINERALAVA Face Finish, that fine skin food and tonic which provides such a perfect base for powder.

This is not an experiment but a method. Try It!

THREE times a week the woman who cares for the appearance of her face and neck should try this: Wash the face in plenty of warm, not too hot water; dry, then apply the MINERALAVA, with the soft brush that comes with every bottle. Apply it with an upward stroke. As it dries you will feel the MINERALAVA penetrating the pores, and thoroughly cleansing them so they have a chance to breathe. At the same time it calls up a fresh supply of blood to the tired tissues and the tiny muscles, bringing them new life and vitality.

Wash off the dainty mask of MINERALAVA in clear warm water, then cold water, and then apply MINERALAVA Face Finish patting it gently into the face with the tips of fingers. It is a wonderful skin food and tonic, and provides a perfect base for powder.

And men, when after a day's hard work or a-day in the open, you look tired and run down, lacking in "pep" and energy, follow the same directions as above, and give yourself a MINERALAVA facial. It will set you up for the evening, and whether you are off to a dinner or dance or the theatre your friends are certain to greet you with a cheering remark about how young you look.

That is the certain effect of MINERALAVA with 24 years' reputation.

MINERALAVA comes in a bottle containing eighteen treatments for $2.00, a trial tube for 50 cents, and the MINERALAVA Face Finish is $1.50 a bottle. For sale at all Drug and Department Stores with our positive money-back guaranty.

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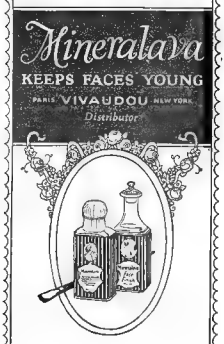

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WAVE your hair easily, quickly and without heat. The new improved West Electric Hair Curler does it in twenty minutes. It is the only hair curler that has "the rounded end that cannot fly open" whether a small or large strand of hair is wrapped around the curler.

Made from one piece of steel charged with electricity which benefits the hair. They will not absorb the oil of the hair. They have no loose parts to get out of order. There is nothing to bend or break; no hinges or sharp edges to injure the hair. Card of 5, 25c; Card of 2, 10c.

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Shampoo with West Softex. It cleanses the hair thoroughly, leaving it soft, full of life, and easy to manage. Contains just enough Egyptian Henna to give the desired shimmering tint. Also prepared *without* henna. 10c a package.

WEST *Hair Nets "Beach and Motor" West Double Mesh*

WEST "Beach and Motor" the invisible Hair Net. They are extra large, made of 30-inch, twice sterilized strands of American prepared hair. Wide variety of shades insures an exact match for any hair. 10c each. Satisfaction guaranteed. For economy, buy them by the dozen. West Double Mesh recommended for sports wear 15c each, 2 for 25c. Gray and white 20c.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct from us, enclosing purchase price and dealer's name and address.

Our "Guide to Hair Dressing at Home" shows, in full colors, how to dress the hair in the latest styles. It will be sent free upon request.

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INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC and SAFE — KOTEX

The Excitement-Eaters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

"That came from the trophy-room!" said Johnnie, who started to the door. The other men followed, bidding the girls remain. Mid-Victorian maidens might have obeyed their lords, but Jerry's crowd trailed hot-foot up the hall and into the trophy-room, where they all halted, horrified.

On the floor lay Tracy—their joyous, colorful comrade—in a weak, purposeless heap.

A crimson stain on the shock before Elsie's screams began. She flung herself upon the floor at his side. Phil knelt and felt his heart. Johnnie picked up the revolver, that had slid along the floor.

"The only one that was loaded on the whole rack," he mourned. "He must 's' tried 'em all in cold blood."

Cora was swaying where she stood; Fred caught her before she fell.

"Oh, Fred!" she cried, and buried her face on his shoulder.

The two clung together in the suddenness of shock, in a frenzy of reconciliation.

Jerry's tears fell in torrents of pity. Tracy, in all the laughter of his youth! Her lips moved; she found that she was praying for him—for him who had been sacrificed for the rest of them.

And still Elsie's screams paralyzed the air.

"He's dead! He's dead! And I never—we never—did any of the things we might have done!"

Willie intervened.

"Here, we'd better all get out. Phil, you stay and see to things. The rest of us—better all get out."

They took their stunned way to the drive outside—Janet and Andy Clarke silent and grave, Tanky loudly weeping.

"There went one of the best sports! Oh, what'd he do it for? It's enough to make a fellow stop and think—enough to stop and think! What'd he do it for?"

Cora and Fred were oblivious to everything but themselves. Clinging to each other, they went to their car. Cora spoke once, her mouth close to Fred's ear.

"Oh, Fred, suppose—it had been you!"

Willie went over to Jerry.

"I'll take you and Eva home. Phil may have to stay some time."

One by one the cars rolled quietly out of the Overton drive. On the way home Eva tried to talk, but Jerry offered nothing. Her eyes and heart were full of Elsie's terrible look, and she could not forget Tracy as he lay dead, his young face upturned in the defiance of despair.

When they reached home Jerry went in, leaving Little Eva and Willie to their own devices; and no one thought of dinner. It seemed hours before Phil returned. Just to hear his step on the stairs brought relief to Jerry. They sat on the davenport and talked of Elsie and of Tracy and of all the others in the group.

"Phil, did you notice Cora and Fred?" Jerry asked him. "All of us—all of them—we've changed—grown up; and I thought that nothing could ever make us, didn't you?"

"Oh, things—will be different now," said Phil gravely. "But what a price!" He looked down into his wife's tear-sunken eyes. "How thankful we should be, Jerry, that you and I are one!"

Hand in hand they sat there in a tense, deep silence.

THE END

"To-morrow's Bread," a brilliant new serial by Wallace Irwin, author of "Lem Tyler's Wives" will begin in the December issue of Pictorial Review. This is a great—if not the great American novel. You can not afford to miss a single instalment.

The Goose with the Golden Egg

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

Champs Élysées, drives in the Bois, teas at the Ritz, dines at the Café Madrid, or sips coffee on the sidewalk of the Café de la Paix while the crowd lilts up and down the Avenue de l'Opéra, one encounters—high spots in the canvas—the mismated American who has brought her (or his—the market plays no favorites) mismating to the French courts for dissolution. And let it be known that whatever lack of protective law, high taxes, and speculation may have contributed toward the passing of the oyster, these same conditions, far from "allowing the geese with the golden eggs," are urging them to increase; multiply, and fill the pockets of the hotel men, shopkeepers, and lawyers of Paris.

Sporadically there burst forth from the conservative jurists and lawyers of France protests against this American invasion. Purported interviews appear in the papers in which threats are made that the French divorce laws shall be changed. Or a trenchant judge, suspicious of our national trait of evasion of the law, refuses to grant a decree or two. But there need be no alarm among prospective invaders. They carry their reparations with them in their letters of credit. And so while a few may scoff many profit, and the laws of France will not be changed.

Of the several authorities with whom I spoke, only one, a French lawyer who had also been a Deputy, showed impatience with the subject. I had heard that the French divorce law had been changed with a view to stemming the American tidal wave. When I asked him about it he replied:

"There has been no such change. Why should there be? It is not a question of French law, but American lawbreaking. Our laws are founded upon the humanities. The home with us is a shrine. Through judicious marriage laws we aim to insure its sanctity. But we are a people of sentiment and we see that a home can not be maintained where there are hatred and quarreling and infidelity. Therefore, when these destructive laws are open to love and forbearance, we further protect the home and the happiness of individuals by a judicious divorce law. Our laws are open to all residents of France. If the Americans take advantage of us by their national tendency to evade the law, that is not our fault. Of course if the judge discovers evasion he will deal with it"—and here he gave a wise shrug—"but you Americans are so smart." And he ended with an inscrutable French shrug.

An American lawyer—a Paris expert—with a keen eye to his own well-being, flouted the insinuation that we are a nation of juggins.

"Don't believe a word of it," he cautioned me. "There are always lawyers of doubtful ethics to co-operate with unwise clients of easy scruples. They do perhaps resort to bad practise for the sake of expediency. No wise lawyer will do this, for the French law is merciless toward perjury and illegal practises when found out. Besides, in the event of contest by the other side overseas, the divorce, if irregularly obtained, would be annulled. The majority of Paris divorces are regular in every way."

Not so sanguine of our integrity was a French authority who begged to remain nameless and without category. Informing me that there had been no changes in the law, he said:

"It had not occurred to me that there was anything wrong with the law until our attention was drawn to the American evasion of it. In order that you may understand I'll give you a brief summary of our divorce provisions: The grounds are infidelity, desertion, excesses, cruelties, and grave injuries. The first step in a divorce suit is the presentation by the plaintiff to the judge of the certificate of domicil, declaring that said plaintiff has a full intention of becoming a permanent resident of France. This is usually made out by the concierge, whose signature is registered at the district police station.

"If the judge is satisfied with the residence requirement, the respondent is served with a notice from the Court of Conciliation requesting the restoration of conjugal rights to the plaintiff. Two months are allowed for an answer. If the defendant refuses this request the divorce is practically automatic, becoming final three months after the publication of the papers."

"This is collusion. In America we—" I got no further with my information. I was interrupted with an astute chuckle and lift of the eyes and hands.

"You are a droll people with your collusion! You are shocked at wisdom! Is it not burlesque to make two people who dislike each other live together in a holy relationship which neither is willing to maintain in holiness? Collusion! Is it not better than confusion?" And the old little man grew apoplectic with mirth at our comedy of domestic errors.

"But to return—" I quieted down to further questions of law: "If the person sued is not in this country a nine months' search must be made for him—or her. American husbands have chivalry—so it is most times 'him'! If he is found he must answer; testimony is taken, and the answer?"—here another French shrug and wink—"It is according to the liberality of the judge. So—by your smile you understand liberality. Is it not so?"

I did see. And I saw something else, so I asked: "But what of divorces where both persons are not in France?"

"Ah, you ask too much, Madame. I shall have to be unpleasant, perhaps—because here comes the evasion. Our law is sometimes too hard. While the judge decides upon residence qualifications, he is sometimes 'easy'—that's what you say in America—*n'est-ce-pas?* The palm of a concierge can oil sweetly to be searched by good American gold. By it he is flattered to make mistakes in his certificate of domicil. And the poor judge, how can he know?

"An unhappy lady who can not stay too long in Paris may come here, take an apartment, be generous with the concierge—and she gets the certificate. If her husband is not in France he may be considered too—of his wife and his lawyer, who is in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

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The Goose with the Golden Egg

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

turn considerate. If he is not considerate a little trick may be played on him. Avant the concierge! The wife may rent an apartment; leave a few personal properties in it. She goes home, comes back in less than a year. The nine months' search for the husband is a failure. He is not served. Testimony is taken. She gets her divorce.

"And she doesn't have to go to court for that, does she?" I managed to interpolate, for he was eager on the subject.

"If the judge is a pleasant gentleman — Our Civil Code, Article 234, permits the judge to take testimony in the home of the opponent if she or he is unable to appear." His eyes twinkled, as he has also added "American ladies have convenient nerves.

"But now," he went on, "we get quite tired of giving divorces too easy. So we say 'If you want quick divorce both parties must be here. The residence of the plaintiff must be bona fide.'"

But I am afraid the gentleman erred. While I was in Paris there arrived a well-known American actress whose husband followed on the next boat. I was abroad less than three months. Carrying a French divorce decree as the chief souvenir of her Summer junket, she came home on the same boat as I. There were several other cases in Paris last Summer, each conducted with the same rapid fire. If the divorce mill is to grind more slowly and is to be selective in its grist, there is little evidence of it at present.

But let me return to the keen little Frenchman—for, I repeat, he is an authority and he cleared many points for me.

"Are there many divorces granted to Americans upon the ground of infidelity?" I asked him.

"A few. For that they come here to escape scandal. In France we think divorce details are not titbits to tickle the people's palate. The law forbids the publication of anything but the fact that the court has given a divorce. We impose a fine as penalty for infraction. So there is no infraction.

"Besides," he added in an afterthought, "infidelity is difficult that is as a ground for divorce. We do not let respondents marry correspondents. So unless a wife is full of vengeance—or a husband men are dogs in mangers sometimes—some other ground is arranged.

"Sometimes, too, a kind husband may not be an unloving one. He will not desert his wife He can not be cruel So he is astute. He is careful of the lady of his second choice—he wants to marry her. Therefore he finds some willing little lady of the boulevards—and they go to Fontainebleau or some other——"

Shades of dead romance!

Fontainebleau, with the haunting beauty of its fairy forests, its thickets gold with gorse and verdant with the very green of a French May-day. I can see it still, slumbering serenely in the rare Spring sunlight, a blue haze hovering over the palace where so much of history and of poetry and of romance was bred. Fontainebleau—a heaven of old gardens whose sparkling, limpid fountains once lulled the great Napoleon to sleep. And the little white Inn with the scarlet shades, its courtyard radiant with the sun and the moon, and the stars patterned in scarlet begonias! And the veranda with its little white tables, scarlet-covered, where gay guests chatter over quaint porcelain teacups, or sip Chablis from amber goblets! It was intentioned for romance and perhaps for secret love—but not as a hostel for sordid jugglers of the law.

The day I left Paris I stood at the information desk in the office of the American Express Company. In tripped—her heels were too high and her vamps too short for common walking—a young American thing. Her blond hair was bobbed and permanently, very permanently, waved. Her eyes were blue with that dangerous baby stare. A generous hand had contributed to her tinseled regalia, I am sure.

"Can you tell me, thir" she really lisped—"where to go to get a divorth?" After a murmured moment with the astonished clerk, she sought a more specialized desk.

Answering my quizzical glance, the clerk volunteered (he was an American) "Can you beat it? They're getting thicker every day. This is the first time one has ever come here for advice. No doubt she is a warning of what is to come."

As I looked at the futile little creature I thought of poor Sally Maguire of Mulberry Street, lower East Side, New York, whose week-end gift from her husband is rarely less than a black eye and a swollen jaw. She can put her husband in jail if she is willing to go to work to support her six babies She can get a separation—but that does not mean that Pat will stay away from a house he is paying for. And Sally, being a child of nature, forgives Pat. Why? Because the lawmakers of her State do not consider continuous wife-beating a cause for divorce—and because Sally's purse is not full enough to afford a Paris divorce and its usual sequel the luxury of a gentler and more congenial mate.

Whatever rumor or "scare-head lines" in a newspaper may say, France will never change her law to become an assassin's knife to the goose with a golden egg. The American divorce colony in Paris nets her merchants, landlords, restaurant keepers, modistes, and milliners too many hundreds of thousands of francs Her more conservative judges and lawyers may, in offended dignity, protest against the invasion—and evasion. But the majority will shrug in their inimitable way, a shrug which may be in contempt or in amusement, and the law will remain the same

Some day, perhaps, the goose will be killed by an arrow shot from the side of the sea Some day, perhaps, our legislators, in adventurous mood, peeping over their political hedges, will see the world laugh as it points a derisive finger at us. Some day, perhaps, we shall have a sane Federal divorce law, which will give all the mismated a fair and reasonable chance to bring their eggs, whether they be golden or just plain fried, to an open home market for consumption.

Johnny Has His Way

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

meanest, most contemptible insect I've ever come up with. The only way to treat a cad like you is to give you the big ha-ha every time you have one of these fits, and then walk off leaving you sit by yourself for a week or two."

The doctor laid a mollifying hand on Tim's arm He had seen the maniacal rage, like a distorting acid, pour over John's features, dragging his lips awry, forcing his blazing eyes from their sockets. And then, just as Tim Dudgin looked an instant in the doctor's direction, John Glover suddenly turned on his young club fellow and struck him a blinding blow between the eyes that felled him almost unconscious to the floor

Several other members, who had rushed up when the storm broke, helped Tim to his feet, and, incredible accomplishment considering his nationality, managed to lead him away before an actual battle could take place.

No one spoke to John Glover as he put on his overcoat. Scandalized glances followed his surly exit. This was no trifling incident to be winked at indulgently as "just John's way." The honor and dignity of the City Club had been besmirched. How the lower strata would buzz over this disgraceful brawl behind those exclusive portals!

It chanced that Roy Kesselring, president of the club, was in the room, a stocky, compact-shouldered man with a face like an overcolored mask. A season in officers' training-camp, a captaincy, and eighteen months with the A. E. F. had reenforced his spine with a metal that most of his associates lacked. Gnawing an unlighted cigar, he watched John slam the door so hard that the wall rained plaster pellets.

"Boys," he was the first to speak, "it's time we learned that guy a lesson. He's meanest, most contemptible insect I've ever come up with. The only way to treat a cad like you is to give you the big ha-ha every time you have one of these fits, and then walk off leaving you sit by yourself for a week or two."

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"Boys," he was the first to speak, "it's time we learned that guy a lesson. He's walked over us with hobnail boots just long enough. I'm for ousting him permanently from this club."

Ira Lambert looked apprehensive. Dr. Forney thoughtfully mawled his buff mop.

"Ain't that goin' pretty strong?" queried the former. "You know John means well. He'd be down on us the rest of our lives if we done that."

The doctor spoke next. "Seems to me, Roy, that would be carrying things a little too far. We don't want hard feelings; John not speaking to ten couples our wives at parties. I'm afraid it would make an open breach nothing could ever patch up. Of course, John's always flying off the handle, but it's his way. Why, I've known him twenty-five years——"

"Yes," cut in Kesselring, "I've known him thirty-five years Recollect well the time he clawed my cheek open because I wouldn't give him my new tin engine—couldn't 'a' been over three, either of us. Friend or no friend, Glover's a damned roughneck, and it's time he took a tumble to himself. Both you and Ira are directors, aren't you, Doc? I'll get hold of the other members of the board and we'll meet up in my office right after supper."

That night the directors of the City Club sat in serious conference. While Ira and the doctor advised a safe clemency, it chanced that the other two members had both writhed so recently on the defendant's harpoon that they cast not entirely reluctant votes to back up the president.

On the early morning mail came a brief and formal notice to John Francis Glover, Esq., expelling him from the City Club for ungentlemanly conduct

Unheard-of and staggering outrage! John sat at his desk unable to credit his eyesight. He, John Glover, ejected from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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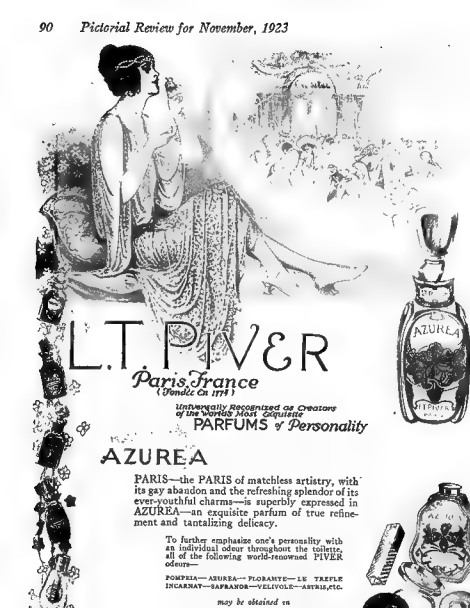
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Johnny Has His Way

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

that circle over which he had tyrannized for years! Again he read the notice that aroused his gore like a singeing banderilla.

Just then Nettie Stitt, his office girl, came in; one of those timorous, jumpy spinsters, suggestive of a startled wallaby. The she had learned to expect slight consideration from her irascible employer, she was hardly prepared for that morning's reception.

"What'n ~~~ do you mean, snooping around here?" he roared as she slipped into the room. "Get outa here and stay out!"

Poor Nettie, not knowing that chance had merely made her an unwelcome witness to those first moments of humiliation, scurried down the stairs, chin and knees atremble, her agitated wits darting in and out among yesterday's dulness, trying to discover what blunder had so aroused Mr. Glover's ire.

John was certain that the news was already common property. When he started home to lunch curious eyes would follow him, and sensation-starved tongues would find the story of his disgrace a succulent titbit.

"It's all the fault of that damn Irishman talking back to me! Wish to Heaven I had him here now!" ~~~ Seething a vision of Tim Dudgin's grinning face through the red curtain of his rage, he plunged a paper-cutter so deep into the desk that it stood erect and quivering. He tore the notice to bits, threw it on the floor, stamped on it, and then started on a seething circuit of the room. Round and round he tramped, cursing, choking, frothing in his fury. This first bitter period of discipline had gone to his head like a maddening drug. Various schemes for vengeance raced through his brain. He fancied himself strangling mild, old Ira Lambert until his pale-blue irises dislodged his spectacles, or felling Dr. Forney with a well-aimed bullet as he walked up the front steps of his home. Self-pity surged up. Friends! Friends of his, men he had always treated white, plotting to dishonor him behind his back—that was loyalty for you! He'd show them.

John Glover, tho, was not the type to dash out and perpetrate wholesale and magnificent slaughter. A revenge more typical began to take form.

"I'll never leave this place alive," he muttered. "I'll make every one of those curs feel like a murderer the rest of his life!"

He dislodged the paper-cutter, contemplated its blunt, bent blade, and then, weak and slouchering, dropped it to the floor. At this moment he spied a bottle of iodin on the shelf above the coat-rack. Still crazed with lacerated pride, blinded by the silly sense of how his passing would blight those others, John Glover, piker, took a deep swallow of the burning, muddy liquid. Too well did that counter-irritant perform its duty. It gripped poor John in a searing agony, doubled him up, threw him on the floor, where he lay howling and writhing, wholly oblivious of the lesser sting that had driven him to this folly.

Just why Fate decided to keep such a petty fellow on earth a little longer baffles understanding. But she have been for further chastening, or she might have come to the same conclusion that Mrs. Glover did years before, when Nettie Stitt, for further chastening, or she might have come to the same conclusion that Mrs. Glover did years before, when Nettie Stitt, ruminating, "What a rumpus this John is raising! Perhaps for the sake of peace I'd better play into his hands."

FATE it must have been who sent Ira Lambert hurrying to Glover's just at this instant to pay a premium on a policy. He opened the door and found John Glover at his feet, groveling, kicking, bawling for help. Almost inarticulate with excitement, Ira quavered a call for Dr. Forney.

"What's the matter? What did you do this, man?" the doctor asked, after an antidote had been given and the patient lay a little easier.

Kicked me—outa—the club," groaned John.

The two leaning over him exchanged remorseful glances.

"There, there," reassured Ira gently, patting his shoulder with an awkward, gnarled hand. "Don't you worry about nothin'. It'll be all right."

"That's what comes from lettin' Roy have his own way," he said after they had gotten John safely home, and were leaving the house. "If they'd listened to us——"

"Yes, that same thing's been running through my mind," replied Dr. Forney, "and I've been trying to figure out some way to patch things up. We can't let him back in the club for a spell—it's poor administration. Now, how about putting him in as honorary of the Business Men's Club? That might pacify him and get his mind off the other."

For a moment Ira Lambert walked on in silence.

His own special pet! It was he who had suggested organizing one in Midport. For two months now he had been going from store to store and office to office stirring up enthusiasm. It had never flashed through his mind that any one else would step in at the last minute and scintillate at the head of this new organization. Only for a few paces, however, did self-seeking keep him silent. Like the generous, kindly old soul he was, he spoke up magnanimously:

"Just the ticket, Doc! Let's go right out and drum the thing up while he's so bad off and feelin' so blue. Poor feller! I didn't dream he'd take it so hard." Shivering, he turned up the collar of his rusty overcoat. "Tell you, Doc, this suicide business has broke me all up—gives one a turn to think somethin' he's had a part in has drove a fellow man, an old neighbor, to try to take his own life!"

At first some of the prospective members of the Business Men's Club, not yet formally organized, were not enthusiastic over the plan for the ennoblification of John Glover. "Let him take his medicine," advised Roy Kesselring. "The big squall-baby!"

The most potent factor in John's favor, tho, was the fact that he was sick, sick in bed, with the curtains drawn, an electric pad on his devastated stomach, glasses and pellets on the night-table. Nothing so touched the composite village sympathies as to have any member of the community in a state of horizontal infirmity. Engrossing and fascinating condition of having a recipient for jewel-like jellies, prize cake recipes, pots of daffodils, hushed inquiries at the side door!

Here was a well-known citizen, part and parcel of Midport, confined to his bed just because some young upstart, whom none of them knew very well, had gotten him "all worked up." Sentiment rapidly veered toward Glover away from Dudgin as the good matrons carried the affair from house to house along with their embroidery-hoops and tatting-shuttles.

"Never had no use for that young smart Aleck!" declared Mrs. Ira Lambert. "Comin' in here from Detroit, and breezin' around like he knew it all with his hat on the back of his head! He's the only one who's ever riled John up to losin' his control—people here know how to take him. I say, 'Make allowances for your friends' peculiarities,'" with which utterance she became the spokeswoman for the larger part of influential Midport.

IN LESS than twenty-four hours after the iodin episode a messenger called at the Glover residence, bearing a formal request, written in Ira Lambert's old-school, tendril-like penmanship, asking John Franklin Glover to act as president of the Business Men's Club and also to preside as toastmaster at the opening banquet.

Another fortnight saw John, well recovered from his reckless draft, standing smugly squat at the head of a long, ensilage-festooned table; Jennie at his side, every inch the toastmaster's lady, wearing a new besequinned dinner-dress that revealed hitherto undisplayed areas of beefy rotundity.

In the atmosphere of forced exuberance and ruthless buffoonery John Glover looked supreme, glorying in his privilege of roasting mercilessly every member of the executive speaker. For days he had racked his memory and sifted every source of hearsay searching for some humiliating event or infirmity buried in the history of every one of them; some deflating barb upon which his victims could squirm to the glee of all assembled.

"The different members of this organization have been coming to me for days," said John, "all of them asking the same favor, to keep a certain man off this program. 'An old bore, a blowjy,' I says, 'in the evening,' is what they all says. I was about ready to do as they asked, when something that happened back in the Civil Wilson campaign comes to my mind. This party and me were arguing a question, I was upholding and saying clear the law, when, all of a sudden, he bursts right out squalling, tears rolling down his cheeks, and cries, 'You can't let me say a word, John! You won't let me talk!'

"For an honest fact, ladies and gentlemen, there stood Ira Lambert bawling because he couldn't talk!" He leered over to where his victim sat, flushed and chagrined over the exhumation of that humiliating relic of the time when he was struggling with shattered nerves.

"So I says to the boys, 'No. While I'm well aware of just how painful it'll be to have to listen to Ira's pointless twaddle, we've got to humor the old man. Supposing I left him off, and he'd bust right out blubbering at the banquet. "You won't let me say a word, John. You won't let me talk!' Consequently we'll have to listen to a few remarks by Ira Lambert."

The guffaws that greeted this send-off quite drowned the first quavering sentences spoken by the founder of the club.

In the meantime John Glover was hurriedly scanning the notes beside his plate, brushing up on the anecdote regarding a certain mistaken and disastrous diagnosis with which he would introduce his friend, the doctor.

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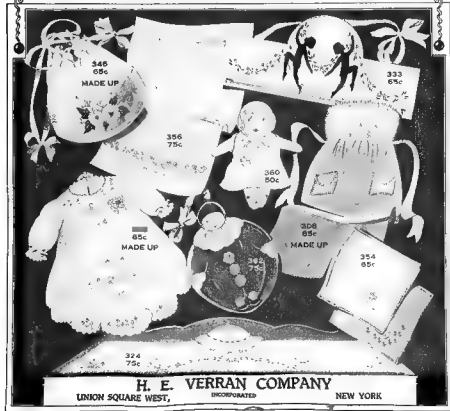

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A Health Clinic on Wheels

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

The car is in charge of a woman physician of wide experience in this special line of work; a nurse works with her, and the chauffeur acts as general helper, runs the motion-picture machine, and completes the trio. In each county visited the country nurse joins the truck, having first covered the route planned to follow, to make sure of good roads, committees of reception, publicity, etc. She receives the mothers each day, records the history of each child, and later keeps the files for consultation and advice. Before long it is expected to have another nurse, who, cooperating with the county nurse, is to advise with the mothers, make sure that the doctor's instructions have been followed, and carry on the work that the clinic began.

"What a perfect baby!" exclaimed the doctor as she lifted a lovely little six-months-old boy and laid him in the scale-basket.

"Isn't he?" said the mother happily, "and he is so hungry, too. We have just begun to feed him everything from the table, and he enjoys it tremendously. I suppose he has got tired of just milk. You have no idea how he loves pickles. Why, he just cries for them when he sees them on the table! Of course we give them to him, but he never seems to get enough."

HOW tactfully the doctor had to explain to this little mother that her pickle-fed baby would not look so well or weigh what he should, that his stomach would soon refuse to do its work, that all sorts of disastrous results would follow such a diet. The little mother wanted to do a well baby, but she never dreamed that pickles would hurt him. She took away with her some of the Government bulletins on "Infant Care" that the nurse gave her, with a card the doctor had made out to tell her the condition in which the baby was found, and what she should or should not do to keep him in good health. The clinic does not give or sell prescriptions. If any child or mother is found to need attention, she is advised to see her physician at the first opportunity.

"Children in the country really often get less fresh air than city children," said Mrs. Mary P. Morgan, director of the Bureau of Child Welfare and Public Health Nursing, under whose direction the Special is routed and conducted. "One mother brought in her baby so wrapped up that we could hardly tell it was a baby. It seemed more like a huge bundle. It took her a long time to dress and undress the baby because every time the door was opened to admit a new patient she had to fold the baby up quickly before the draft struck it. This mother needed to be shown how to dress children properly, what health fresh air would bring, and how the lack of it leads to tuberculosis and other dreaded diseases.

"Another mother brought in three children. One was a tiny baby, the others two and four. All were well covered with veils, thick, heavy veils, swathed about their heads to keep out the life-giving ozone. 'I just can't bear to let my children out without having their faces covered,' she said; 'they catch cold pretty easy, and I try to keep the cold air out of their mouths and noses.'

The noise that drove the doctor out came from a lusty little youngster whose mother needed instruction or practical demonstration along the lines of discipline. "He just makes an awful noise when he is dressed or undressed," explained his mother, as if it were the color of his eyes she was commenting on. It took her nearly half an hour to get him ready to be weighed, but the nurse did not hurry her, thinking if the mother saw how quietly and deftly most of the babies were shipped out of their garments she would learn a much-needed lesson.

MANY children are found to have unsuspected troubles: defective vision or hearing, bone defects, weak lungs. Most of those who were underweight or overweight or had skin diseases were improperly fed. "My baby had convulsions at six months, when she was cutting teeth," said one mother; "she had had her first banana that day, but the fruit did not hurt her; it was the tooth." In the matter of diet and weaning the staff of the Special are able to help and advise actively. They are able to show the mothers that the number of babies of perfect weight corresponds almost to a unit with the number of breast-fed children.

"One little fellow of seven came in one morning," said Dr. Fox, "asking to be looked over as his baby brother had been. We had a moment, and altho we do not as a rule examine children of school age, we examined him. He was found to have a serious heart-leakage, and his father, who came with him, was told to put him under the care of a physician immediately.

"One mother who was unable to have her baby examined at one stop, followed us several miles to our next town. They will drive for miles, often ten or twenty, for consultation and examination, and wait patiently until their turn comes. One mother sent the father with the children, as she was unable to come, having had a baby the night before; others will send the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

BRODNAX

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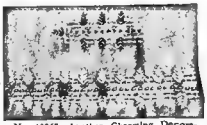
Needlework Follows Popular Chinese Note in New Tapestry Designs

Detail of No. 12864

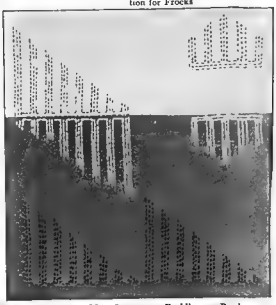
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12869, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes 2 panel motifs 32 inches long, also 4 motifs 7½ inches high by 16 inches wide for trimming frocks, coats, or suits. This looks especially well when worked with soutache braid, in a lighter shade than the material, which may be of serge, velvet, or broadcloth.

No. 12869—Braid Panel and Motif for Fall Frocks

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12868, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, furnishes 5⅔ yards of 3¾-inch embroidery border, also 16 motifs 3¾ by 7¾ inches for trimming suits, frocks, and blouses.



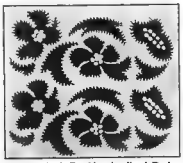
No. 12868—Another Charming Decoration for Frocks



No. 12871—May Serve as a Braiding or Beading Design

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12871, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes 2 motifs 9⅛ by 14⅛ inches; two motifs 4½ inches high, and 3 yards of 7¼-inch border to be carried out in one-stitch, braiding or beading.

No. 12873—A Simple, but Effective Design for Luncheon Sets



No. 12866—A Fetching Appliqué Design

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12866, blue or yellow, 60 cents—3/—, supplies 3 yards of 17-inch border, also 3 yards of appliqué. Also suitable for one-stitch embroidery.

No. 12867—Embroidery Motif and Panel for Dresses

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 335, 15 cents—9d. The fetching sweater shown above in sizes 36-38 requires 8 balls white, 3 balls blue, and 1 ball each of green, orange and henna Shetland Floss. 1 pair No. 4½ knitting needles. Embroidery No. 12864, blue or yellow, 90 cents—2/6.

No. 12864 on Sweater No 335

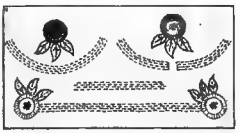
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12867, blue or yellow, 30 cents—2/6, furnishes 1 and 1 reverse of a panel motif 44 inches long, also 2 motifs 8⅛ by 17 inches to be developed in one-stitch.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12865, blue or yellow, 60 cents—3/—, furnishes 3 yards of 11-inch appliqué border, also 3 yards of outlining for trimming suits and frocks. This border may be embroidered, appliquéd, or worked in a combination of one-stitch and appliqué.

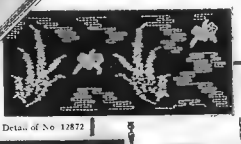
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12873, blue or yellow, 45 cents—2/—, supplies 2 and 2 reverses each of four Japanese motifs measuring 3½, 5, 6½, and 7½ inches high to be used either for wearing apparel or linens, or on luncheon cloths as shown above.

Detail of No. 12874

No. 12874 Simplicity is the Keynote of this Useful Appliqué

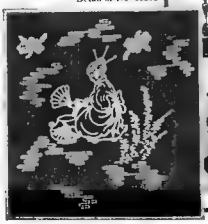


The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12874, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes appliqué motifs with reverses and extra cutting guides, also 4 yards of ¾-inch border. The adaptability of this design is shown on the luncheon cloth at left.

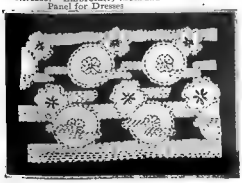


Detail of No. 12872

No. 12872—Shown on Scarf and Cushion



Detail of No. 12872



No. 12865—An Effective Allover Embroidery Design

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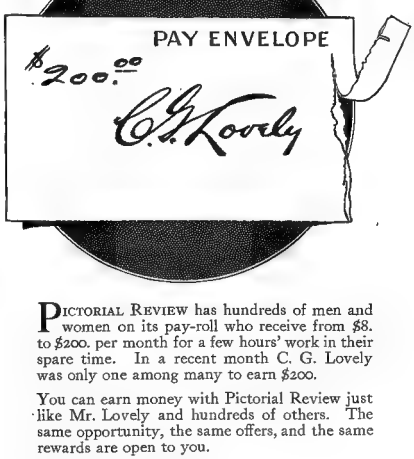

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THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
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NEW YORK CITY

A Health Clinic on Wheels

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

children in with relatives or friends or neighbors. Two women, whose husbands were too busy planting to take out their automobiles and drive them over, hitched up a plow-horse to a single buggy and brought over six children

"We give twenty minutes, on an average, to the physical examination of each child; some, of course, take less, others more. This inspection is very thorough—heart, lungs, skin, ears, nose, throat—all made in the light of the history of the child taken down by the nurse previously. We can handle about fifty children a day, working continuously from nine to six, and every day we have our hands full; sometimes appointments are made ahead."

One father who brought his little boy only to find his sight much impaired, but which with treatment might be cured, said, "If we had only had such advice when I was a boy, I should not have lost the sight of one of my eyes."

Already the Special is beginning to see the actual results of its work. One little fellow, whose mother had brought him for examination and found him underweight, had come with friends to another town to meet the car. "I'm doing just as you told me to," he declared proudly. "Eating more of the right kind of food." He was weighed again, and found to have gained several pounds as a result.

The Better Baby Campaign Wisconsin's Child Special is carrying on is going to do great things for the children of the commonwealth. The world of to-morrow is going to be a better world, its citizens healthier, its ideals finer, its accomplishments bigger. Can any State, any nation do a finer, more interesting, more worthwhile piece of work?

Cranberries the Year Round

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

Cranberry Juice

4 Cupfuls Cranberries
4 Cupfuls Water
1 Cupful Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Salt

COOK the cranberries and water together until the berries are tender. Then drain, add the sugar and salt, and boil gently three minutes. Seal in sterile bottles, and store in a dark place. Use for making pudding sauces, punch and other fruit drinks, frozen ices, and other desserts.

Fruit Relish

2 Cupfuls Cranberries
2 Cupfuls Dark-brown Sugar
2 Oranges
2 Cupfuls Raisins
½ Cupful Cider Vinegar
½ Teaspoonful Cloves
¾ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
½ Teaspoonful Salt

EITHER run the berries through a food-chopper or cut them in halves. Add the orange pulp and rind, the brown sugar, salt, raisins, and vinegar. Cook slowly until the mixture is thick, or for about fifteen minutes. Add the spices, and cook five minutes. Pour into sterilized glasses, cool, and seal with paraffin.

Cranberry Sauce

1 Quart Cranberries
2 Cupfuls Boiling Water
2 Cupfuls Sugar
¼ Teaspoonful Salt

BOIL the sugar, water, and salt together for five minutes, and add the berries. Cook without stirring until the berries are transparent. This usually takes five minutes.

Cranberries with Apples

1½ Cupfuls Sweet Apples
1½ Cupfuls Cranberries
¼ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
1 Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Water

ADD the cranberries to the apples, which have been pared, cored, and sliced thinly. Cook slowly in the water until the fruits are tender. Then add the sugar and cinnamon, and cook five minutes. Seal in sterile cans, or use immediately as a sauce or a filling for pies.

Spiced Cranberries

4 Cupfuls Cranberries
½ Cupful Cold Water
12 Cloves
12 Allspice
2 Sticks Cinnamon
2 Blades Mace
1 Cupful Corn-syrup

COMBINE the ingredients, and cook gently until the berries are tender. Serve as a relish with veal or any other meat.

Cranberries with Prunes

2 Cupfuls Cranberries
1 Cupful Prunes
2 Cupfuls Water
¾ Cupful Sugar
¼ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
Speck of Salt

SOAK the prunes overnight in the water. In the morning cook until the pits can be removed, then cut the prunes in strips with a pair of scissors. Add the cranberries, and simmer until they are tender. Stir in the sugar, cinnamon, and salt, and cook five minutes. Can in sterile jars, or use immediately as a sauce or pie-filling.

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Houses Planned by Women

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

under the dining-room windows has storage space for magazines.

Mention is not made of a fireless cooker, a steam-pressure cooker, nor of an electric vacuum cleaner-and-sewing-machine, but we can not but feel that in such a well-planned and so far well-equipped house if these things are not present it is only a matter of time before they will be; and if the writer had not had a hand, in fact both hands, in the planning of her own home, she would find herself a bit envious of the woman who has such a well-equipped laboratory.

House No. 2, with its near Dutch-Colonial exterior, submitted by Mrs. C. Guy Wever, of Yakima, Wash., is likewise extremely well laid out, and the space utilized to advantage.

The first floor of this house would do for a complete bungalow for a couple without children; but if a second story should not be desired the roof-line should be changed to run only to the porch, and an individual roof for the porch planned, since with the omission of the second-story front windows the long, low sweep of the roof would not be at all attractive.

The front porch is narrow except for the extreme left, which could be made into a sun-room, if this is the sunny side of the house. The back porch looks like a delightful spot, and suggests several uses; *e.g.*, a breakfast-porch, should the present breakfast-alcove be made into a maid's room or a sewing-room; a playroom for children, or a workshop for a man; tho it is to be hoped, if these plans are used by any one else, that this porch may be kept for just what it is here planned, since a restful couch close to a working-center is the greatest boon to a woman.

In this house entrance is gained through the living-room direct. This makes for a larger tho not a cheerier living-room. However, since the stairs are placed where they are, members of the family can come and go without having to face callers in whom they may have no special interest. It is always a great disadvantage to have the stairs in the living-room, as any woman who has many callers will be sure to aver.

IF THERE is one suggestion more than another which would appeal to the average reader it is that the bathroom be placed between the living-room and the bedroom, since this would give to the bedroom two additional windows and provide the much-to-be-desired cross-ventilation. However, since the doors of the bathroom and closet may be left open on a hot night, somewhat better ventilation is assured. In case of such a change a guest could go to the bathroom without having to pass through the bedroom or kitchen, and the only disadvantage would be that the closet, which would naturally be placed on the inside, would have no window; and unless a door were cut from the bathroom to the living-room there should be a narrow hall taken from the closet-space for entrance to the bathroom.

Still another suggestion is to place the bathroom in the first-hand corner, where it now stands, but have it turn lengthwise with the stairs. Then with a door toward the front, and a window opposite in the corner, there would be a long, narrow bedroom—always a better shape than the square bedroom. This change would involve the slight additional expense, silent toilet-fixtures for the first floor will always give great satisfaction.

The kitchen is well planned, tho I think a high window in the now blank wall of the breakfast-alcove would be an improvement—high in order that one seated at the table would not take cold from sitting with one's back to the window.

The tank for the hot water is placed over the range, and conveniently near is a coal-and-wood lift, though that this range is a combination coal-and-wood range; and the cooler over the right-hand drain tells us at once that the house is a farm house, since the climate does not demand ice.

The ironing-board is cleverly placed, and should there be a laundress in the house the care of the bulk of the ironing in the very short space of time in which this wonderful machine can do the work, the pieces such as sheets and table-cloths can rest on the table as they are ironed.

The dumb-waiter is a great time- and labor-saver, and it is very conveniently placed for both first- and second-floor use.

Closet-room in this house is ample. In fact it is seldom that a house is provided with so much closet-space, and inasmuch as there are four bedrooms and two bathrooms, there should be no waiting long to enter the bathroom.

Both bathrooms are well planned, tho it might be a slight improvement in the first-floor bathroom to have a basin in the corner near the window, and the seat placed between the closet and the tub, so as not to leave room for a linen-closet or large medicine-cabinet in the corner where the seat is now placed.

The electric lights are well placed. The dining-room and living-room are provided with chandeliers, and here is the chance to call this lighting apparatus to the consideration of our women readers. If chandeliers are of good quality, and quite in harmony with the furnishings of a room, they often add to the decorative effect, but if not, then

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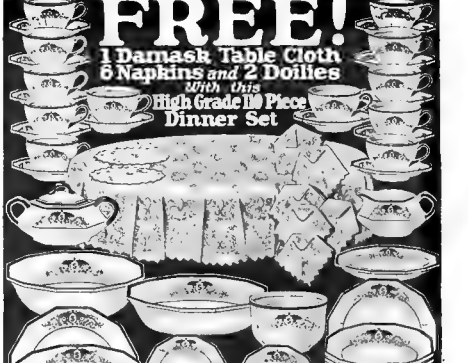

There are big days, and happy days when your family and your friends sit down to your fine big dinners. Picture your pleasure in having for such occasions a Dinner Set like this; pure, gleaming, flawless white, edged with a smooth, bright, shining gold line, gold handles, and a dainty lower band of colorful orange. Then think of the added satisfaction of this distinctive feature, **Your Own Initial on Each and Every Piece.** Each initial is set in an artistic wreath which is banked by a charming scroll of roses in beautiful colors.

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Martha Washington

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No picture can do justice to this beautiful dinner set. I want you to see it on your own table. I want you to know the Attractiveness of its Aristocratic Colonial Shape, the Beauty of its refined Gold Border and Orange band. I want you to see how like this; pure, gleaming, flawless white, edged with a smooth, bright, shining gold line, gold handles and a dainty lower band of colorful orange. Then think of the added satisfaction of this distinctive feature, **Your Own Initial on Each and Every Piece.** Each initial is set in an artistic wreath which is banked by a charming scroll of roses in beautiful colors. I want you to have the big, wide, brilliant gold handles enrich and beautify the set. Then I want you to know the Pride of Possessing a high-class dinner set that has your Initial on every piece. I will send you the entire set, on **30 Days' Free Trial.** The picture shows, in reduced size, the attractive initial design. This design is of harmoniously blended colors and gold. SUPREME QUALITY. Everything that high class materials, manufacturing skill, art and design can do, has been done to make this beautiful Dinnerware a Remarkable Bargain. All the decorations, the initial, the wreath, the scroll of roses in natural colors, the gold edge, and the inner line of orange, are absolutely put on to stay. **We guarantee against breakage in shipment. Each Piece wrapped separately in tissue paper.**

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110 Pieces

12 9-in. Dinner Plates
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12 5½-in. Dessert Dishes
12 5-in. Oatmeal Dishes
1 12½-in. Meat Platter
1 10½-in. Meat Platter
1 Sauce Boat
1 Sauce Boat Stand
1 Gravy Bowl
1 Covered Butter
1 6-in. Picnic Dish
1 7-in. Butter Dish
1 Covered Sugar Bowl (2 Pieces)
1 Covered Vegetable Dish (2 Pieces)
1 9-in. Open Vegetable Dish
1 Platter, Round Salad Bowl

This dinner set formerly sold for $44.75 and without the Free Table Cloth, Napkins and Doilies You would have been satisfied to pay this price for the High Quality and Exquisite Design of this set Alone. To these points of excellence I have added these additional features: The exclusiveness of your own initial on every piece; the lavish beauty of seven colors and Gold in the decorations; the distinctively handsome big, wide, bright, gold handles. I have also added a daintily colored floral spray which is opposite the initial design on every piece.

I want to send you the 110 pieces on 30 Days' Free Trial to use as your own If your satisfaction is not complete, return the set. I will refund your first payment and all freight charges. The trial will not cost you a penny. Be careful to state the initial you desire. Order No. RA3926. Price $29.95. Terms: $1.00 with order; balance in 6 once a month payments of $4.50 Monthly.

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Home Furnishers for the People of America

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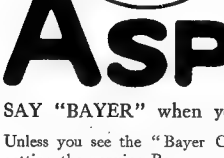

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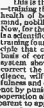

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A Rapid Cooks Better Meals With Less Fuel and Effort

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A new device shows in a minute what to serve with any meat, fish, fowl, etc. Invented, without cost, to introduce Home Economic Ensyclo. Sent Free.

Houses Planned by Women

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

wall-lights are far more preferable. A chandelier in a small room always tends to make the room appear smaller than it is, just as heavily upholstered chairs and cumbersome tables give the effect of smaller space than is actually occupied.

Since one of the bedrooms on the second floor has but one window, let us hope that a slat-door or a transom may be provided for the darkened room, for it, too, is possible, a smaller chimney built, and a window placed on each side. In order to make the exterior architecturally correct this would necessitate eliminating the window in the closet. Slat-doors would also be a decided advantage for the other two bedrooms, since otherwise there is no cross-ventilation in either room.

The hall is lighted by the window over the stair-landing, and the window-lights in the attic suggest cross-ventilation there, for to ventilate an attic instead of by more pleasant second-story rooms in the Summer, with the free air-space between the roof and the second-story ceiling

The laundry for this house is in the basement, and while no floor arrangement is shown, let us hope all electrical equipment is installed, and that the dumb-waiter prevents the laundry-worker from having to carry the clothes up the cellar stairs.

Mrs. Wever writes that her floors are of light wood, well waxed, and do not show dust readily, and that her ivory-white woodwork is enamel finish, easily wiped off. We do not know the finish of the bathrooms and kitchen walls and ceiling, but take it for granted that if they are not tiled they too are of plaster with enamel paint, easily washed.

Two Evenings of Fun

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

there were familiar views—a guy skating scene on the old pond, a glimpse of the village street, etc., then the out-of-town guests there were snap-shots of the picnic and the tennis-match and various other reminders of the happy days she had passed with them. After the puzzles were completed a facsimile of the photo was given to each guest as a souvenir.

Then we were lined upon opposite sides of the room. Each person was given ten new flatly folded envelopes, paper bags and told to open them as quickly as possible. It sounds like a simple stunt in itself, but try opening a bag in a hurry, then watch the Italian grocer the next time he puts your vegetables in one and see with what lightning dexterity he gives the particular little flip which lets the air in that opens the bag so quickly.

A ball-game came next on the evening's program. We were each presented with a paper bag to put the balls in when we found them. Then the game commenced. The balls were hidden behind pillows, in vases, in likely and unlikely spots about the living-room, hall, and porch. At the end of ten minutes a whistle blew, our trophies were counted, and the prize—a red ball of string in a pretty twine-holder —was awarded to the winner.

Two large paper bags had been causing curiosity all the evening. The one hung suspended by a string from a hook on the porch and the other was a shopping-bag —between the doors of the living- and the dining-room. We were now permitted to find the reason for first the one and then the other. We were given ten darts with the soft rubber balls after one could throw the greatest number in the paper shopping-bag.

The next game took place on the porch. The guests were in turn blindfolded, presented with a bamboo cane, and turned around three times. Then they were permitted three attempts to strike the hanging bag. The first two contestants were a little scary of what it might contain. Either owing to that or their lack of direction they failed to touch the bag. The third player merely grazed it with the cane; but the fourth delivered a whacking blow and at Kate's bidding hastily tore off the bandage from his eyes and joined in the merry scramble for the paper-wrapped candies which descended in a shower.

Presently Kate cried, "We are all to have a picnic supper, with no dishes for a busy hostess to wash afterward! Will you please each help yourself to a paper bag? They are on the dining-room table!" And sure enough they were, for while we were gathering up the candy Kate's little sister had placed prettily decorated shopping-bags on the table.

"Choose your own supper partners and eat where you like. The coffee and fruit punch are on the' buffet!" our hostess continued.

Laughingly we followed her bidding, and, bag in hand, wandered informally to the porch or garden.

Eager inspection proved that each bag held a pretty crêpe-paper napkin and wooden plate, besides five sandwiches wrapped in parafin paper, dainty little cakes, and salted almonds and olives in paper containers.

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As I Have Proved

I proved it many years ago by restoring the original color to my own prematurely gray hair with the same Restorer I now offer you. This time-tested preparation never fails as hundreds of thousands of gray haired people since have learned.

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Now I have something new to offer and almost as important, in the shape of a new preparatory powder which puts your hair in perfect condition for restoration. This powder, is a recent discovery of my laboratories and its action is that of tonic and antiseptic. A package now comes with each full sized bottle and a trial sized package is included in my special patented free trial outfit. I urge you to send for this patented outfit today and, prove how safely, surely and scientifically you can restore your own gray hair to its natural color.

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Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

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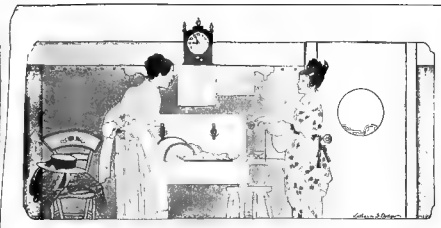

My Friends Make Me a Better Housekeeper

By Agnes Athol

A HOUSEKEEPER without an open mind is like a turtle, encasing herself in a hard-backed shell at the least approach of a suggestion. Her house may be solid in its structural features, but its progress as a whole is slow—too slow to keep pace with the fast-moving tide of modern ideas.

I suppose there are women who could never understand the extraordinarily helpless state of mind toward housekeeping with which I entered upon my life job. If they have ever accepted an idea from another person it has become so incorporated in their minds that they are convinced they thought of it themselves.

Not so with me. From the outset, I have been humble, anxious to learn, with the result that I believe I have come a long way, tho I have still far to go. Every new day brings some little addition to my stock of "What to Do and How to Do It." An observing eye and the ability to listen will glean improvements in method and management from the laundress or the next-door neighbor

"If you turn down the gas when boiling begins, your gas bill won't be so high." From Anita came this elementary suggestion one day when we talked over finances, budgets, and bills. I note it as a fair sample of the depths of my ignorance, which, in this case, was sheer inattention. Anita was my prop and my standby in those early housekeeping days, as she has always been in matters of the spirit. Where my own mother let me lose myself in books, Anita's held her more strictly to the business of the house. The result was she knew that bathrooms should be cleaned daily, and other things like that, which I had to learn mostly through mistakes or mortifications.

Shall I ever forget a visit from the immaculate Eleanor and her beautifully groomed baby? Being devoted to books, my pots and pans were sometimes neglected. Frankly, I did not enjoy scrubbing them, and lived always in an unspoken hope that somehow they would go unburned or clean themselves without my intervention. Eleanor wanted to boil the baby's bottles. I hunted up a suitable pan—a bread-tin—filled it with water, and put the bottles into it. After one look, Eleanor took them out and polished the pan with scouring-powder before she used it. Nothing was said. The pan was not greasy—simply stained and uninviting. It wasn't clean enough for that baby, tho. I could never forget the episode. Subconsciously, I suppose, I have always lived in fear of another Eleanor having to scrub my pots for me. At any rate, I learned to give up that particular kind of laziness which led me to slick over the work I did not like to do.

Exploring for New Recipes

FROM Eleanor I learned a good many helpful things both before and after that mortifying day. She was not only a good cook but an excellent one, and an explorer in her chosen field. A bit of left-over sour milk would start her wondering what else she could wish it besides gingerbread and cottage cheese. Every possible source — cook-books, magazines, advertisements, Government publications —would be combed for new sour-milk recipes. Conversationally all of Eleanor's friends would have sour milk for a while; dietetically, Eleanor's husband would be sampled and the final results recorded on a card. Of course one was inspired to try the same method after listening to the enthusiastic reports of her discoveries. I don't know of any better way for an inexperienced cook to broaden her knowledge.

"Could the doctor come in your back door?" My friend Frederica told me this was her conscience-pricking question when-ever she was inclined to be a little careless about finishing up the kitchen or pantry. It dated from a day of chagrin, when, as a young mother, she had made a panic for a physician she did not know. She ushered him into the living-room, went to get the baby, and when she returned the doctor had disappeared. He was found out in the kitchen on his knees before the ice-box, sniffing at the dishes in it and pulling out the under pan. Then he looked in the garbage-pail, the sink, and out of the back door. When he returned he listened gravely to the baby's symptoms, and finally told her in unvarnished sentences how babies got intestinal disorders from their mothers' bad housekeeping.

I don't think I was really reconciled to doing housework when I first met Patience. I was still in the Micawberish attitude of mind characteristic of many young women I have met—always hoping something would turn up so I would be spared some job I regarded as disagreeable. It might be an obliging relative or an invitation to dinner. A good many years have been necessary to convince me, beginning with Patience's example, that it doesn't much matter what kind of work you do, so long as it is good and necessary and you do it thoroughly. Patience was a writer by profession, impatient to write, too; but I can yet remember the profound impression it made upon me to learn that she swept up her kitchen after every meal. I hated to sweep my kitchen in those days. I ran away from it whenever I could make an excuse.

Nellie also taught me that, in spite of Shakespeare and our New England forebears, borrowing is not such a housekeeping sin as it is represented to be. In one way and another I have been convinced of the practical value of a fairly complete household stock. But when one has little children who can not be left or sent on errands, an obliging neighbor is a real friend. Also, the very need of borrowing promotes neighborliness; it leads to all sorts of friendly sociability to liven the monotony of being closely tied at home. Borrowing supplies may be a convenience; borrowing or exchanging tools is economical and a step toward better community housekeeping. Why shouldn't Nellie use my bread-mixer and lend me her lawn-mower? Neither tool is in use more than a fraction of the time.

Dishes Good Enough for Guests

HELEN and Nan are two of the best housekeepers I have been privileged to know. Any one who has met their like will not be willing to see the individual kitchen go when it can be practically maintained. Nan is a delightful cook, but also a perfect hostess. She entertains by means of charming little dinners more than anybody I ever knew. She keeps no maid; her personal appearance is always as impeccable as her table-linen. The secret is twofold. She gets early, and she never serves mussy or fussy dishes that cause her to look tired or flustered when her guests arrive. She adopted a simple attractive standard for all her meals, and never varies it, no matter who is coming. "Having company" is therefore, with her, merely a matter of setting extra plates.

Helen, as a purchasing and administrative partner in the business of marriage, is by far and away the most skilful manager I have ever seen. From her I learned the science of economical buying as from no other housekeeper — cash and quantity buying, of course; to carry materials to save delivery costs; the value of food preparedness in the form of canned and dried products, usually, in her case, home-grown; and a recent innovation which few of us at present can imitate because it is in advance of public demand. Five years and more ago, through a personal acquaintance with a cold-storage dealer, Helen was buying in the Fall and storing for many months all her butter and eggs for the entire year! Some day those of us who are still learning will find out how everybody can do it.

Most of the time Helen does all of her housework, because, as she says, "Having to be at home anyway, why should I pay out money for help on work I can just as well do?" This in itself came to me as a new point of view. A servant, somehow, seemed a mark of social station rather than a useful tool. Later I learned from watching Helen that it may be wiser sometimes to invest in help than to do a time-consuming task oneself, and also that helpers once engaged yield twice the results if properly supervised and prepared for. Until I discovered that Helen actually sorted the clothes herself and put them to soak for the laundress, so that she might use part of her eight hours for other work, I blush to admit that I used to try to go out somewhere on wash-day to avoid the mess and confusion, and then I blamed the laundress for not doing as well for me as she did for other women.

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For it needn't take you any longer than it does to give a good soap and water washing, when you use Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. With "D & R" you cleanse your skin of both surface and pore dirt and at the same time supply it with natural elements every skin needs.

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Detail of No. 12873

No. 12873

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12873, blue or yellow, 45 cents—3/-, supplies 2 and 7 reverses of four Japanese motifs measuring 3¾, 5, 6¾ and 7½ inches high, suitable to be applied to luncheon sets, etc., and developed in outline and running stitches.

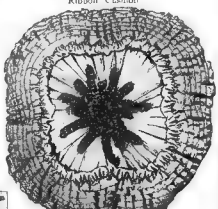
No. 12873—Hints of China are Seen in This Effective Scarf and Doilies for a Luncheon Set.

No. 276—A Smart Little Knitted Coat

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 276, 15 cents—9d. Size 6 requires 9 balls 2-fold silver glow yarn, 50 yards fibre twist silk, 1 pair amber knitting needles No. 5 and 1 steel crochet hook No. 3.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12614, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, supplies 4 embroidery motifs with one duplicate of each. These designs may be worked in darning or outline stitch, in silk, wool, chenille, or ribbon as shown on this exquisite pillow at left.

No. 12614—On an attractive Ribbon Cushion



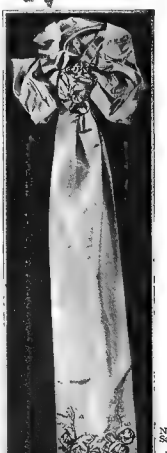
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12820, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 4 each of 9 different motifs, representing Egyptian designs. Illustrated on a ribbon-covered letter file.

The Pictorial Review Company's Perforated Design No. 544, 60 cents—3/-, furnishes any 3 letters desired in 3-inch size suitable for decorating ribbon-covered book covers.

Nos. 12820 and 544 Add Distinction to a Letter File and Book Covers

No. 12672—It Is Usual to See Designs Interpreted by Ribbon, as This Lamp Shade Shows

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12672, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 3 each of 15 different motifs, or 45 motifs in all, one worked in ribbon on a dainty lamp shade.

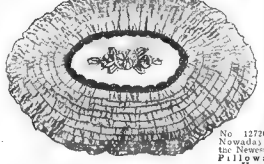


No. 1235 Sash Ere with Ribbon Applique

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12351, blue or yellow, 20 cents—1/—shown on sash ends developed in ribbon.

No. 12870 A Conventional, but Effective Braid Motif

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12870, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, supplies 6 each of 3 motifs in sizes 3 by 7 inches; 7¾ by 7¾ inches and 8 by 8 inches.



No. 12720 Nowadays the Newest Pillows Use Ribbon for Embroideries

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12720, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes 11 motifs with duplicates of 3, and reverses of a boat and 6¾-inch flower cluster. The sizes of the motifs vary. The designs make charming decorations for children's frocks, and in fact almost anything. Illustrated here worked in ribbon, on a ribbon cushion.

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FREE

"Baby's Layette"

How to prepare the nest for the little stranger

Send for this little book of friendly advice to mothers and expectant mothers about clothing and other necessaries for baby's comfort and health. A complete list of everything you need for baby. It will save you much time, worry and shopping about. Answers the important question: "What shall I buy for baby?" Written by authorities on the care of young babies. Every mother ought to read it. The coupon brings it in a plain envelope.

Why Doctors and Nurses Advise This—

Protection and warmth at vital spots where 80% of baby ills begin

He trusts you, mother, to choose wisely now for his health's sake. Think how helplessly the strong, successful man of the future depends upon your care today!

Medical science, now all intent on better babies, cautions you to protect the little chest and stomach against drafts and chills. Many disturbances once credited to colic, teething, nausea or indigestion, as well as more serious coughs and colds, are now known to be due to poor protection here.

For here is the danger zone—the seat of eight out of ten of baby's troubles. So doctors and nurses skilled in child culture recommend Rubens Infant Shirts—especially now in cold weather.

Their double thickness across chest and stomach, specialists say, solves the problem. It puts you on the safe side always.

Rubens Infant Shirts slip on and off easily—like a coat. Father adopted coat-shirts long ago. Why not baby, too? They are easier for you, easier for baby. No tapes, no buttons to fuss with. And the adjustable belt, fastened with one safety pin, always fits the growing little body.

Knitted in 12 fine materials, all sizes from birth to four years, for all seasons. Simply made and easy to wash. All sizes in each material the same price.

Only One Rubens

For thirty-one years we have made Rubens Infant Shirts—nothing else. We specialize in infant shirts. And, no matter what you hear, there is only one Rubens Infant Shirt. Protect yourself by looking for the name on the shirt itself. And for the striped box with the two-babies trade-mark, as illustrated here. Then you can be sure.

At good stores anywhere. If any store can't supply you, write us.

Look for this box, with the two-babies trade-mark, and "Rubens" on the shirt.

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MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
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18 NORTH MARKET STREET
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RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.
18 North Market Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me without charge a copy of "Baby's Layette," *in a plain envelope.*

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City..... State.....
Dealer's Name.....

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Cap & Fringe

WHEN you take a Lorraine Hair Net from its envelope and open it over your fingers, you *know* it is a perfect net.

The soft, weightless web spreads into fine, yet exceptionally strong meshes and stretches to a size that covers *easily*, even the highest headdress. You will notice the gleaming lustre of the net and its "liveness" as it clings to your fingers.

This is the net that F. W. Woolworth Co. Stores sell for 10c; either Double or Single Mesh! Today, buy a good supply.

Double Mesh for Sports Wear
Single Mesh for Dress Occasions

Sold Exclusively at and Guaranteed by
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. Stores

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Women and Flower-Shops

No Other Business Gives a Better Chance for Self-Expression

By Katherine Crawford

About twenty years ago, in California, two young girls were left destitute by the death of their parents. After straightening out their father's estate they had just enough to live on for three months. Neither of them had thought much about earning a living. Taking stock of their assets, they found that about the only thing they knew how to do well was gardening. They had a small plot around their rented cottage, where the dahlias, carnations, roses, and chrysanthemums which they had coaxed into luxuriant bloom brought many visitors to their gate.

It was their habit to present those who admired their garden with floral tokens. Now it occurred to them that it would not be a bad idea to make a small charge for them. In this humble way they started out and in a few weeks they found their patronage growing beyond all dreams. Friends in an adjoining city, knowing their fine taste for color and decoration, gave them orders for furnishing not only as many flowers as they could, but also gave them charge of the decorations for weddings and entertainments.

Their business grew so rapidly that they were soon able to buy an acre of land where they took up the cultivation of chrysanthemums, dahlias, and old-fashioned flowers such as larkspur and canterbury-bells, bringing them to a high perfection. Today they are the best-known floral decorators in San Francisco. They have their own greenhouses and nurseries, and in addition they have a fashionable shop in one of the exclusive residence districts. Last year they paid a $5,000 income tax on their business.

It has always seemed strange to me that more women have not sought beauty in self-expression as well as self-support in this alluring art of raising and marketing flowers. Not only is there great joy in their handling, but the growing desire in the hearts of men and women for color and the new appreciation of floral decoration in the every-day life of the home have created a demand for these lovely garden creations which makes their production a prosperous business enterprise.

These thoughts are haunting ghosts of a happy yesterday when I spent a season in a flower-shop. Refusing to be dispelled, they urged me not long since to make a partial survey of the United States and Canada, by interviews and correspondence, to find out just how many women have had the call to make this charming and helpful activity their own. It was a distinct surprize to me, and I may say somewhat of a disappointment, to find that in all the United States only five hundred women were listed in this business.

Surely adults need not hesitate to make a beginning, however small, when a girl I know of, eleven or twelve years of age, has grown flowers in a soap-box in a window. When her garden flourished she planted a garden on the roof of a tenement, and in two or three years, from her sales of bouquets, she saved over $450 toward her college education! One of the most flourishing flower-shops in Kansas City was started by a woman twenty years ago with fifty pounds of ice and five dollars worth of flowers. Now she has a greenhouse, merely for caring for the overflow of plants and her palms, and in spite of heavy losses by fires employs five persons in "various specialties of the trade"!

Training Not Always Necessary

And one does not necessarily need training either. One of the most prominent florists in New York states that he has seen women make a success without training and by their energy and intelligence surpass others longer in the business. He says further that three or four hundred years ago, in Europe, horticulture was one of the "free arts" and that a florist's work to-day inspires artistry.

While there have been classes in floriculture and arrangement offered at Columbia and other universities, most women have learned from practical experience in some one else's shop, or from their own experiments after they developed their own enterprise. As a conspicuous example of thoroughness of preparation for conducting her own delightful shop is a woman in Vancouver, British Columbia, who served as an apprentice for nineteen years in Bath, England, later having twelve years' practical experience in other English cities and Edinburgh, believing it is essential to have thorough training. On the other hand, a woman in Louisville, Ky., remained with other firms for over forty years before taking up an independent concern, and she regards her long period of preparation as a disadvantage.

Many women open shops without any previous business or horticultural experience, the often they have had one or the other. Philadelphia is indebted for one of its attractive flower-shops to an Englishwoman who formerly lived on her estate, from which the flowers won silver cups at the "shows." She had had no business experience before coming to America.

In another case a florist with no earlier horticultural opportunities beyond a small home garden, but who "loved to see green things growing," started a flower-shop in a suburb of one of the larger cities when she was forty-fifty. At first she rented a small space. In two years she bought her own building. Next she acquired a greenhouse property adjoining the shop and planted a small lot with perennials suitable for cutting or plants for sale. In this midget nursery she has always grew pale-blue delphiniums, Newport pink sweetwilliams, lavender statice, white gypsophila, physostegia, and about thirty more varieties of flowers.

A classified printed list gave the height, color, "time of flowering," and both the botanical and the "common name." Customers were often presented with a unique folder, "Floral Poems and Proverbs" as a souvenir. Every inch of the shop's greenhouse was utilized in an unconventional fashion, with English daisies, forget-me-nots, sweet alysum, and Primula Malacoides tucked in for supplying material for the occasional bouquet, and the six-inch yard-space planted with ivy for "funeral pieces." The decorative feature of the work appeared in orders filled for the hunt balls in the vicinity. All this illustrates what is possible without any special training.

From Clerk to Owner

There is really no fixed background of experience for a woman florist. She may come from the chrysalis of home life in any office in search of a more healthful occupation, as did a woman in Ohio who was threatened with loss of eyesight. Taking a position as assistant with a woman florist, who soon retired from business, she took over the work, and without any previous training kept it going. Now she has several houses and acres of land, and specializes in growing peonies. She delivers her own flowers by auto. She has accomplished all this in about sixteen years.

There is so much room in a florist's shop for the reflection of personality that a woman of imagination has an almost infinite fascination for color and form.

On the exclusive upper East Side of New York city I discovered a flower-shop done in the spirit of Japan. Even the ice-box holding the flowers was in harmony, with its gold-backed lining against which the few choice orchids and lilies blossoms were arranged with simple artistry. Unusual birdcages with their feathery tenants, "artaquariums," and specialties in the way of containers for fruit and blossoms, painted in the perspective, create a beautiful picture. Here for a time a noted authority upon sense floriculture carried on her consultations.

In Washington, D. C., a woman florist, after years in another's business, now has a shop of her own in the heart of the city's social life, which she touches in important ways. The decorations for the ball given for the Prince of Wales at the British Embassy and for the wedding for the daughter of Secretary of State Hughes were her work.

And now we come to the question "What are the difficulties and secrets of success in flower-shops?" In the chorus of replies from Florida to Massachusetts, from New York to California, the same notes are heard. Among the difficulties are long hours, scarcity of intelligent and responsible "help," sometimes insufficient capital, bad collections, and the difficulty, if far from large centers, of obtaining supplies of flowers.

As to success it depends upon careful buying for both quality and selection of varieties of flowers "in demand," above all freshness, and upon the characteristics of the florist. She must have energy, enthusiasm for both flowers and work, with originality in addition to the usual business requirements of honesty, careful bookkeeping, etc. The world needs more inexpensive, artistic places to find flowers. Since flowers are "thoughts of God" no child should be denied one when he asks: "Have you any flower for a cent?" And so I say let more women take up this charming vocation which yields beauty to those who buy and both beauty and prosperity to those who sell.

How the One Natural Color for Cheeks Was Found

"Day and Night Tests That Told Why Rouge's Familiar Shade Was Wrong—and Eventually Duplicated Nature's Own Color

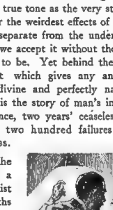
"In the Sun's Glare, Atop a High Roof"

Most women now have heard of and ask for the new natural Princess Pat tint which is fast replacing the unsatisfactory, old-fashioned purplish-red rouges. But how many are aware of the peculiarly interesting story of its discovery?

How many know that it is one of the few things that cannot be successfully imitated. A secret ingredient causes Princess Pat to *actually change* color, whereas others only approximate a "blend."

We are apt to take the most marvelous discoveries of this age as a matter of fact—even one of such importance to the realm of beauty as a tint that's a perfect match for Nature's own artistry! Suddenly science gives the world of women a tint which tinges the cheeks in such a true tone as the very strongest sun's rays, or the weirdest effects of night lighting cannot separate from the underlying flesh tone—and we accept it without thought of how it came to be. Yet behind the simple, single tint which gives any and all complexions a divine and perfectly natural result of color is the story of man's indomitable perseverance, two years' ceaseless experiment—over two hundred failures and eventual success.

The search for the perfect tint led a dignified scientist to a cellar's depths —and to the roof of a city's tall skyscraper. Tint after tint—tone upon tone—were tried in every conceivable light. In the sun's glare, atop a high roof. In the streets below, where the sun's rays filtered through fog and smoke. And in the artificial lights of night—trying lights in which old-fashioned rouges all became the same ghastly, or unlovely purplish red.



"Beneath Trying Artificial Light"

On a patient assistant's cheeks shade after shade was tried. Some of the shades required ingredients from far countries—many were days in the blending. Then, suddenly it happened.

The Tint That Was Tried in Desperation

One morning the scientist used in his mortar one of the rarest ingredients in the laboratory —scarcely one to be thought of in connection with rouge. But he idly applied the unknown hue—a strange orange—on his assistant's cheeks, *and instantly a startling change took place.*

The peculiar orange tint altered subtly to the true tone of the skin beneath! Still doubtful that he had found the one key tint to any complexion—under all conditions—in every light—they hurried to the roof and put the new tint to the severe test of direct sunlight.

The same beautifully diffused, natural color! Down to a darkened room—where neither glaring incandescent lamps nor variously shaded rays of electric light revealed anything but a coloring that appeared Nature's own!

The same day preparations were started to supply the demand that such a discovery was certain to create. Now, this new Princess Pat Tint is an article of standard use.

It enhances the color of countless women who had steadfastly declined to use any of the old-fashioned rouges which are so obvious in even the kindest light.

And there is nothing else even approaching it in results.

Princess Pat Tint is Waterproof

Where the new natural tint is made, further improvements have transpired; a less costly use of the chief ingredient has brought its price within the reach of all; an entirely new process *has rendered it absolutely waterproof!*

Even a morning in the surf will not streak it. Princess Pat Tint is not affected by perspiration, so it is worn without concern the day long, or evening through! Yet it vanishes instantly with a touch of cream or use of soap.

On any complexion, remember there is need for only *one shade*. There is no uncertainty of matching; for the one tint is instantaneously transformed to suit any type, blonde, medium or brunette; and this tint may be applied as lightly or as full and deep as you choose with the same perfection of result.

FREE!

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Tint to meet all calls for it, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a week's supply —without charge. At no cost to you and without any obligation, your prompt use of coupon below will bring to you Princess Pat new, natural tint.

PRINCESS PAT, LTD.,
2701 S. Park Av., Dept. 1311, Chicago

ENTIRELY FREE, please forward me postpaid, a complimentary supply of the new Princess Pat Tint.

Name (Print).....

.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Princess Pat

The New, Natural Tint : Always Ask for It by Name
PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U.S.A

Princess Pat Tint Ice of Orange Cream Almond Base Powder Princess Pat Rouge

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PYORRHOCIDE
POWDER
keeps the gums healthy

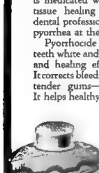
Tender gums

Signal pyorrhea's menace to the root sockets

UNDER the gum line pyorrhea gums its foothold. The gums become tender, bleed easily, start to recede. The infection spreads to the root sockets which hold your teeth in place. If the root sockets become infected, the teeth usually loosen and fall out—or must be pulled.

Dental clinics since 1908 have proved the effectiveness of Pyorrhocide Powder as an aid in *correcting*, as well as in *preventing*, pyorrhea. It is medicated with Dentinol, a gum-tissue healing agent used by the dental profession in the treatment of pyorrhea at the dentist's chair.

Pyorrhocide Powder keeps the teeth white and clean. It has a tonic and healing effect upon the gums. It corrects bleeding gums—strengthens tender gums—hardens soft gums. It helps healthy gums to *keep* healthy.



Use this dentifrice daily—see your dentist regularly—and you can avoid pyorrhea. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all druggists.

FREE SAMPLE

Write for free sample and booklet on causes, effects and prevention of pyorrhea.

The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Co., Inc.

Sole Distributors

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How to care for

Dull Hair

You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is *different*—a shampoo that will *add real beauty* to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier—so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness any good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a mirror you'll discover with your first Golden Glint Shampoo. 25c a package at toilet counters or direct. * * * J. W. KOBAK & Co. 6 to 8 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

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SHAMPOO

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simplified, graphic system, pay you cash each week and guarantee you steady work. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

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Choice 50c each. Check items desired. We pay parcel post and furnish directions, designs and color schemes. Send for complete catalog of original artistic and inexpensive art novelties to paint. Our service and supplies are the best. Send stamp for catalog. Full value of money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. COUPON AND GO. Dept. 8 COUPON AND GO. Lincoln, Nebr.

A Short Cut to Bread Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

over the rolls for several minutes to let the syrup cover the rolls.

Coffee-Cake and Stollen

1 Cake Compressed Yeast
1 Cupful Scalded Milk
¼ Cupful Sugar
3 Cupfuls Flour
2 Eggs
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Cupful Melted Butter
½ Cupful Seedless Raisins

CRUMBLE the yeast into a bowl, gradually add the scalded milk, which has been cooled to the correct temperature. Add eggs, sugar, salt, and flour. Mix, work in the melted butter, and mix thoroughly. Cover with a cloth and let rise until the dough is double in bulk.

Coffee-Cake—Add the raisins. Round the dough into a ball and place in a round buttered pan. Let stand fifteen minutes and then press into shape of the pan and let rise. Brush with melted butter and sprinkle freely with a mixture of cinnamon and sugar. Bake in a moderately hot oven (330 degrees F.).

Stollen—Add the raisins to the dough. Form a long oval. Press down in the center lengthwise with a very thin rolling-pin, flattening the dough to about one and one-half inch thickness in the pressed-down center. Brush the thick outer sides with butter and fold like a pocketbook. Let it rise half an hour; brush over with the beaten egg yolk, diluted with one-half tablespoonful of water. Bake in a moderately hot oven (350 degrees F.).

Fruit Nut Loaf

1 Cake Compressed Yeast
1 Cupful Scalded Milk
2 Eggs
½ Cupful Sugar
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
3 Cupfuls Flour
¼ Cupful Butter
½ Cupful Chopped Nuts
½ Cupful Raisins

CRUMBLE the yeast into a bowl, gradually add the cupful milk (cooled to the correct temperature), beaten eggs, sugar, salt, and flour. Mix well. Work in the melted butter and mix thoroughly. Knead into a smooth dough and let rise until double in bulk. Mix in the nuts and raisins and let stand fifteen minutes. Round into a loaf. This can be baked in a cake- or bread-pan. When the dough has filled the corners of the tin it is ready to bake in a moderately hot oven (350 degrees F.).

German Streussel or Crums for Coffee-Cake

½ Cupful Flour
3 Tablespoonfuls Butter
¼ Cupful Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon

RUB well together and press through a coarse sieve on top of the coffee-cake.

Assorted Rolls

1 Cake Compressed Yeast
1¼ Cupful Water or Milk
1 Egg
¼ Cupful Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Salt
5 Cupfuls Flour (Sifted)
¼ Cupful Butter

CRUMBLE the yeast into the bowl. Add the liquid of the correct temperature, beaten egg, sugar, salt, and flour. Mix, and then work in the softened butter. Mix thoroughly. Knead to a smooth dough, and put in a warm place and let rise until double in bulk. Turn the dough on a slightly floured board. Roll in a long strip, one inch in diameter. Divide into one and one-half inch pieces. Mold into rounds with palm of hand. Brush with butter and let stand fifteen minutes.

Parker House Rolls—Press down in the center of the ball of dough with the handle of a wooden spoon and roll out about three-quarters of an inch in the center. Fold the sides together; press the thin outer back part down with the side of the hand. Arrange on a greased baking-sheet close enough to touch. Let stand twenty minutes, brush with butter, and bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.).

Dinner Rolls—Flour the handle of a wooden spoon and make a deep crease in the middle of each ball of dough. Take up and press the edges together. Place closely in a buttered pan, brushing the tops with butter. Cover and let rise. Bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven (425 degrees F.).

Clover-Leaf Rolls—Cut dough in one-half inch pieces, roll into balls, butter, and put into muffin-pans. Let rise twenty minutes. Bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven (450 degrees F.).

Doughnuts à la Supreme

1 Cake Compressed Yeast
1 Cupful Scalded Milk
6 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
4 Eggs
4 Cupfuls Flour
½ Cupful Butter

CRUMBLE the yeast into a bowl, gradually add the milk (cooled to the correct temperature), sugar, salt, and well-beaten eggs, and then the flour. Mix and work in the melted butter (lukewarm). Set in a warm place and cover with a cloth until the dough doubles in bulk. Turn the dough on a floured bread-board and roll out in a rectangular shape, one-quarter of an inch thick. Cut the dough in half, and on one-half drop prune filling (recipe follows) by the teaspoonful at three-inch intervals. Fold the second half over the first. Cut out with a round cooky-cutter and let rise until double in bulk. Fry in deep fat until brown. Drain on unglazed paper and roll in a mixture of powdered sugar and cinnamon. These are very popular at luncheons, teas, and parties. They are not only attractive and out of the ordinary, but their delicious taste immediately wins the approval of every one.

Prune Filling

SOAK one-half pound of prunes for several hours, and cook until soft. Remove the stones while hot and run through a meat-chopper. Sweeten to taste and flavor with the rind of one or two lemons.

Dutch Apple-Cake

1 Cake Compressed Yeast
1 Cupful Scalded Milk
2 Eggs
½ Cupful Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Salt
3 Cupfuls Flour
¼ Cupful Butter
½ Cupful Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
5 Sour Apples
Raisins

CRUMBLE the yeast into a bowl; gradually add the milk, cooled to the correct temperature. Then add the beaten egg, sugar, salt, and flour. Mix and work in the melted butter and mix thoroughly. Knead into a smooth dough, cover with a cloth, and let rise until the dough has doubled in bulk. Turn onto a bread-board and make up in form of a loaf. Let rise about fifteen minutes, roll and fit to baking-pan. Be careful to pinch ends up at the edge of the pan to avoid shrinkage. Allow to rise fifteen to twenty minutes, then place the apples, which have been pared and cut into eighths and cored. Press the sharp edges of the apples into the dough in parallel rows lengthwise of pan. Sprinkle with sugar mixed with cinnamon and sprinkle with raisins. Cover, let rise, and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) thirty minutes. Cut in squares and serve hot or cold with whipped cream.

Chocolate Nut Loaf

1 Cake Compressed Yeast
½ Cupful Liquid (Milk or Water)
¼ Cupful Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Salt
4¼ Cupfuls Flour (Sifted)
¼ Cupful Cocoa
½ Cupful Melted Fat
1 Cupful Nuts

CRUMBLE the yeast into the bowl, gradually add the liquid of the correct temperature, then add the sugar, salt, flour, and cocoa. Work in the melted fat and work into a smooth dough. Cover with a cloth until the dough is doubled in bulk. Add the chopped nuts, mold into a loaf, put in a bread-pan, and let rise again until double in bulk. Bake fifty minutes in a moderate oven (330 degrees F.).

Peter's Ordeal at Jubilee Creek

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

coyly below a big black ear. Out of each frilled half-sleeve a stringy brown arm dangled; below the crinkling hem his chilled calves showed in purple.

There! He was ready.

Holding the queer contraption of closely-woven cloth in his hands, picking his way with sensitive toes over the tiny rounded pebbles, he tiptoed to the water's whispering edge—a second version of the black Godiva. The leading big toe aimed for the unmoved water—and then hesitated in sudden uncertainty. What was it that the drug-store clerk had said about blowing them up? Before he wet 'em, or afterward?

He got the box, and looked at it both upside down and right side up. There was enough light to read by; but this was no consolation to Peter. Either after he went in or before. Well, the water wasn't deep anyway—it was more reasonable to blow them up after he got in. He laid aside the box-top, dropped to his knees, placed the water-wings around his neck, the valve in his mouth, his elbows on the ground, and started crawling into the wet depths.

Ouch! Holy jubilee, that water was cold! The black head poked out like a land-turtle; behind, the pink night-robe ballooned upward. Se-splash! Splash-ah-h! It lapped his shoulders now—his chin. The bottom was sloping fast. This would do! One mighty heave, he puffed his cheeks to their full capacity and blew for sweet life—and, water-wings and all, he dove down to the muddy bottom of the two feet of water.

Hands and feet were a giant human spring, thrusting and spurning clattering black maledictions. Darn these wings, anyhow! If he'd only bought that two-bit pair when he was getting these shop-worn ones for fifteen cents! Meanwhile his heaving cheeks continued spasmodically to puff into the valve. Something pushed against his ears—quick hands reached to slap it away, and encountered the wings—the water-wings: two flabby failures now, but as swollen and tight as a turning tomato! So that was the way! Maybe they'd hold him now.

Carefully he let himself down, splashing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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Carefully he let himself down, splashing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

Beyond a Doubt

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Ribbon Fashions These Dainty Devices

The Pictorial Review Company's Boudoir Cap No. 6327, in sizes small, medium, and large, 30 cents—1/6. The cap shown is made entirely of ribbon gathered to a plain foundation in tam o'shanter style and is becoming to almost any face.

Bernhoner Boudoir Cap No. 6327

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No 12623, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes designs for beading, braiding, or one-stitch embroidery. The bandeau shown is worked in beads.

No. 12623—Design Developed in Beads

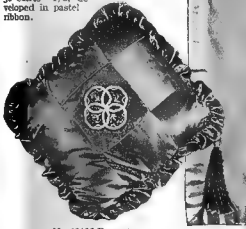
No. 12413—Showing Ribbon Motif

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12413, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/-, furnishes designs for dresses, bandeaux, or tiny frocks. These designs may be developed in ribbon, as shown, or embroidered in silk.

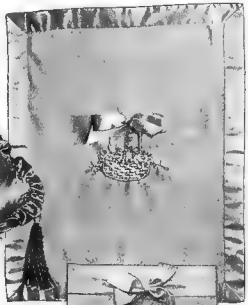
No. 12206 Shown on Camisole 8555

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12252, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, contains flower baskets of different designs and shapes, which are furnished in different sizes with 4 duplicates of each.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12206, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes dainty sprays that may be used to decorate Camisole No. 8555, sizes 36, 40, and 44 bust, 30 cents—1/6, developed in pastel ribbon.



No. 12135 Decorates a Ribbon Pillow



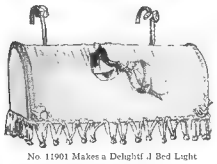
No. 12752

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12135, blue or yellow, 20 cents—1/-, furnishes 6 motifs 6¾ inches in diameter, 6 motifs 5 inches in diameter, and 3 motifs 5½ by 3⅞ inches. These motifs are suitable for pillows.

No. 12236 Insists That Its Design Be Worked in Ribbon

No. 12564—A Unique Motif for a Sash

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12564, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes 15 different motifs and 6 duplicates of each.



No. 11901 Makes a Delightful Bed Light

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12236, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, contains numerous dainty sprays for baby's wardrobe. The little book shown uses pastel ribbons to carry out the design.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 11901, blue or yellow, 20 cents—1/-, contains 31 bow knots varying in size from 1¼ to 6 inches. A ribbon bow-knot is illustrated on a bed light.

No. 12568 Lends Distinctiveness to These Candle Shields

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12568, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, furnishes 1¾ yard each of 3 borders. Illustrated on candle shields.

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Wind whips the moisture from the skin causing it to become dry and rough. Protect it with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion.

To keep your hands white and smooth apply Frostilla Fragrant Lotion a few times after kitchen work and housework of any kind.

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion will restore to the skin a velvety smoothness and bring out the fresh natural color.

Winter is almost here. The time of year when it behooves us all to pay particular attention to our skin—not to wait until sharp cold winds whip out all moisture and bring painful and unsightly chaps and roughness, but to start now to protect our skin and make it strong by the daily use of a lotion famous for half a century with women and men who really know the loveliness of beautiful skin—Frostilla Fragrant Lotion.

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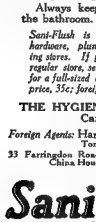

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Peter's Ordeal at Jubilee Creek

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

gently with all four limbs even before his body rested on the water. His feet left the bottom, his stomach did not touch, his head floated free—and away he went paddling, as much at home on the water as a Spring skeddaddle! Why, this was wonderful! He could be baptized every day and never mind it.

Then with astonishing celerity he flopped to his feet and started on a run for the bank. His face was torn with anguish; his hands clawed wildly at his southeastern exposure. Something had hold on him—oh, Lordie! He heard the sheer goods rip—a sharp sting of pain shook him, and there—it was off! Another! Hopping and dancing on the pebbles, face twisted with the torture, he pulled off a third, a fourth. Any fool ought to know that where cows sometimes waded there would be leeches. Gee, they were granddaddies! One—two—three—four! They hung on to him like Uncle Snow and those other ushers. Shivering, he ducked his head through the dank night-gown, flung it over a runty sumach-bush to drip off, and pulled on his clothes. When he had his shoes on he ground the leeches, one by one, into the soil. You'd think they didn't want a man to learn how to be baptized! Sweet Beulah land, but those places stung!

He retrieved the precious wings, pressed out the air, and folded them into the box. The pink nightcy, with its telltale tear turned under, he wrapped in the paper. He would have to figure considerably to explain to Melindy how he happened to mistake it for his own long-tailed shirt. All set! He struck out on the chert road for home. He would be ready the day after tomorrow for all the baptizing in the world!

AT THE horse-ford on Jubilee Creek—it still known by its old name of Jimson Creek to the neighboring white inhabitants—just below the place where it broadened into the disused mill-dam, was the clearing used by Brother Jenkins and his flock for the festivities preceding the baptizings.

The crowd had gathered soon after sunup. First there was a morning exhortation, participated in both by the home preacher and by Brother Abinelech Jimpson, from Sinai Church in Newtown. Preaching over, all mouths turned to the ample lunch prepared by the good sisters of Nebo. When the lower men and women had been crammed the worshipers straggled down to the banks of the water for colgns of vantage from which to observe the thrilling aquatic spectacle that rounded out the day. All eyes were on the swaying canvas of the baptizing-tabernacle, waiting for the sheep to be led forth to the sacred dipping-vat. Baptizings were the great days in the colored year.

There were four others, Peter had learned, to be washed whiter than snow: old Chigger Lester, who paid for his peri-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

Prices of Patterns

Including Cutting and Construction Guides

These patterns can be had at any Pictorial Review agency, or they will be delivered postage free if you write to the Company at any of the addresses mentioned below.

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1902	.45	2/-
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1904	.45	2/-
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1911	.45	2/-
1912	.35	1/6
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1914	.45	2/-
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1916	.45	2/-
1917	.45	2/-
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1919	.45	2/-
1920	.35	1/6
1921	.40	2/-
1922	.35	1/6
1923	.40	2/-
1924	.35	1/6
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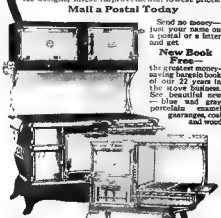

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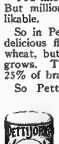

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Peter's Ordeal at Jubilee Creek

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odic immersions in "cawn liquor" with as frequent submersions in the creek; the two daughters of Mrs. Amalouellouisa Rice, wealthy inventor of "Bogroot Kinkout," the best seller among the negroes of both sexes; and lastly Hank Chivers, the epileptic son of old Louis Chivers, who drove for General Bragdon. Peter observed the straight hair of the two girls, Louanna Rice, twelve, and Elouisa, fourteen, with marked disfavor; proud black knuckles buried themselves in his own kinks. He'd heard tell that St. Peter wouldn't recognize a negro in heaven unless the kinks were all there. He was safe enough.

Brother Jenkins, fearing the probable absence of the especial black sheep who was to be dipped for his apprehended larceny, had sent Lawyer Gunn and Tisbia Snow to make sure of his appearance; but it was more than unnecessary. Here was Peter, his usual apologetic self superficially; but playing behind this was a chuckly serenity that puzzled the good divine. What devilment was Brother Bibb up to, anyhow? He would have to watch him.

Meekly, however, Peter slid himself into the baptizing-robe, and took his place in the procession that was to march out to "Jordan's banks." In front came the church organist, then the four ushers, and after them the five great undipped. Hank Chivers, chewing a straw with a vacant smile, was first, then Elouisa and Louanna, hand in brown hand, the whites of their eyes rolling in young awe; next Chigger Lester, ambling along as if it baptizing was a boring routine, last of all, Peter Bibb, clutching to the side of his robe a small bundle of cloth. The tail of the procession consisted of Brother Jenkins and Brother Jimpson. It was the latter whose smooth tones lifted "Roll, Jordan, Roll," in which all joined. When they came to rest upon the edge of the horse-ford, it was the bone preacher whose quavery tones struck bravely into "Deep River."

"Deep River, huh?" Peter grunted to himself. "I 'spect dese hyah wings don' mind it's bein' deep."

The preacher swelled to his most impressing stature and turned to the group of five, standing like fallen angels just behind him. "Brudder Chivers, we will commence by beginnin' wid you fust."

"Yessuh." The small eyes rolled in desperation; but he had promised the preacher to go through with it. After the preliminary ritual the muscular arm of the minister grasped his shoulder firmly and splashed him down—down—down, until, as the head passed entirely out of sight, the peak of the ceremony was passed. Hank came up gasping and laughing; tucking draggled skirts of the baptizing-robe around his body, he kited for the tabernacle.

Next came the two girls. They were even less trouble.

"Brudder Lester——"

"Amen! By de grace uv Gawd——"

"Come git yo' washis'!"

"Hol' me tight, Brudder!"

"Trus' yo'se'f to de eberlastin' arms."

"Don' you let go on dis account." Chigger warned solemnly. As he was about to duck under, his foot turned on a slippery stone. At once his frantic arms clutched the preacher by the neck—they floundered in together, together, with the aid of willing hands from the bank, they sputtered up.

Chigger Lester clambered out, and danced jubilantly on the muddy spit, water spraying in all directions. "Praise Gawd! I seed him! Dar in the water—a big black sump'n'—I know it was St. Peter!"

"I seed it too, Brudder," corroborated the preacher fervently. "Praise Gawd! But I thought it was a mud-turtle. One mo' sinner saved! I'll now baptize Bill fer de Sho'," befo' concludin' wid Brudder Peter Bibb."

SURREPTITIOUSLY, while the tune shivered lustily up to the swaying treetops, Peter descended to the edge of the creek and gave the wings a thorough wetting. Back half turned, he began to blow with main and might at the valve, and saw with ample satisfaction the water-wings expand into a taut salvation.

"Brudder Bibb——"

"Hyah I is, Mistuh Preacher."

Brother Jenkins adjusted his glasses carefully on his broad nose, and stared with amazed incredulity at the graceful Siamese balloons in Peter's hands.

"Would you mun' 'splainin' w'ut dem is, Brudder Bibb?"

"Sho'ly, sho'ly, Brudder. Dese is wings, dese is. Baptizin' wings."

"Whuffur you boldin' dem wings, Brudder Bibb?"

"Ter be baptized in."

"You cain' be baptized in no wings, Brudder ... You ain' no rooster. It's on-christian."

"Is, eh? Cain't, eh? Lak ter know w'y I cain't! Answer me dis, Brudder Jenkins." He blandly prepared for just this emergency. "W'ut fer is I gittin' baptized—to go to hebb'n?"

"W'y, sho'ly, Brudder."

"In hebb'n I's gwineter wear wingses, ain't I?"

"I 'specks so—ef you git dar."

"Dat's w'y I's apractisin' wid 'em now."

"But—I ain't nebber hyahd——"

"You's ahyahin' now."

"De baptizin' sarvices ain' said nothin' 'bouten wings, Brudder."

"Ain' say nothin' 'gains' 'em, is dey? Answer me dat!"

"I disrecollec——"

"Dey ain't, I be boun'. I's gwineter wear baptizin'-wings to-day, yes as I's gwineter wear hebb'nly wings in glory! Pro-ceed, pro-ceed."

"I don' know——"

"I does. Go to it, Brudder—dis yere sinner am ready to be washed in de blood uv de Lamb!"

Closer and closer the crowd edged down the bank. There were those who insisted, with rounded eyes, that the wings had just naturally sprouted on Peter Bibb's ebony shoulders. A living miracle! A rowboat, discovered somewhere, was sculled up-stream and nosed to rest in the rushes a scant twenty feet away, giving unequaled grand-stand seats to the two men and one woman in it. These were rather negligent worshipers. The men leaned back in the stern, resting white-calf oxfords on the gunvale; the woman nodded the purple feather on her hat in excited chatter.

SOMEWHAT doubtfully, his eyes straying again and again above the rims of his glasses to the peculiar excrescences bulging around Peter's neck, the preacher went through the ritual for the last time. He closed the book and led the reclaimed malefactor to the somewhat muddied living water.

Trembling violently, in spite of his confidence, Peter adjusted the wings under his shoulders and started to duck.

He let the valve out of his mouth for one final word. "Hol' me tight, Brudder—don' let me slip."

"You an' yo' wings!" grunted the straining preacher.

Despairingly Peter heard this. Just as he had feared! He would have to trust to the wings to get him out of a watery grave.

He felt himself slipping under. He gave one mighty heave with his feet. The neck of the half-rotted baptizing-robe ripped with a quick whistling noise. Off he shot for the mid-stream!

He was gone! Nothing left but the doubtful salvation of the water-wings! Peter flailed out with his arms, heaving himself almost bodily out of the water and out of the protecting wings. He flashed up and about—he would not go down with him. He felt them, in one agonized second slip from the cozy nest under his arms and scrape down his stomach, his legs, his knees—until they came to rest right underneath his toes!

He dared not kick for fear that he would lose them entirely. Wildly his arms splashed, dog-fashion; the more he paddled the more his head sank, his feet rose—and the more he writhed out toward the deep sink-hole in the center of the dam.

Most of the time his head was under water; there was a ringing in his ears; out of the water-stung eyes he could hardly see. Upon the banks there was a wild running to and fro.

"Save him, save him!"

"Oh, Lawdie!"

"Git a rope!"

"A lawg!"

"Bring dat boat!"

The frantic hands thumped out like two side-wheels on a river-packet; the feet floated buoyantly free; the black head wallowed up and down in the trough of the water.

"Ouch!" he spluttered, taking in more of the creek water, so bad for his stomach. It felt as if some one had slammed him across the heels with a railroad-tie. Something had descended; he tried to look around; his head sank again.

Wearied arms beat more feebly now; more bedraggled and dimmed eyes stared upward to the unanswering blue. Why—it wasn't blue! It was here—close on him —the white side of the rowboat, the three kindly brown faces leaning over the side.

"Catch hol', Brudder!"

Of all the necessary words of tongue or pen, those three seemed to Peter to take the last crum of the cake. What did they think he was going to do—swim? Was he crazy? His hands thrashed out for the gunwale. The first one struck it, and caromed wildly off. The second struck, and stuck.

"Careful, Brudder—don' try to git in."

"Jes' hol' on."

"Watch, out! You's upsottin' us! You's——"

"Watch me!" One immense hoist of his body and the slight edge of the boat was shoved by the recent amphibian right under the swivet of the waters.

Shrieks and curses passed unheeded over his water-drenched head as he went down again—holding still to the edge of the boat for dear death. He passed entirely beneath it, his startled eyes horrified to see stray arms and white-calf oxfords and ballooning white sweiters after him. He came up on the far side of the boat; it floated serenely, bottom side up. Determined to mount the bucking water-horse or "bust" in the attempt, Peter threw a sinewy arm over the keel and clambered astraddle of the inverted valve.

Three angry faces emerged from the brown water below him, spitting out creek and shriek at the same time.

"You ijjit! Whuffur d'you——"

"Lemme grab ahold——"

"Take it easy, take it easy," Peter, perched high and driving on the keel, ad-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

MAGIC GLOVES

Photograph of the hand of Miss Elsie McKenna, one of the many users of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves

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Beauty Secrets

That Make Them Stop and Look

By Madame Maree

NOW and then you suddenly discover yourself staring, almost rudely, in admiration of a divine complexion that fairly puts you in a trance. And I am going to tell how you, fair reader, may be just such a picture of bewitching loveliness.

REMAKE YOUR COMPLEXION

Go to your druggist and get two ounces of eptol. Mix this with a tablespoon of glycerine and a pint of water. It thickens at once into a rich cream. Simply spread a thin coating around the eyes, temples and on the forehead, then over the cheeks; rub it in.

Instantly it begins work on the pores, tightens them, the outer dead skin is absorbed, new skin comes at once, the lines, crow's feet, wrinkles fade out, the skin becomes smooth, looks plump and has the appearance of real, girlish health.

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Peter's Ordeal at Jubilee Creek

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

vised them. "Jes' hol' on to her an' kick—we's agittin' dar."

The overturned rowboat, under two-men-and-one-woman power, sloshed its way to the bank. Willing arms reached out to drag the draggled four to safety. Without stopping to hear the profane comments of the two male rescuers and the damp wails of the drenched sister, Peter loped along to the tabernacle, lubricated in a handy bath-towel, and dressed in the midst of an admiring ring of spectators.

At last he came forth, wearing the beatific smile of the newly baptized.

"Well, Brudder—" the preacher commenced.

"Deeper 'n a well, dar in de middle," Peter corrected with dignity. "I could see cl'ar to the bottom—it wuz mo' 'in a hunderd feet."

"You's baptized now."

"Yeah. I is dat."

A little negro boy, eyes wide with importance, pushed forward diffidently, holding out at arm's length the trailing waterwings. "Hyah's yo', balloons, Mistuh."

"Yeah." Peter took them reflectively. Molding them with his hands, he squeezed out the delusive air. Turning away from the preacher, he walked out to the highest part of the bank, just beside the tabernacle. He stooped to the ground, selected a sizable boulder, and wrapped it neatly inside the dank cloth.

"W'ut you atter doin', Brudder?" inquired the preacher, eyes bulging with curiosity.

"Jes' watch, an', you won't hatter ask me no questions." Peter balanced the wrapped stone on an extended right palm, and lifted his left leg professionally.

One fer de money,
Two fer de show,
Three ter make ready—
An'—dar you go!

The released missile flew heavily through the bare lower limbs of a tall maple, poised in its downward flight over the very center of the mill-pond, and landed with a mighty splash out where the deep begins. A column of water spurted up and subsided. Grooved ripples started their eager circling toward the farthest fringes of the dam.

"Done th'owed 'em away?"

"You seen me."

"Ef you must need 'em ag'in?"

"Me? I won' need dem wings no mo', no mo'. I done been baptized fer de las' time, Brudder Jinkins."

"But—ef you backslide——"

"Ef I backslides," Peter weighed his words carefully, "ef I backslides—an' I ain' sayin' I won' some day, I got jes one thing to say: ef I backslides I wouldn' be baptized in dat ar de Angel Gabriel his'e'f flopped down wid a golden bathtub an' axed me to. Nawsuh. Nawsuh. Not Peter Bibb. Rather dan dat, I'd jine de Methodis's!"

Ginger Beer: By Wilbur Daniel Steele

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

"Oh, you remember, the papers were full. I used to know Oliphant; that's why I asked. He got a berth in the State Department. And speaking of the State Department—Bryan managed to make rather a——"

Hepar stared. "How long do you think you've been out here, Gutterson?"

"Nine years. Almost to a week."

"*Nine!* You mean *three!* I thought it was always just three——"

"Yes, I know; that's the usual thing. But you see it was this way; the chap they sent out to relieve me was taken ill on landing; had to be sent back. You can imagine how I felt—all packed to go. But I decided to do the right thing by the firm, and I—well—and then three years later, the next lad they sent out—well, he really wouldn't do at all—and so— But, I *say*, it's eleven o'clock! Breakfast-time! I'm ravenous!"

He jumped up, swept all the papers back helter-skelter into the desk, hauled down the top with a bang, and clapped on his hat.

"Come along, will you? and I'll introduce you to a splendid place for breakfast. Oh, about breakfast, is it? You don't know the West-Indian breakfast yet? It's really about nine-tenths lunch. You'll see!"

Hepar looked dubious.

"Say, tho, we haven't got far along with this business of——"

Gutterson laid a hand on the desk-top and wagged a judicious head.

"That's the point, friend, is too complicated to dash through like that. It's going to want some time. It wants a thorough bathing down so. What?"

"Yes, I know. That's it! And if you're going back on that boat to-morrow it seems to me I'd better be doing darn short. I suppose, tho, we might go into some of the broader details at this——"

"At breakfast! That's a splendid idea! Capital! Come along!"

They went to the place, and in a dusk-filled room coming in latticework to the north and the river they sat down to a creole breakfast. The dishes, mangoes and avocado-pears, fish, roast plantains, hot sauce, tinned butter, bread, and coffee, were brought by soft-footed mulatto girls, whose voices, mellifluous and slurred, seemed parcel of the drowse that had descended, wide and white and hot, over the noonday town.

The proprietor, a mulatto himself, drew up a chair, lit a cigar, and exchanged civilities and gossip with Gutterson. His voice too lagged and dozed; its only object seemed the painless staving off of any idea of "broader details" while the priceless minutes and seconds slept.

Hepar's impatience mounted to a point of fidgets and suddenly passed over into a curious languor. He found himself gazing under heavy lids at the brightness of the latter, on which the softly silhouetted colors, as on the ground glass of a camera obscura, were drawn the objects of the outer world—the glamour of the sun, the stream, the widening estuary, the distant sea, the nearer lines of masts and roof-peaks, and towering central in the frame the white superstructure of the steamer that had brought him here.

Brooding at it with a supine and faintly melancholy fascination, he seemed to see it reenacting the drama of the long passage, the days, the weeks, the miles on miles on other watery miles, each one taking hold of him and sundering him by so much again of the earth's arc from his kind, his habits, his ambitions, and even from the sort of hopes and fears he had known how to cope with in the safe world of boyhood and home.

He became aware that the mulatto was gone and that Gutterson was brooding at the likeness of the steamer too, brooding like a man bewitched in sleep by some presentiment of rapture or dread unrevealable to the watchers' eyes.

"And no wonder!" Hepar thought. After a moment he said aloud: "It must be great, after nine years of this, to feel you're actually going home!"

"Yes, yes," the other nodded, engrossed in the hidden thought. "*It is* great. It's immense!"

"I know——"

"You don't know!"

"Well, but I can imagine——"

"You can't imagine!"

"Well, still, I know if I'd been down here nine whole years——"

"You won't be! *You?* Don't worry!" Gutterson shook himself straight in his chair. There was something like pain in the gesture—or fright. He cleared his throat.

"I'm dry, Hepar!" He ran his tongue over his lip. "Infernally dry!"

"Justina!" he called. "Darn it, Justina! Oh, there you are! Well, I want something to drink!" As the girl came forward to stand by the sideboard laden with the bottles of the house, he banged the table with his fist, rattling the breakfast dishes. "Confound it; don't stand there gaping like an idiot. Get me a ginger beer and be quick about it!"

When it was brought and poured out of the stone, golden pale, Gutterson encircled the tumbler with his long fingers, as if for the chill, and, staring at the bubbles that crackled on the surface, began to speak in a strain cantankerous, sardonic, and bigoted.

"Ginger beer! Pure as the soul of a little child, what? This belly-wash! Pugh! But this is the stuff for you, Hepar, my son, and don't let anybody tell you I'm telling you. Lord! I should know! See those bottles parading the sideboard there? Those pretty bottles? Here's gin. Put that with a bit of lime and ice, and that's the seabreeze. There's rum, and that's romance. There's Scotch, and that's empire. There are the makings of Heaven knows how many kinds of swizzles in those bottles, and swizzles in this land are friendship and sociability and good-will—even the very good-will of your business. Down behind is an iceboxful of bottled beer, and beer is the best thing among them all sometimes—sleep. So they're all good. Together they're all the things a man lives by in the tropics here—and dies by in the end. The first thing they make of a white man is a beast, the second thing is a coward, the third thing is a corpse. Hepar, by gad! I'm telling you the truth!"

He stopped for a moment in a tone controlled, arid, and bitter.

"I said I ought to know. I've been in this stinking hole nine years, and a good many men can come and go through this port in nine years. I've seen men, Hepar, that—well, I've seen men. But the real proof of the pudding is here—myself. Among them all *I* am still here, and I'm as good a man as I was the day I came.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

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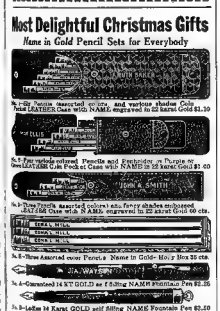

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Ginger Beer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

And I've done it on this—ginger beer. Sanctified belly-wash! And what's it cost me? Loneliness, friendlessness. It's cost me sleepless nights by the hundreds, literally the hundreds. It's cost me gibes. What are gibes to a man? Yes, but when they pile up by months and years! Well—it's jolly, Hepar. It's cost me strength; even to the strength that ought to have gone into the business. I've a notion you think this business you're taking over is a bit backward by your American standards. A bit doddering, from what you've seen of it; a bit slack. You're thinking you'll fix all that. You'll work miracles, you will. And I tell you, Hepar, it's I that's worked the miracle. The miracle is that that business is still there! So! *So!*"

He squirmed in his chair and confronted Hepar, his face working.

"I've done something no other man on this river could do. I know! I know because I've watched, spied; I've kept tab on them all, like a miser. And I'll say this for myself, I'm—I'm absolutely—*unique!* Given the tastes and temperament I was born with—why, I used to drink like a fish when I was in college—like a fish, Hepar. And when I came out here, where every one swills it morning, noon, and night, to keep life tolerable—when I got here—Stop! Hold up! No more! I don't know how I did it, but I did it. In bloody sweat! Making myself a crank and a byword. For three years I did it, Hepar. Not a one single day in mind. That day came—and passed. For three years more I did it, with another single day in mind. It came again—and passed again. For still another three years I've done it. And now that day has come. It's to-morrow! The day after to-day! It's really come! I've got it tight in my hand now, haven't I? *Haven't I?*"

HEPAR was moved as he had been moved only once or twice in his life. There was an obstruction in his throat. He could only nod. The nod was enough, however. As the it had been somehow oracular and clinching, the other sank back in his chair and let himself go loose; his gaze, released, returned to the steamer's superstructure limned in the interstices of the screen. Lifting the tumbler mechanically, he drank off a third of the spattery stuff. It seemed to make him shiver.

"You said it must be great. Those are simply words. You can't comprehend. To-morrow! The day after to-day!"

There was a moisture in Hepar's eyes that he couldn't wink away; his Adam's apple went up and down; his stomach felt hollow. And yet he couldn't be all boy for romance; he had to be half a man. The day after to-day, in truth. And both sliding inexorably by.

He intruded, flushed, apologetic, but firm.

"Look here, Gutterson, if it's all the same to you, I'm darned anxious to get down to tacks about the business end. I've *got* to, and that's all there is to it. Now, what do you say we hike back to the office and——"

"Oh, my dear fellow!" Gutterson looked shocked but indulgent. "It's nap-time now. There won't be any one at the office for *hours*. Don't worry, you'll get the hang of this life before long. After breakfast nothing is thinkable but a good snooze under your nets. And then about four, say—or to-morrow morning, say, at nine—nine sharp——"

"But good Lord alive, Gutterson!" Hepar rose on top of his long and troubled legs. "Say, here! Jingo, Gutterson! You're going to leave me absolutely up in the air—about everything! My Lord, Gutterson!"

Gutterson continued to study the ship, his shoulders hunched, his head sunk turtlewise between them. The sun whose burned and blighted strength had touched so strongly the other's romantic admiration had undergone a subtle change; it was as if the muscles under the skin had fallen loose and amorphous and spongy, and of a sudden hardened again, a little awry.

"You don't understand," he began to protest, almost in a whine. "That's because you can't imagine the randomness and makeshifts and rules of thumb in a negro-country business. It's not a proposition that can be pawed over in an hour—or a hundred hours, for that. It means *conscientious work*. It's too complicated by far! Oh, I assure you, by *far!*"

"Worse and worse then! That's fine for me, I must say! Here it's afternoon, and you getting off at noon to-morrow. Say!"

Gutterson was still studying the boat. He spoke in a dull voice.

"I shall't be getting off to-morrow. No, I see now. That was a—an impossibility—from the first. I shn't sail on that boat."

He nodded toward the shining portion. "But there'll be another along in ten days or a fortnight. And, after all, what's a fortnight—after this year?"

He shut his eyes, and Hepar saw tears squeezed out by the tight lids. A wave of self-accusing commiseration swept the boy.

"Oh, now, say! I never meant— No, sir! nothing doing! Look, Gutterson, there's bound to be some other way——"

"No, no, it's quite all right, old man."

"But darn it, it *isn't*. I can't stand to think it's me——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

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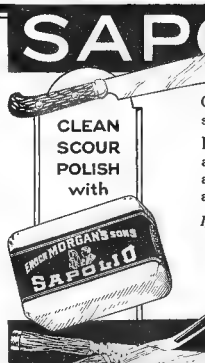

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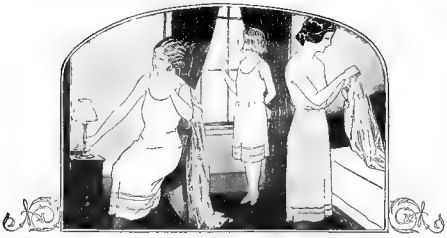

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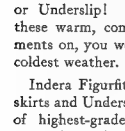

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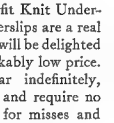

Ginger Beer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

"It's *quite* all right. That's done now." Gutterson put out a hand and took Hepar's in a strong grip. "How about to-morrow morning—at nine?"

"I think," stammered Hepar, "I—I want you to know, Gutterson, that I think —you're a—a—*a damned hero!* That's all!"

I HAVE dared set down this episode of the first day at such length, recreating it in detail out of fragments got from three different sources (Hepar, Gutterson himself, and Justina, the serving-maid)—I've risked loading my narrative at the outstart with so enormous an overweight of line and business—simply for the reason that the story is very nearly all there. Almost at its beginning it is almost done. What follows is little more than an epilog. The lines were fixed then; all the corners where there was a factor of chance had been turned. All speeches thereafter were set speeches, which a well-trained parrot might have read by rote. Hepar, taken in the noose of his own golden virtues, his honest young cow-country warmth, his "gluttony for romance," his instinctive hero-worship, no longer acted; he made the gestures given him, that's all.

There were times in the eternity of the following seventeen days (it was seventeen days before the next north-going steamer was ready to clear) when Hepar himself very nearly realized it. I saw it in his eyes more than once. Once I even heard it blurted out.

It was on one of those already countless late afternoons when, the siesta over and the cluster Gutterson not to be found, Hepar had drifted out to kill time on the sea-wall—the same sea-wall on which he had envisioned Justina as sauntering, booted and immaculately white, his ears charmed by the rough of a trade-wind in the fronds of exotic trees, his eyes *intrigued* by the kaleidoscope of outland races, his heart swelling with the old sweet wistfulness of the banished—it was one of those afternoons it came out:

"Oh, darn it, I—I can't seem to—to—well—*to get it going!*"

In the shadow of his preposterous sunhat he had the eyes of the school-kid come down with measles on picnic morning. He pawed for words:

"It's—it's— Oh, I don't know, but, darn it, it's just as if I weren't here—*really* and *actually* here—so long as—well——"

So long as Gutterson had not really and actually cleared out. That was what he was trying not to say, or think.

IT WAS the same with the forenoons, and especially with that hour or so through which, having hurried in his unconquerable innocence to keep the tryst of "nine sharp," he had inevitably to sit and wait. That was disastrous. It gave self-pity time to play. When he entered the clerks bade him a murmurous good morning out of the cavern; after that they paid no further attention. Like so many dim moles, they returned to their delvings, their discreet crotchings about and mysterious conferences, these solemn darkies carrying on as a matter of course the business of the house.

His business! His house! There was the irony. He felt immeasurably cheated. Not yet come to the one great delectable moment of taking over his virgin command, already it had slipped by, aborted, irretrievable. Before he was so much as get into the house he was already a fixture there, a sitter, a mute, day by day more easily ignored. He had had but the one chance to make himself its head, fate had made him its figurehead. He had been dismally cheated, that was all, by something or other—some one——

But that was the devil of it. There wasn't any one. He didn't see how he could blame himself, and as for blaming Gutterson, that would indeed be queer. The heroic pathos of Gutterson's great gesture still held him. He couldn't yet see anything else.

He couldn't even see Gutterson. He was aware, for example, that even when the two of them buckled down in the most earnest conference they didn't seem to get anywhere. Not that Gutterson didn't try. The man would struggle. "These up-river cases——" For five minutes, ten minutes. He would sweat. Like a miser, cornered, doling out at some fantom pistol-point his hoarded secrets. And then fragmentary. Never whole, never useful. A subconscious cabotage. Still the man strove to try.

Hepar would try too. He would sweat too in that iron oven.

"And now, old man, getting back to those up-river credits, if you don't mind——"

"Right you are! That's an idea! Here are the papers just here. Or at least they *were*. Um-m-m, let me see. But, by the way——"

Out would whip the watch.

"Upon my soul! Would you have imagined! Eleven! Look-a-here-time!"

The squirrel in the wheel! The *two* squirrels; for that's the truth of it.

But is it any wonder that Hepar fell into bad habits?

"Never mind, I'll get that straightened out after Gutterson's gone."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

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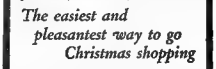

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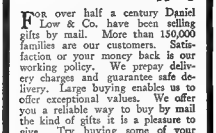

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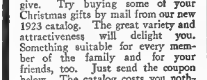

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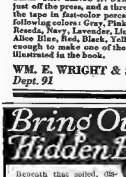

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1896—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 56-inch eucalyptus (green) duvetyne—1½ yard 40-inch green satin—¼ yard 36-inch allover lace for collar—5¼ yards 2-inch fur banding—1 yard fur banding for sleeves. The motifs may be cut from colored silks and couched down in buttonhole or blanket stitches.

1918—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch navy blue velours—8⅝ yards gray silk braid—1½ yard 36-inch lining. This model shows the fashionable side closing and beltless front. The sleeves are finished with flare cuffs.

1910—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Carnelian (red) velvet—⅝ yard 4-inch lace for collar—1 yard 36-inch lining. For the braiding which trims this frock so effectively, rat-tail or soutache braid, or metal thread may be used.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

Dress 1918
Appliqué 12837

Dress 1927

Dress 1919

Dress 1910

Dress 1896

Overblouse 1668

Jacquette Blouse 1605
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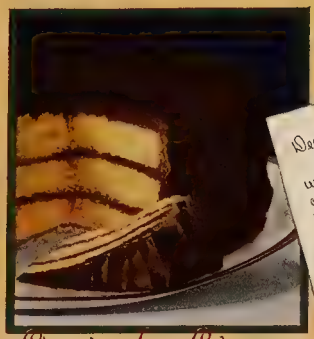
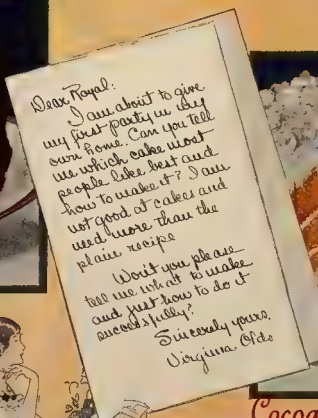
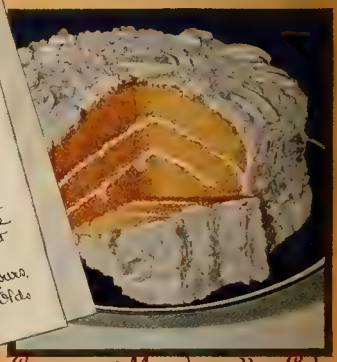
Which is the most popular Cake *in America . . .?*



Chocolate Layer Cake


Dear Royal:
I am about to give my first party in the old town home. Can you tell me which cake most people like best and how to make it? I am not good at cakes and need more than the plain recipe
Won't you please tell me what to do & and just how to do it & answer fully?
Sincerely yours,
Virginia Olds



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You know, as Virginia Olds—and so many other young women know—that the recipe isn't the whole secret of making a successful cake. We have many good cake recipes—what we want in this contest is to have you give your own particular methods for mixing and baking cake.

Try making your favorite cake. From the

Google

Devil's Food

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Orange Layer Cake

There isn't room enough here to show all the popular cakes in America. If your favorite cake is not illustrated it makes no difference in your chances for the prizes. We want you to write about your own favorite cake whatever it is.

time you mix up the batter till your cake comes out of the oven and is made ready to serve note everything you do which you think contributes to its success. Then sit down and write Virginia Olds all about it.

Talk to her in your letter just as you would if she were in the kitchen with you and you were teaching her how to make cake for the first time! But make your letter as short and simple as possible.

The most helpful letter wins the grand prize of $250 in cash. For the second best letter $150 will be paid. The third best letter wins $100 prize. $50 will be paid for the fourth best letter. 100 additional prizes of $5 each will be awarded for the next best letters. Each letter counts as one vote for the cake it describes. The cake which gets the largest number of votes will be judged the favorite cake in America.

CONTEST closes January 1. Send in your letter early. All letters will be judged by a committee of experts. Contest closes finally Jan. 1, 1924. Letters bearing a later postmark will not qualify. Send in your answer to Virginia Olds' letter. Send it early. You have 104 chances of winning a prize! The Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 East 42nd Street, New York City.

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Straight Lines Shown in Beltless and Basque Frocks and Blouses

1939—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch black chiffon velvet—1¾ yard of each colored ribbon. Here is one of the new beltless frocks so much in favor, with bright appliqués showing up so attractively on the black background. The appliqué, design 12837, may be cut from colored silk and couched down in outline stitch.

POCKETS, either real or simulated, are a new and conspicuous feature of the mode, and are to be seen on the straight-line beltless frocks as well as on the bouffant gowns. And embroideries of Chinese inspiration in modernized adaptations are decorative schemes of much importance. The blouse has come into its own this season and is displayed in new and interesting models.

1938—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch navy blue satin. The bright colored silks used for the appliqué, design 12837, adds color to this otherwise sombre frock of navy blue, and may be couched down in buttonhole stitch. The beltless frock with the cascade drapery is very new.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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Modish Costumes Cut on New and Youthful Slim Lines

Pictorial Review's New Department for Stout Women

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Size	38½	40½	42½	44½	46½	48½	50½	52½	54½	56½
Bust	42	44	46	48	50	52	54	56	58	60
Waist	35	37	39	41	43	45	47	49	51	53
Hip	42	44	46	48	50	52	54	56	58	60

1926—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 42½ requires 4¼ yards 54-inch wool crêpe—3¼ yards ribbon for sash. The attractive leaf motifs, design 12797, may be cut from silk and couched down in blanket stitch. Easy to slip into and very slenderizing to the mature figure is this model with the long line effect carried out in the deep V opening.

Blouse 1886 Embroidery 12175

Dress 1901

Blouse 1887

1916—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Length at center-back 33½ inches. No. 1894—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in size 42½ requires 4¾ yards 54-inch duvetyn—¾ yard 7-inch fur banding—2¾ yards 36-inch silk for lining jacket. Soutache braid is used for the border, design 12663.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

"Teach the children to sew"

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Stunning Gowns That Vary the Straight Line in Many Modish Ways

1904—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch tricotine—16¾ yards silk braid—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. The very newest quirks of the season are embodied in this simple street frock—the snug-fitting basque waist, long tight sleeves, and the wide skirt gathered over the hips. Silk braid forms an effective trimming.

1936—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch check—3⅝ yards silk braid. The deep V opening is filled in with a vestee of self-material. Like so many of the new models this season, braid forms the sole trimming.

1898—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch duvetyn—⅝ yard 18-inch lace for vestee—2½ yards narrow fur banding—¾ yard 6-inch fur banding. The fur-trimmed panels extend below the hem-line of the two-piece gathered skirt. The sleeves are three-quarter length, pointed and trimmed with narrow fur banding at the lower edge.

1907—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch velours—½ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeve sections—15⅛ yards bias binding—1¾ yard 36-inch lining. The rows of scallop, design 12567, at the lower edge of blouse and sleeves are finished with bias binding. To scallop as illustrated two transfers are required.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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Here It Is—The Smart Beltless Frock and Newest Blouse

1900—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch flat crêpe—3 yards 6-inch black satin—6¾ yards braid—2⅝ yards 6-inch fur trimming. Attached to the snug-fitting basque waist is a wide skirt gathered over the hips and trimmed with a wide banding of fur. Rows of braid trim the collar and gathered sleeves.

1885—Ladies' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch duvetyn for skirt section and collar—¼ yard 13-inch contrasting duvetyn for waist section—2 yards 54-inch contrasting duvetyn for skirt section and collar—¼ yard 13-inch contrasting—2⅝ yards ribbon for sash. The closing is arranged at the left side of the inserted vestee.

1908—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch serge—⅝ yards braid. Here we show this coat frock, closing at the left side, with long seam close-fitting sleeves, and beltless in front.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

Dress 1917

Dress 1936

Dress 1909

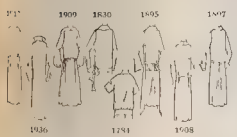
Dress 1895

Dress 1908

Jacquette Blouse 1830
Appliqué 12812

Overblouse 1784

Dress 1897



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NEW YORK

Beltless Coats and Frocks Are the Height of the Season's Chic

1771—Ladies' Jacket Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center back, 27½ inches. No. 1749—Ladies' Two-piece Frock Skirt. Designed for 37 to 51 hip. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. The suit in medium size requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch velours—6⅞ yards silk braid—2¼ yards ribbon for tie-strings—2¼ yards 36-inch silk for lining jacket—¾ yard 36 inch lining for camisole of skirt. The combination of this straight jacket and side-plaited skirt forms an attractive Fall suit.

Jacket 1771
Frock Skirt
1749

Jacket 1136

Jacket 1693
Appliqué 12840

Dress 1938

Coat Dress
1799

Jacket 1914
Wrap-around
Skirt 1769

1914—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 1769—Ladies' One-piece Wrap-around Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3½ yards 54-inch check—⅜ yard 54-inch flannel for collar and cuffs—5 yards 3-inch fur banding—2½ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

Coat 1652

Coat 1913

Coat 1899

Coat 1876

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Gowns Take to Flares and Flounces and Adopt Much Furring

1896—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch flat crêpe—1½ yard 40-inch contrasting for panel—3 yards narrow fur banding—⅝ yard wide fur banding for cuffs—3⅛ yards ribbon for trimming. Narrow fur banding trims the collar, and the trimming-pieces, stitched above the narrow panels, while a wider banding of fur forms cuffs on the long sleeves.

1898—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—⅜ yard 40-inch satin for collar (cut crosswise)—⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for vestee—1⅛ yard 36-inch allover lace.

Blouse 1517

Dress 1902

Overblouse 1877
Beading 12560

Dress 1425

Dress 1896

Dress 1898

1918—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch duvet de laine—1¾ yard 8-inch fur banding—1⅛ yard 3-inch fur banding. The appliqué, design 12616, may be cut from colored silk or satin and couched down in buttonhole stitch. The trimming-band is caught up underneath the hem.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

Dress 1895

Dress 1918
Appliqué 12616

1902 1517 1425 1896 1898 1895 1918 1937 1857
1877

Dress 1937

Dress 1857

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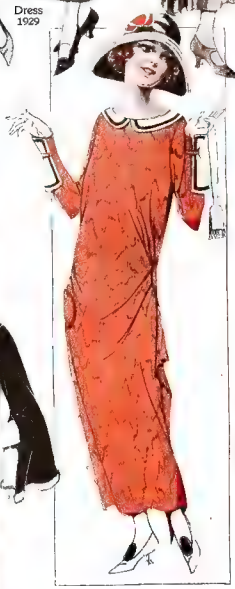
The New Beltless Silhouette Gets All the Attention Here

1913—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch striped velours—⅜ yard 54-inch fur cloth—3¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining. This utility model is very loose-fitting, tying at the left side. The fur collar and cuffs add a rich note.



1917—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch duvetyn—1 yard 40-inch satin for facing panel—1¾ yard bias binding—1 yard plaiting—1 yard 36-inch lining. A beltless effect, fashion's newest whim, is given to the front of this frock.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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Frocks That Follow in Youthful Chic the Season's Modes

Dress 1909

Dress 1903
Appliqué 12812

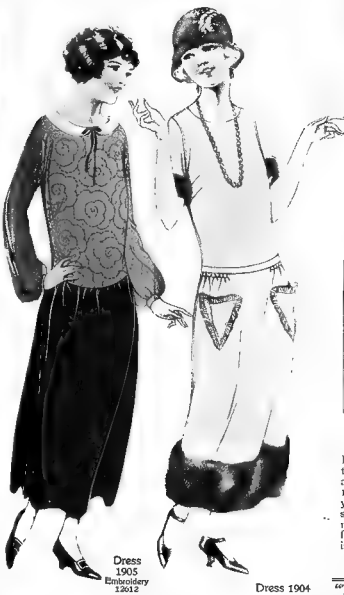
Dress 1907
Scallop 12567

Dress 1908

Dress 1911
Appliqué 12840

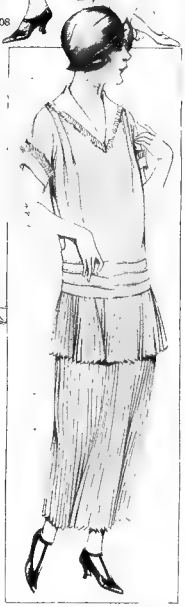
Dress 1900
Appliqué 12837

1908—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe for sleeve sections—6½ yards narrow fur banding—2¾ yards for each width of ribbon—¼ yard 36-inch lining.



Dress 1905
Embroidery 12012

Dress 1904



Dress 1902

1903—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch satin crêpe—1⅛ yard 40-inch contrasting for skirt section and cuffs. The appliqué motifs, design 12812, may be cut from colored silk and couched down in blanket-stitch.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

Dress 1939
Appliqué 12825

Dress 1936
Appliqué 12707

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1764—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 27-inch chambray—½ yard 27-inch contrasting chambray for trimming. The cunning blocks which are appliquéd on the blouse are sure to please the "kiddie." The motifs, design 12848, may be cut from white chambray and couched down in outline stitch. The side-closing trousers are fitted with darts at the back.

"Teach the children to sew"

1500—Child's One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 2 to 10 years. Size 4 requires 1⅓ yard 40-inch voile—⅓ yard 40-inch organdy for sleeves and sash. Dainty little rosebuds trim the upper edges of the dress which are finished with inserted shoulder pieces.

1762—Child's Kimono Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 2 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch linen. Cut from colored linen and couched down in blanket stitch are the floral appliqués, design 12831, applied just above the inserted pockets.

1804—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch velours—¾ yard 54-inch plain velours—2 yards ribbon for tie-strings—2 yards 36-inch silk for lining. Following the mode of the grown-ups is this beltless side-closing coat.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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What Kiddies Will Wear in Play and School Clothes

1708—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen—6 yards braid to trim. A cunning little motif, design 12429, may be worked in colored mercerized floss in flat satin and outline stitches, on the patch pocket of the blouse.

1709—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch black sateen—⅜ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. The suit consists of a slip-on blouse and side-closing knee trousers. Applied bands extending from the shoulder seams to the patch pocket trim the blouse.

1858—Girls' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch dotted Swiss. The appliqué, design 12767, may be cut from linen or organdy and couched down in blanket stitch, while the smocking design, 12845, might be worked in mercerized cotton floss.

1844—Child's Slip-on Sleeveless Dress Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅓ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen—5 yards ribbon for bow and trimming. Cut from colored linen and couched down in blanket or buttonhole stitches is the appliqué border, design 12808.

"Teach the children to sew"

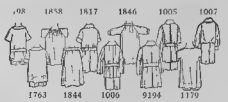
Suit 1798
Embroidery 12429

Suit 1763

Dress 1858
Appliqué 12767
Smocking 12845

Dress 1844
Appliqué 12808

Suit 1817
Appliqué 12682



1708 1858 1817 1846 1005 1007
1763 1844 1006 9194 1179

Suit 1798
Embroidery 12429

Suit 1763

Dress 1858
Appliqué 12767
Smocking 12845

1006—Boys' Suit. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch tweed—⅝ yard 32-inch piqué for vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for back of vest, pockets and waistbands. The suit consists of a jacket, vest, and side-closing trousers. The jacket is made with a notched collar, inserted pockets with pocket laps, and two-piece sleeves.

Suit 1006

Coat 9194

Bloomer Dress 1846

Suit 1005

Bloomer Dress 1179

Suit 1007
Embroidery 12523

1846—Girls' One-piece Slip-on Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires ¾ yard 40-inch plain voile—3½ yards 40-inch figured voile. The dress is slashed and closed at the center-front, and is gathered at the neck to a straight band. The sleeves are of the raglan type, gathered o wrist-bands. A smart frock or school wear.

9194 — Boys' Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch coating—2⅝ yards 36-inch sateen for lining. Very tailored looking is this little man's coat, with its snug-fitting collar, long sleeves and buckled belt finished with stitching. At the back an inverted plait is laid, stitched down part way.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

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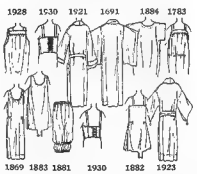
1928—Ladies' Slip-over Nightgown. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1 yard 2½-inch lace banding—3 yards edging. Simple but attractive is this nightgown with a square neck front and back, and large armholes.

1921—Ladies' Kimono. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch corduroy—⅝ yard 40-inch satin for trimming (cut crosswise)—2½ yards cord for sash. The wide sleeves are set in the armholes at a lowered shoulder-line. A wide two-piece collar of satin finishes the neck.



1691—Ladies' Negligée. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch figured crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch voile for trimming—2 yards ribbon for tie-strings.

1783—Ladies' Sleeveless Slip-on Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch radium silk—2⅛ yards 3-inch lace banding—2⅛ yards ribbon for sash.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

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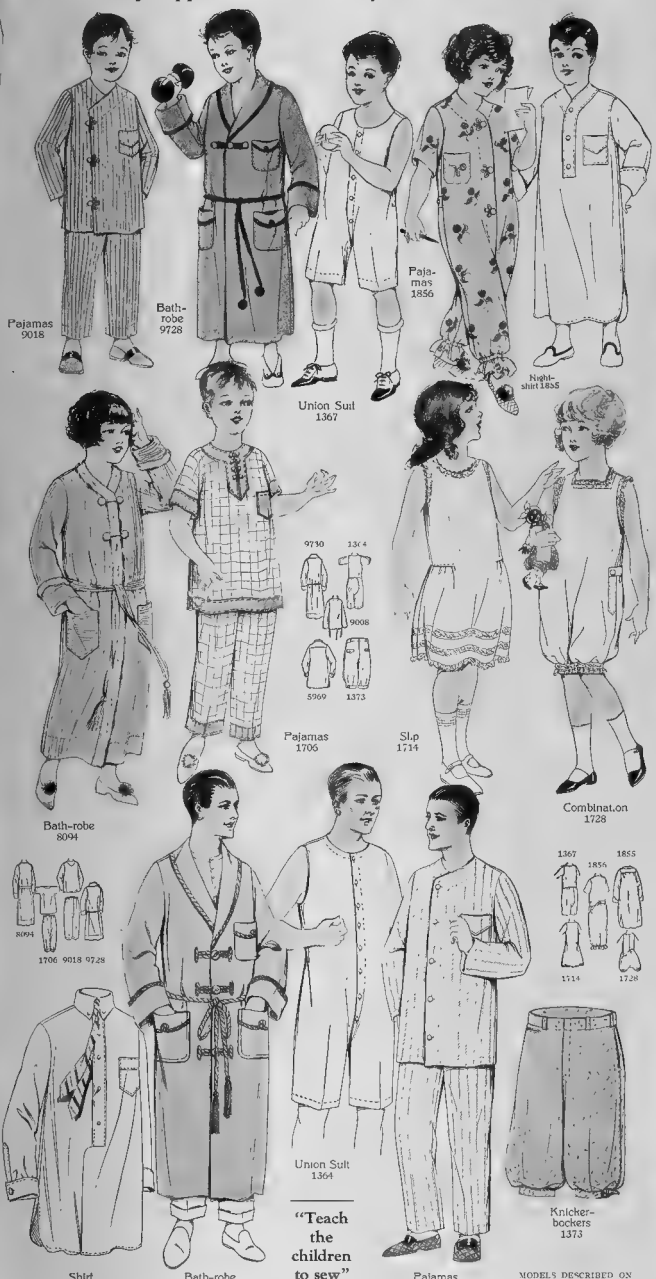

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MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 129

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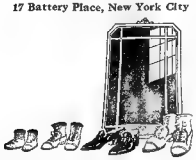

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Dress 7353 Embroidery 11339

Coat 7767 Scallop 11661

Dress 7356 Embroidery 11976

Sack and Cap 6387 Scallop 12152

Cape and Hood 1374 Emb. 12763 Scallop 11659

Kimono 8402 Feather-stitch 12363

7353—Infants' Dress. Designed for one size. Requires 2 yards 36-inch batiste—2⅛ yards 4-inch lace for ruffle. Very dainty are the embroidery sprays, design 11339, which are worked in raised satin stitch with mercerized cotton floss.

7767—Infants' Long Single-breasted Coat. Designed for one size. Requires 2 yards 36-inch bedford cord. The cape, collar, and cuffs are outlined in buttonholed scallops, design 11661.

Coat 5356 Embroidery 12841 Scallop 11659

Coat 1349 Scallop 11747

Gertrude Petticoat 4938 Embroidery 12367 Scallop 11659

Night-gown 8413

7353 7767 7356 6387

1374 8402 5356 1349
4938 8413 7502 8688

Caps 4685 Embroidery 12175 Scallop 11747

Sack 7502 Embroidery 11704

Set 1369 Scallop 11659

Set 9561 Embroidery 12367 on Coat Embroidery 12175 on Sack Scallops 11661

Bonnets 1826 Sack 8688

7356—Infants' Dress. Designed for one size. Requires 2¼ yards 36-inch nainsook—2⅝ yards 5-inch lace for ruffle—1¾ yard lace insertion. Embroidered sprays, design 11976, trim the round yoke and may be carried out in raised satin stitch in mercerized floss.

6387—Infants' Set. Designed for one size. Requires 1 yard 36-inch cashmere for sack and cap—⅝ yard frilling for cap. Buttonholed scallops, design 12152, outline the edge of the sack.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Wonderful Voice

Why is it that the humble peasant boy of Italy became the greatest singer of all time? This diagram of his throat will show you. Caruso's marvelous voice was due to a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle. Your Hyo-Glossus muscle can be developed, too! A good voice can be made better—a weak voice become strong—a lost voice restored—stammering and stuttering cured. Science will help you.

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

1018—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch black chiffon velvet—2 yards of each color of silk ribbon for trimming. Bright shades of silk may be used for the appliqué, design 12837.

1027—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch rapyrus (tan) tricotine—2⅝ yards of each color of ribbon—2½ yards 6-inch fur banding—1⅝ yard narrow fur banding—⅛ yard 14-inch vesting.

1668—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch blue crêpe.

1605—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch cartouche (tan) flannel—⅝ yard 4-inch fur banding—2 yards ribbon. The appliqué, design 12577, may be cut from colored silk.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

1662—Ladies' Long-waisted Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch blue Canton crêpe —1⅛ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe—2 yards of each color of ribbon.

1906—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch spark (red) satin crêpe—2⅝ yards gray ribbon—2¾ yards fur banding.

1902—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch yellow taffeta —⅞ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for collar, 2¾ yards frilling. The appliqué, design 12571, may be cut from colored silks and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

1887—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch sphinx (taupe) satin crêpe—1 yard 36-inch taupe allover lace. Colored silk may be used for the appliqué, design 12872.

1933—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch zinc (gray) crêpe de Chine—¾ yard frilling for sleeves—¼ yard 40-inch white crêpe Roma—1 yard lace.

1587—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch pelican (gray) duvetyne—¾ yard 12-inch vesting—2 yards 6-inch fur banding—⅞ yard narrow fur banding—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette for plaiting. The attractive appliqué border, design 12808, may be cut from colored silks.

1940—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch pelican (gray) duvetyne—¾ yard 12-inch vesting—2 yards 6-inch fur banding—⅞ yard narrow fur banding—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette for plaiting. The attractive appliqué border, design 12808, may be cut from colored silks.

1940—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch pelican (gray) duvetyne—¾ yard 12-inch vesting—2 yards 6-inch fur banding—⅞ yard narrow fur banding—¾ yard 40-inch amarne (green) flat crêpe.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

1915—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 38½ to 50½. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 42½ requires 5¾ yards 40-inch flat crêpe—1¼ yard 22-inch vesting—2½ yards fur banding.

1868—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 38½ to 50½. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 42½ requires 4¾ yards 40-inch dotted silk—5¾ yards ribbon—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining.

1887—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 38½ to 50½. As illustrated at left of page, size 42½ requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. As illustrated at right of page, size 42½ requires 2¼ yards 40-inch batiste—3 yards lace insertion—3 yards lace edging.

1886—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 38½ to 50½. As illustrated at left of page, size 42½ requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch voile—5½ yards trimming. The attractive appliqué on the collar, design 12175, may be worked in satin stitch. As illustrated at right of page, size 42½ requires 2½ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2¼ yards of each color of ribbon.

1901—Ladies' One-piece Coat Dress. Designed for 38½ to 50½. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 42½ requires 5⅞ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—⅝ yard 40-inch satin—2 yards fur banding—1⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

1900—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 3¾ yards. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch black satin—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting for facing cuffs —1 yard 36-inch lining.

1908—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine —2¾ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—2½ yards silk braid.

1668—Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch flat crêpe. The allover appliqué, design 12840, is attractively carried out in colored silks.

1635—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch English broadcloth.

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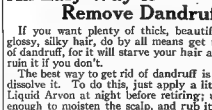

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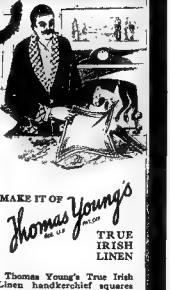

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

1917—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch Poiret twill—4¼ yards braid—1¾ yard frilling—1 yard 36-inch lining.

1936—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch serge—½ yard 54-inch for cloth.

1880—Ladies' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—4¾ yards braid. The appliqué, design 12812, may be cut from colored silk and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

1784—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 36-inch English broadcloth. The attractive embroidered motif, may be carried out in raised satin stitch in silk or mercerized floss.

1897—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch velours—3¼ yards 3-inch fur banding.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

1136—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—2 yards 5-inch fur banding—2¾ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining.

1693—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 32 inches. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch flannel—2¼ yards 36-inch silk for lining. An allover effect is given to this stylish-looking jacket by the appliqué combined with embroidery. The design, 12840, is worked in darning stitch with the appliqués cut from silk.

1988—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—7 yards silk braid. The appliqué border may be cut from contrasting silk and couched down in blanket stitch. A colorful note is added to the frock by this appliqué design.

1799—Ladies' One-piece Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—4¼ yards silk braid. Coat dresses are high in fashion's favor right now and this frock is one of its latest versions.

1632—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch plaid—⅝ yard 6-inch fur banding for collar—4¾ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

1915—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch camel's hair—3⅝ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

1896—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 54-inch gerona cloth—3¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

1876—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 5 yards 54-inch marvella cloth—4 yards 36-inch printed silk for lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

1909—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch flat crêpe—½ yard 40-inch crêpe for collar, cuffs and cuffs—⅞ yard wide plaiting—1¾ yard narrow plaiting—1¾ yard 36-inch lining.

1517—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch bolted Swiss—¾ yard 40-inch organdy—6 yards pointed edging.

1877—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. An allover beading, design 12560, is applied to the blouse and may be carried out in chalk, crystal, opalescent, and colored glass beads. To bead as illustrated two patterns are required.

1822—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch velours—¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine (cut lengthwise)—¾ yard 6-inch fur banding.

1895—Ladies' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch jersey cloth—1¾ yard 54-inch contrasting for waist section—½ yard 40-inch organdy for collar, cuffs, and vestee—2½ yards frilling.

1987—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—½ yard 40-inch Georgette for collar, cuffs, and vestee—4⅜ yards lace insertion.

1857—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch dotted crêpe—2¾ yards 40-inch flat crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette for collar and vestee (cut lengthwise)—1⅜ yard lace.

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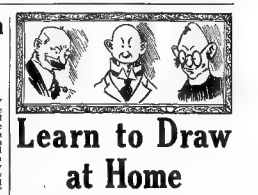

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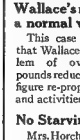

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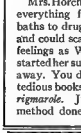

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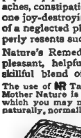

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

1929—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—⅝ yard 36-inch satin—⅝ yards 2¼-inch fur banding.

1914—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. No. 1755—Misses' Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch velours—2⅝ yards 54-inch plaid—2¼ yards 36-inch jacket lining.

1898—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 54-inch duvet de laine—⅝ yard 54-inch fur cloth—3¼ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

1897—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool crêpe—2¾ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe—¾ yard 54-inch contrasting wool crêpe.

1919—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch velours—¼ yard 40-inch satin—2¼ yard lining.

1946—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 27-inch velvet—3½ yard 40-inch satin—4½ yards fur banding.

1938—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch moiré—⅝ yard 40-inch satin—1½ yards braid.

1918—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch satin—2¾ yards silk braid.

1910—Ladies' and Misses' Coat Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch flat crêpe—1¼ yards of each colored velours—2½ yards of each colored ribbon—⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe for collar and facing.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

1908—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch velours—3½ yards of each colored ribbon—⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe (cut crosswise) for facing panel.

1907—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch flat crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch lining. The sailor collar, design 12367, are bound with self-material.

1911—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch duvetyn—⅝ yard 54-inch fur cloth—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining. Colored silks may be used for the appliqué border, design 12840.

1900—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 3¾ yards. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch velvet. Bright colored silks should be used for the appliqué, design 12837.

1905—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch crêpe—1⅝ yard 40-inch chiffon velvet—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette. An allover effect is given by the embroidered Georgette.

1904—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 3¾ yards. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool crêpe—¾ yard 3-inch fur banding—1⅛ yard 7-inch fur braiding—1⅝ yard lining.

1902—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette—1¾ yard plaiting—1 yard lining.

1930—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch satin—1½ yard 6-inch fur banding. The appliqué, design 12825, may be cut from colored satin.

1936—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch flat crêpe Cut from contrasting silk is the appliqué border, design 12797.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

1603—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—¼ yard 36-inch satin.

1913—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch velvet—⅜ yard 54-inch fur cloth—1⅞ yard 36-inch satin for lining

1931—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch plaid-back overcoating—3¾ yards braid.

1175—Girls' Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch check—⅞ yard 36-inch linen.

1932—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch plaid—¼ yard 36-inch velvet for collar—3½ yards binding—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

1087—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch broadcloth—1⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

1925—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 19 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. The appliqué, design 12837, may be cut from colored silk.

1920—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 19 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch flat crêpe—1⅝ yard 36-inch velveteen. Raised satin and darning stitch are employed for design 12703.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

1817—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 27-inch chambray—⅞ yard 27-inch contrasting chambray. The appliqué, design 12682, may be cut from colored chambray.

1005—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch serge.

1179—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch black sateen—⅛ yard 36-inch linen for pockets—1⅞ yard bias binding.

1097—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch madras—1 yard 36-inch contrasting. Worked in outline stitch are motifs, design 12323.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

1930—Ladies' Brassiere. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires ⅝ yard 36-inch coutil, ⅜ yard 1½-inch elastic.

1860—Ladies' Slip. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch radium silk—2 yards 6-inch plaiting.

1883—Ladies' Step-in Envelop Chemise. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires 2¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Raised satin and stem stitches are employed for the embroidery, design 12367.

1930—Ladies' Brassiere. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires ¾ yard 36-inch heavy satin—1⅜ yard edging—⅛ yard 1½-inch elastic. No. 1881—Ladies' Two-piece Pantalets. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch silk Jersey—2⅝ yards lace.

1882—Ladies' Step-in Chemise. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires 2¼ yards 36-inch radium silk. The dainty embroidery, design 11572, may be worked in raised satin and stem stitches.

1884—Ladies' One-piece Nightgown. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen. The embroidery, design 11569, is carried out in raised satin stitch.

1923—Ladies' Kimono. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch figured voile—⅝ yard 40-inch plain voile (cut crosswise).

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 123

9018—Boys' Two-piece Pajamas. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 36-inch striped percale.

9728—Boys' Bath-robe. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 44-inch blanket cloth—5/4 yards cording.

1367—Boys' Union Suit. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch nainsook.

1856—Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch figured crêpe.

1855—Boys' and Youths' Nightshirt. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch flannel.

8094—Girls' and Juniors' Bath-robe. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch corduroy—4 yards fur banding.

1706—Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 36-inch check percale—½ yard 36-inch plain percale.

1714—Girls' and Juniors' Slip. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch batiste—4¾ yards lace insertion—1⅝ yard frilling.

1728—Girls' and Juniors' Combination. Designed for 6 to 15 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch nainsook—3 yards lace insertion—4¾ yards edging.

2069—Men's and Youths' Shirt. Designed for 32 to 52 waist. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch English broadcloth.

9730—Men's Bath-robe. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch velveteen—2½ yards fur trim.

1364—Men's Union Suit. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch nainsook.

9008—Men's Two-piece Pajamas. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 36-inch striped percale.

1373—Men's Knickerbockers. Designed for 32 to 50 waist. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch cheviot.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

1374—Infants' Cape and Hood. Designed for one size. Requires 1¼ yard 36-inch cashmere. The edges are scalloped in design 11659, the embroidery, design 12763, carried out in satin stitch.

8402—Infants' Kimono. Designed for one size. Requires 1¾ yard 36-inch flannel—1½ yard ribbon. The feather-stitching, design 12363, is dainty.

8356—Infants' Coat. Designed for one size. Requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch cashmere. The scallop, design 11659, may be buttonholed, while the embroidery design 12841, is carried out in raised stitch.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

1349—Infants' Coat. Designed for one size. Requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch broadcloth—¼ yard 54-inch contrasting—1¾ yard 36-inch silk for lining. The collar and cuffs are finished with buttonholed scallops, design 11747.

4038—Infants' Gertrude Petticoat. Designed for one size. Requires 2 yards 36-inch nainsook. Mercerized cotton floss is used for the scallops, design 11659, and the embroidery sprays, 12367.

8413—Infants' Nightgown. Designed for one size. Requires 2¾ yards 36-inch flannel.

4685—Child's Caps. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires ⅛ yard 36-inch linen for upper view—⅛ yard 32-inch piqué and ⅛ yard 32-inch contrasting for left view—¾ yard 36-inch satin for right view. The embroidery, design 12175, may be carried out in raised satin, while the scallops, design 11747, are buttonholed.

7898—Infants' Kimono Sack. Designed for one size. Requires ⅞ yard 36-inch cashmere—3¼ yards frilling. Raised satin stitch is used for design 11094.

1369—Infants' Set. Designed for one size. Requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch batiste—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting for dress—⅜ yard 40-inch batiste for gathered petticoat—1⅜ yard 36-inch nainsook—2¼ yards lace ruffling for gertrude petticoat—⅝ yard 36-inch cashmere for sack—⅜ yard 36-inch flannel for band. The scallops, design 11659, on sack are buttonholed.

8561—Infants' Set. Designed for one size. Requires 2 yards 36-inch bedford cord for coat—1⅞ yard 36-inch batiste for dress—¼ yard 36-inch flannel—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting flannel for kimono—⅜ yard 36-inch cashmere for sack. The embroidery, design 12367, on coat and 12175 on sack are worked in satin and stem stitches, the scallops, 11661, buttonholed.

1826—Child's Bonnets. Designed for ⅜ to 2 years. Size 2 requires ⅜ yard 36-inch batiste—¼ yard 36-inch satin for upper view—½ yard 36-inch silk for left view—⅝ yard 40-inch satin for right view—1 yard 36-inch lawn for lower view.

8688—Infants' Sack. Designed for one size. Requires ⅝ yard 36-inch cashmere.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 125

9673—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch cretonne. No. 1040—Ladies' and Misses' Sunbonnet. Designed for 23, 24¼, and 25½ head. Size 24¼ requires ¾ yard 36-inch cambric—⅝ yard 36-inch cretonne.

6062—Ladies' and Misses' Masquerade Costume. Designed for 32 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yard 40-inch voile, —1 yard 36-inch white satin, and 2 yards flouncing—⅝ yards 40-inch contrasting.

6837—Uncle Sam Suit. Designed for 28 to 40 chest. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch plain sateen—2¾ yards 36-inch striped sateen—⅞ yard 36-inch black sateen—¼ yard 36-inch white sateen.

6357—Ladies' and Misses' Turkish Costume. Designed for 32 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch satin for waist—⅝ yards 36-inch satin for bloomers —3¾ yards 36-inch printed voile—⅝ yard 36-inch black satin.

1569—Ladies' Domino. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 7½ yards 36-inch satin.

1935—Clown Costume. Designed for 2 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch voile—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting.

1894—Clown Suit. Designed for 32 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 8⅞ yards 40-inch satin—2 yards 40-inch voile.

1962—Clown Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch dotted satin—2¼ yards 36-inch plain satin.

1994—Clown and Dutch Suit for 6 to 19 years. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch figured sateen—3½ yards 36-inch plain.

1961—Pierrot Suit. Designed for 2 to 14 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch voile—3 yards frilling.

6496—Clown Hat. Designed for 32 to 46 chest. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch dotted sateen—4¾ yards 36-inch black sateen—1¼ yard 36-inch white.

1528—Girls' Chinese Costume. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yard 40-inch figured sateen—2¼ yards 36-inch plain sateen.

4814—Clown Suit. Designed for 4 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch black sateen—2½ yards 36-inch white.

1545—Men's Devil Suit. Designed for 32 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch sateen—1¾ yard 40-inch voile.

1327—Ladies' Dutch Costume. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch voile—⅝ yard 36-inch sateen for waist—2¾ yards 54-inch plaid.

9673—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8579—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. The costume in medium size requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch khaki—1⅝ yard wide banding to trim.

6383—Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 4 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch sateen—2⅝ yards 36-inch check—1 yard 40-inch voile.

1138—Child's Slip-on Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch voile—1 yard 3-inch fur banding for yoke—1¾ yard 5-inch fur banding.

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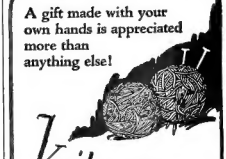

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Ginger Beer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

That was one of the bad habits; that mental attitude of: "Look-a-here now, there's really no use tackling that till I've got a clear field. I'll do this, I'll attend to that, I'll think the other—I'll get a good square start—I'll really begin to put my weight to it—the day Gutterson sails!"

Another was the use of soft drink. Vice, I repeat. Doctors of medicine and morals to the contrary, in Hepar's peculiar circumstance it would have been ten times more wholesome for his immortal soul had he gone through a week's debauch of rum-swizzles and lain on the floor and been sick and risen again, with a brown tongue and a purple head, to repent.

The trouble with Hepar's ginger beer was that, haunted by Gutterson's alarming and dismal creed, he drank it doggedly, loathing it all the way down his throat. He made it a fetish. As if he said to himself: "If I can only put down enough of the stuff I'm all right. Look at Gutterson."

As a consequence of this nervous resolve the habit became before long a manual one; of an evening his hand could not be without the touch of the tumbler of salvation two minutes at a time. He no longer tippled; he swilled. His sixpences and his digestion were squandered. He went to bed at midnight only to lie sleepless for hours, bloated and dyspeptic.

BUT that wasn't the worst of it. Infinitely sadder was the moral attitude that accomplished it. By nature Hepar would have been the last person to be "out of it" in any company in the world. Frank, young, eager-hearted, and above all a child of the people-hungry West, his impulse was always to meet the other fellow much more than half-way. He was, in a fine sense of the term, a "mixer" born. But to give the ginger beer its value he had to suffer in its name. He had to see himself regarded askance. He had to feel himself ostracized. He had to pull a face.

From above his immaculate wassail in a corner he glowered at the patrons of the bar as the Queen's Head, he stayed. They were the sort of men that came out here and went under: *he*, with his despised belly-wash, would last to see aplenty of them put away. That was the game.

It hurt him appallingly, this self-flagellation of prim gloom. It had hurt Gutterson, he remembered that; all the same, it was almost more sometimes than he could bear. I know it became when one evening I took occasion to force him out of it I might have been the proverbial long-lost brother for the way in which he fell on my neck.

"You're going to drown yourself in that stuff one of these nights, my son."

That's all I said. But I suspect it was the first time any one had accepted the challenge. He grasped me. He pinned me down. In a perfect orgy of words the story of Gutterson and ginger beer poured out.

"And look at him now! Nine years down here, and it's this belly-wash that's brought him through, as white a man as I want to know. Do you know what that fellow did? There was a boat ready to take him home. There was he, starving crazy to go. He could simply have turned over the books and cleared out. All he was expected to do, as a matter of fact. And what *did* he do? Cancelled his passage. Tightened his belt a hole. Just because he felt he ought to put the new man onto the hang of things a little bit."

"Has he?"

The boy's mouth fell open. His cheeks went crimson.

"Well—yes—that is, I can get what's left from the chief clerk—when he's gone. But you don't know what's in what I mean. If you could have seen his eyes glued on that boat that day—almost scared-like—"

It was then that he said the extraordinary thing. "Perhaps he *was* scared."

"That something might happen? Before he could actually get away?"

"That something might *not*. That you'd refuse to countenance his staying."

"Oh, say!" Hepar laughed his first good laugh in weeks. "Tell that to somebody else. I guess if you could have heard the *longing*—"

"No, but wait!" It seemed to me I'd got a light. "Wait a minute. That reminds me. When I was on the other side I heard a story about a man in the British army. It's a queer enough story too. But listen! This fellow went out with the first expeditionary force. Of his whole platoon he was the only one that lived to see the War through at the front. He was four years in the trenches, this man. He had a wife and child in Devon. He prayed to them instead of to God. Any longing there?

"He was a rough sort of man, not too well lettered. But during the third year of the War he began writing verses—good ones too. One of them, 'Long Wall Road,' was printed in the 'War Anthology.' It's all about the day he should be coming home.

And I stumble on Betch's culvert, for my eyes are a story about a man in the British
And Jenny's there at the steppin'-stones, with
the young 'un hidin' behind—

"Does that sound like *longing*?

"He wasn't once wounded, this fellow, nor once sick. Only, along about September of the armistice year, he began to fall

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

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Ginger Beer: By Wilbur Daniel Steele

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

away. They were going to pack him off on sick-leave, but just then the armistice came and they didn't need to, for his regiment was the first in Flanders to entrain for home. That night in the entraining-billets he wasn't to be found. They tracked him back to the trenches, and there he was, huddled down in the mud. They took him back to the billets. They showed him the train, waiting on the siding. He shot himself dead that night. What do you make of that?"

Hepar refused to make much.

"Went nuts, that's all. But pshaw! what's that got to do with Gutterson? No—no—no, you're all off. Why, if you could've seen him that day; tears in his eyes! And to-day, when he saw this Lamport & Holt boat coming into the river at last! 'Day after to-morrow! The day after the day after to-day!' says he, like that. Like a kid!"

He followed me out when I went.

"There she is!" he cried, pointing to where the stack and trucks of the Lamport & Holter rode in the moonlight above the houses along the river. "There she is, all right! And by this time day after to-morrow——"

He hesitated. Again I felt him pawing for words.

"Uh—I wonder now—I know how you and everybody feel about Gutterson—but, all the same, I can't help it; it's a big event, after his nine years here. And if we could get up a kind of a party—to kind of—sort of see him off—in style——"

It was nothing deliberate or calculating. The import of his own words came to him only tardily, and he had the grace to blush in the moon. The appeal was too strong for me. I fell.

WE MADE a party to see Gutterson off, Hepar and I. We oiled the wheels. We saw to his baggage, his stateroom, his place at table. He might have been an ambassador or an invalid millionaire. When the steamer warped out at the dark of evening to anchor in midstream against the hour of the favoring tide, Hepar and I went along too.

I wouldn't have believed it three days before, but there I actually sat down with Gutterson in the smoke-room and in a loud, self-conscious, hail-fellow voice ordered the stirrup-cup.

Hepar took ginger beer. His face was as white as his jacket. Gutterson was white too. Through the whole business of embarkation he had walked in a daze, an open-eyed sleeper, the perfect dupe for suggestion.

I tried it. "What's yours? After all, school's out, isn't it?"

His gaze, lumpish and obedient, went to the nearest port and the black ribbon of the town stretched across it and doubled upside down in the river-strip, the half-mile of brown jungle-water that severed him now at last, formally, symbolically, from the continent of his exile.

"That's so!" He nodded heavily. "School's out!" His eyes sought the waiting steward; his fist, dead as putty, struck the table. "Make it a Scotch for mine!"

We left him there by and by, safely into his second, and rowed ashore. From the dock Hepar took one look at the steamer riding, two blurry seams of deck-lights, on the mat of the river, and turned his back on it.

It was an enormous moment. He grew taller, visibly. His shoulders broadened. He breathed deep. He banged a fist into a palm.

"Now, by Jingo! From now on—watch my smoke!"

WHEN he strode into his warehouse next morning at nine sharp those darkies hardly knew him. I have it from McLeod, the chief clerk.

"He made us sit up, no doubt of that, suh. He made us pop ouah eyes."

He addressed them from his corral, as from a quarter deck.

"Mr. Gutterson has left permanently. I have taken command!"

I don't believe it sounded silly. Given the circumstance, I think anything less heroically stilted would have fallen flat.

He was still in that state of masterful energy when I saw him at half past ten. He hadn't done anything yet, unless laying out in his head a rough diagram of the agency's most crying needs, such as a dozen typewriters and some new trucks and a general "shot of pep" into the body of the staff, and one of those turn-over ice-water concerns with paper cups—unless this can be called doing something—which of course it can. But he felt himself for the first time adequate, and that's the battle. The huge place was almost too small for him. I found him in the doorway, his feet spread, surveying the concourse in Water Street and the market beyond.

He was by no means alone in this. Other men's shops were too small for them too. There was a mulatto tailor two doors down, an East-Indian rice-factor opposite, a chemist, a thread-and-needle merchant, even the tar-black publican of the market corner—all propped in their doors in rumination.

"I've been watching 'em for half an hour," Hepar confided, with a wag of the head. By Jingo! and I believe they'd go on loafing there the whole darned day long if you'd let 'em. But that's this world here, I suppose. That's the kind of folks I'll be up against."

His shoulders straightened a little. "And, by heck, I'll show 'em! Once I get started—once Gutterson's——"

His jaw sagged. His expression was too absurd. He began to grow as red as bricks. He laughed: "That's a good one!"

He grabbed my sleeve. "Look here, old man, come on in a sec."

Literally he dragged me.

"You've never once seen around my place," he ran on as we got into the semi-cool and sticky dusk under the roof. "And here's something'll surprize you maybe. Neither have I."

We penetrated rearward, picking a way between packing-cases and letter-presses and knee-high partitions behind which accountants, perched on tall stools at still taller desks, scribbled with a myopic industry beyond the common. The dramatic sense of their race touched by that strong entrance, "I have taken command!" they too felt the portentous quality of the day.

"It's a fact," Hepar explained in a low tone. "This is actually the first time I've been in the back of this shed. You'll think that's darn curious. I suppose it is. But I don't know, I just haven't felt like it before, with Gutterson still around. Look here, I don't want any one to think I don't appreciate what it meant to Gutterson, staying over like that. Only—"

He moved deeper, further out of hearing of the clerkly zone. There was really something romantically arresting in the figure of the youth striding there, chest out, chin up, reedy-legged and pigmy in the Gargantuan twilight of dying gods, rusting behemoths of iron, dusty hulks of mysterious wood, tanks, cases, bales, and even a half-demolished truck-body straddling ruin like a rhinoceros touched by the black angel at the instant of its last charge.

"Only—" he repeated, with a graphic sweep of the hand.

I agreed. "It looks as tho you had your work cut out. This paragon—this homesick friend of yours——"

"He warned me," said Hepar. "But—I didn't know it was quite so bad. Never mind!" He put his shoulder-blades together. Then, explosively, as if the shameful heresy had got the better of him at last: "There's two weeks' work to get this scrap-heap straight. Now, here's the funny thing. If Gutterson had acted like a dog and cleared right out and left me in the lurch, why, do you know what? I'd have this done now. I'd have *had* to. I'd have been going like a house afire now. It sounds like heck to say it—but, darn it all, d'you know what? I—I wish to God Gutterson had been ——"

He could only fling his elbows, helpless before the moral paradox.

"Anyway," he said in a calmer tone, "*that's* over and done. Now we begin with a clean slate. Not *to-morrow*—not this *afternoon*—but *now!* On the double! Let's see." He peered at his wrist-watch, bringing it up close in the faulty light. "By jiminy, tho, would you've thought it? Eleven already! Time for breakfast ——"

He looked extraordinarily sick. A sudden flush on his face gave way as suddenly to greenish pallor. His epiglottis went up and down with a swallowing motion.

"No!" he mumbled in the back of his mouth. "No, by Heavens, no, no—no—no!"

I was alarmed. "What is it? What's wrong?"

"No, no—" He was still in difficulty. "It was just my happening—like that—to look at my watch like that—and say, like I did 'By—jiminy!' and so on, '*time for breakfast*'—like that."

"I don't understand." (I didn't then.)

"I've been fighting it all morning!" he burst out.

"Fighting what? Breakfast?"

"No, not just breakfast—but—I tell you one thing, I'm not going to have breakfast to-day. I sha'n't! No, sir! Listen, old man—" His pale legs brought him at a jump and wheeled him around before me. "Listen, old man, do me a favor! For the love——"

"Yes? What?"

"Give me a whack. One good hard U. S. A. whack on the back!"

"Oh, well—" I've always hated this sort of juvenile dramatics, but his earnestness was so tragic that I complied.

"Harder! Honest to God, I mean it! *Hard!*"

After the second he shook himself all over like a young rooster getting out of the dust, blinked his eyes, swallowed his Adam's apple, and grinned. It was patent that there had been something really symbolic for his spirit in that ridiculous pantomime.

"Thanks!" he gulped. "And now——"

I trailed him as he wheeled and strode off through the lumber toward the front of the place, resolute at last. Captain of his soul at last.

One of the nearer clerks thrust a thumb in the direction of the corner office, and he called me to witness in an exultant whisper over his shoulder.

"There! See? That paid! Lucky I'm here. My first customer!"

The symbolic act had so soon borne fruit.

"Well," said I, branching off toward the sun-filled door, "I'll be running along. See you later, I suppose."

I'd got almost to the sunshine when a small sound from the office-pen arrested me. Peering back, I saw Hepar there, balanced at an impossible angle over the railing, his head thrust forward like a startled bald-necked bird, and his gaze fixed stupidly upon the "customer."

The man was drunk. Sprawled out in the swivel-chair, one would have taken him to be asleep, had his eyes not been open—half open at least—vitreous and opaque. They met Hepar's stare. By and by they blinked. A painful frown pulled the brows together. The lips moved flabbily.

"Couldn' do it, Hep'r, ol' shap; couldn' poss'bly do it. Conscience wouldn' le' me. No! *No! NO!*" The head wagged with a wild, dull, frightened vehemence. "No! Thish bus'nish compl'cated bus'nish! Trop'cal bus'nish! Gotta show new shap all-a-ropes. All of 'em— *All* of' em. *ALL*, I shay! Couldn' run off thish way. Man o' conscience. Shalways shother boats——"

I fled.

I WAS to flee a long way, as the matter turned. Packing off for Trinidad next day about my affairs, I found things in Port of Spain that warranted my getting to Barbados as fast as a Ballard freighter would carry me. From Barbados I sailed as giddily north. It was in New York then, the better part of three months later, that I found myself once more, and for ten minutes only, in contact with the comedy of those two.

It was Treadway, the white-haired, white-skinned, white-collared "chief" of whom Hepar had told me so movingly; the man who had grasped his shoulder, looked him in the eye, and demanded: "Is that enough, son?" I happened to sit next him at a trade-luncheon. My line is rubber, and in this day rubber and "gas" aren't altogether strangers. When he found I was up from the river he showed an immediate interest.

"We've a branch down there. I've no doubt you know our man——"

"Hepar? Yes."

He turned an eye; for an instant he had the look of being at a loss.

"N—no. This man's name is Gutterson. Oh, yes, Hepar. That was the name, Edgar E. Hepar. Denver boy. I remember. Well, Hepar—unfortunately—and I picked him for a strong young fellow—unfortunately enough—I don't know what it is down there—just the general cussedness, I suppose—maybe you can tell me—heat and fever and booze and being so far from home and all control— That's where this man Gutterson shows up so strong. I guess he's learned the priceless trick of keeping himself in hand. Teetotaler, I've heard. At any rate he's turned out to be invaluable. Not once, but many times. *Unreplaceable!* That's the trouble. We're absolutely up against it to find a man to fill his shoes. Character! That's where they all fall down.

"We need a man like Gutterson right here at home. And we can't seem to manage—and besides, he's put the firm in the very devil of a debt to him. Moral debt. I swear, I'll be ashamed to face him, myself, after all this. But he's just got that bulldog grip of loyalty. For instance, almost any other man would have burned his soles getting out of there when we sent Hepar down to relieve him. Not Gutterson. I guess he had a hunch when he saw Hepar—he's uncanny that way—and simply decided to grit his teeth and lay low. And so, when Hepar——"

"But what's wrong with Hepar?"

"Well, can't say, exactly. Some soft spot. Like a lot of them. One night a couple of weeks ago he walked off a dock into the river. Liquored up, I suppose: Gutterson's cable didn't say. All I know is that we'd have been in a hole for certain if Gutterson hadn't been on the spot to take things over. But that's Gutterson, tho. Always the goat. Always there!"

I TOLD you it was Gutterson's story. Hepar is gone and forgotten, poor fellow. Gutterson is still here, still "the goat," still piling up his moral credit with the company, still soaking up his immaculate tipple, still "hoping next year to get home." Poor fellow.

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